
Class No.....

[illegible]



VOL LIV.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1868.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



EVERYBODY knows how hot it was that June Wednesday, and that the thermometer stood at 84° in the refrigerator, but everybody does not know—assuredly MR. PUNCH does not—how many times he had replenished with iced Hock-cup—and emptied—that big silver tankard which was brought unto him from America by HORATIUS PONNIUS, the Hermit of the Haymarket. Somehow, MR. PUNCH subsided upon the grass by the river side, and burying his grand nose in a mole-hill, dreamed. He dreamed that he was CADMUS. Perhaps he had been looking at CHARLES KEENE's sketch, above.

"I know I am CADMUS," to himself; "but why am I CADMUS, and what put CADMUS into my mind? And if you come to that, which CADMUS am I,—the son of AGENOR, or the son of PANDION, or the executioner mentioned by the other HORATIUS—*aut tradere Cadmo?* I ought to know that, you know, but I don't. Perhaps I am all three, like ORION—no, I mean CERBERUS, or at least DIANA. It's very unpleasant not to know who you are. Who am I, you mole,—you old mole in the cellarage? Can't you speak, you blind old fool? You can't see, but decent people don't speak with their eyes, except young ladies. What do you say?—I am to run after a cow till she stops, and then I am to call the place Boeotia? But suppose the cow runs after me, who'd be the Boeotian then, do you think? Ha! have I got you on the horns of a cow—I mean a dilemma, but the moral's the same? I am so thirsty. Then a dragon will eat up all my servants—well, I see no particular objection to that, and the dragon is the child of Ares, and that is why he is partial to servants, who are also children of Ares—tell you what, mole, you've been reading LEMPRIERE's Lies and not DR. WILLIAM SMITH's Well-authenticated Statements—I shan't talk to you. I shall kill that dragon, and extract his teeth, and sow them, and then I shall have a crop of letters, and the double teeth will make double letters. I am so thirsty. And the men in brass are to be called Sparti, or the Sown. But men in brass,—I didn't say anything about men in brass—I think you are all drunk. When the letters have fought and all killed one another they are to be the ancestors of the Thebans. O, decidedly you are all drunk. Next I am to marry a beautiful maiden called Harmonia. Well, that's all right, only mind that JUDY don't hear of it, or the harmony of this meeting might be disturbed. I am to give her a necklace and a peplus? Anything to oblige, but what's a peplus?"

Ear-rings? If you call me a fool I'll punch your heads. I am so thirsty. A long loose robe, without sleeves. I know that without your telling me. Four daughters and a son, who might as well be a daughter too, because his names 's POLLYDORUS, and then I should have five daughters, which is just the right number, and I despise every man who hasn't five daughters. After which I am to be changed into a serpent—then I shall not. I undo it all. There. I won't be a serpent, so get out. I am as wise as a dove and as harmless as a serpent; and I am so thirsty. What do you mean by only sixteen letters? I mayn't be quite right, but I know there are six-and-twenty, and you've stolen ten letters—police!—here's a mole been robbing the post-office, I mean the alphabet. Six-and-twenty letters, and sometimes W and Y, also the digamma and amperzand. HARMONIA, my dear, where are you, and can you play the harmonium in church? Hush, heathen country and no churches? I'll convert it and build a lot; but no ritualism, mind that—none of that. I am so thirsty. Where's that cow gone? I can't see her, and I should like some milk-punch. Where's the dragon, and where are the three jolly post-boys a drinking? I wish I was with 'em. I am CADMUS, am I? Where are my letters,—think you I meant them for a slave? Give me my letters. What do you mean by all wrong, and that I did not sow teeth to grow letters?—tell you it's all right; look at the picture, a picture can't be drunk, can it? though it may be a little cut. Ha! ha! your only wit o' the world. Come out of your earth-closet, mole, will you? and let us hunt the cow. DR. WILLIAM SMITH says we are to hunt the cow, and he knows all about it. I am so thirsty. I wish it was the cow with the iron tail, then I should get a drink, you old pump. Why am I not changed into that serpent, according to the Doctor's orders, I should like to know. I'll choose my own skin, though, mind that. I'll be 'a boy constructor. No, I'll be an adder, because I'm fond of arithmetic; put down one and carry two and let the rest walk. I'll be the Serpent of the Old Nile and go and see DR. LIVINGSTONE, my dear brave friend. Only he might chop my tail off, not knowing me to be CADMUS-PUNCH. He'd be sorry, after, but all the sorrow in the world won't sew a serpent's tail on. I'll be a viper, that's it—a pen-viper—in allusion to my mordant writings, and my wife shall be a viper—which indeed she is. I am so thirsty. My wife is a viper —”

“I have borne much, MR. PUNCH,” said MRS. PUNCH, lifting him somewhat suddenly to his feet, “but I never thought to hear myself called names. As, however, you are in no state to talk, I think you might be better on a sofa indoors. Pray let no person witness your humiliating condition.”

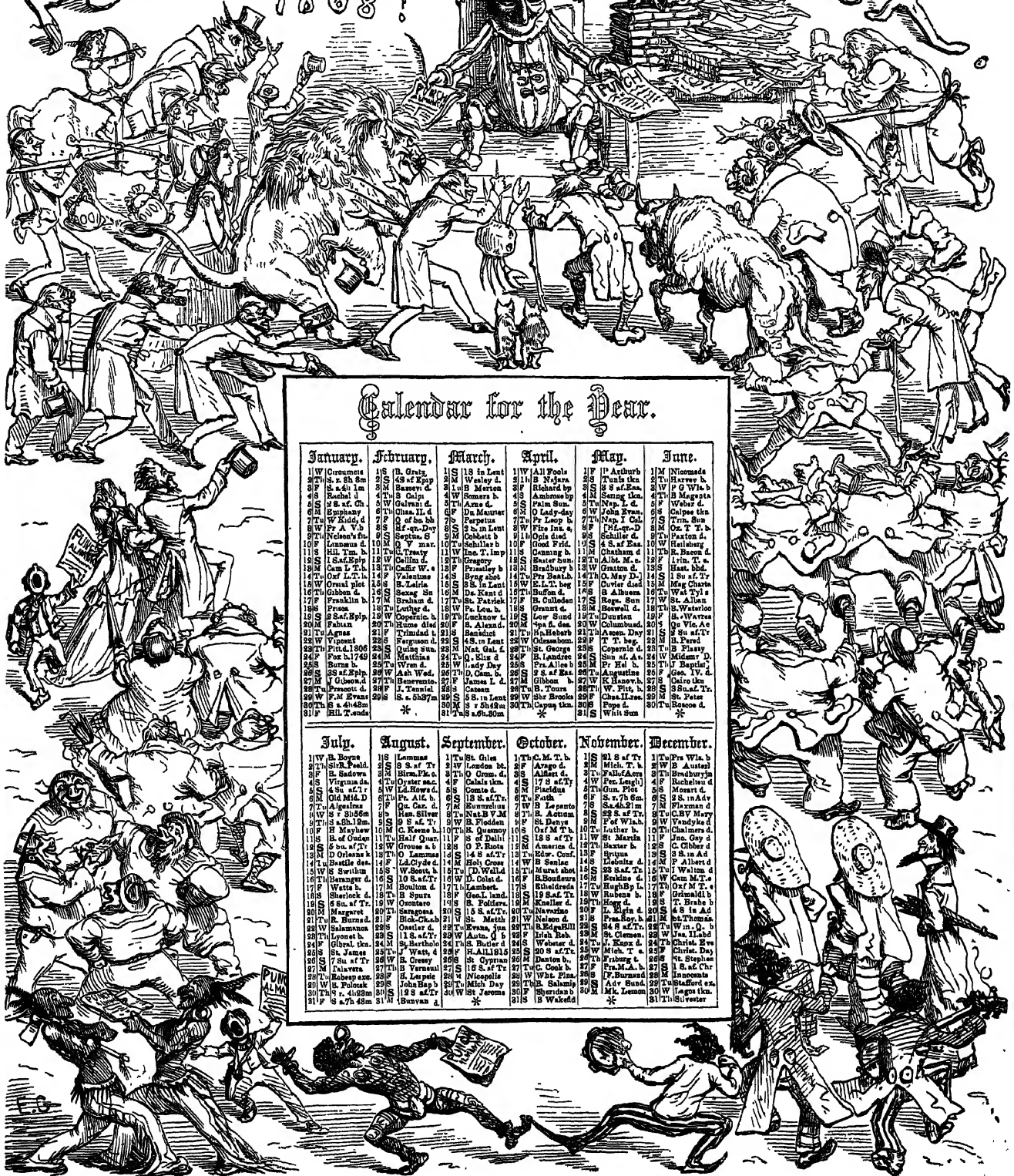
He felt that he had deserved it that time, and obeyed in silence. He must have been very far gone, for he actually forgot to publish his

Fifty-Fourth Volume.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK

1868!



Calendar for the Year.

January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1W Convent.	1S B. O. 45 of Epp	1M 13 In East	1W All Fools	1M 12 Arthur	1M 12 Nimrod
2Th 2. s. Sh. Sm	2S 16 45 of Epp	2T 15 W. 15 of Epp	2Th 14 N. 15 of Epp	2S 15 T. 15 of Epp	2Th 15 H. 15 of Epp
3F 3. s. 41. 1m	3S 19 45 of Epp	3W 18 W. 15 of Epp	3F 17 N. 15 of Epp	3S 18 T. 15 of Epp	3Th 18 H. 15 of Epp
4Th 4. s. 41. 1m	4S 22 45 of Epp	4Th 21 W. 15 of Epp	4Th 20 N. 15 of Epp	4S 21 T. 15 of Epp	4Th 21 H. 15 of Epp
5F 5. s. 41. 1m	5S 25 45 of Epp	5W 24 W. 15 of Epp	5F 23 N. 15 of Epp	5S 24 T. 15 of Epp	5Th 24 H. 15 of Epp
6Th 6. s. 41. 1m	6S 28 45 of Epp	6Th 27 W. 15 of Epp	6Th 26 N. 15 of Epp	6S 27 T. 15 of Epp	6Th 27 H. 15 of Epp
7F 7. s. 41. 1m	7S 31 45 of Epp	7W 30 W. 15 of Epp	7F 29 N. 15 of Epp	7S 30 T. 15 of Epp	7Th 30 H. 15 of Epp
8Th 8. s. 41. 1m	8S 34 45 of Epp	8Th 31 W. 15 of Epp	8Th 30 N. 15 of Epp	8S 31 T. 15 of Epp	8Th 31 H. 15 of Epp
9F 9. s. 41. 1m	9S 37 45 of Epp	9W 34 W. 15 of Epp	9F 31 N. 15 of Epp	9S 34 T. 15 of Epp	9Th 34 H. 15 of Epp
10Th 10. s. 41. 1m	10S 40 45 of Epp	10Th 37 W. 15 of Epp	10Th 34 N. 15 of Epp	10S 37 T. 15 of Epp	10Th 37 H. 15 of Epp
11F 11. s. 41. 1m	11S 43 45 of Epp	11W 40 W. 15 of Epp	11F 37 N. 15 of Epp	11S 40 T. 15 of Epp	11Th 40 H. 15 of Epp
12Th 12. s. 41. 1m	12S 46 45 of Epp	12Th 43 W. 15 of Epp	12Th 40 N. 15 of Epp	12S 43 T. 15 of Epp	12Th 43 H. 15 of Epp
13F 13. s. 41. 1m	13S 49 45 of Epp	13W 46 W. 15 of Epp	13F 43 N. 15 of Epp	13S 46 T. 15 of Epp	13Th 46 H. 15 of Epp
14Th 14. s. 41. 1m	14S 52 45 of Epp	14Th 49 W. 15 of Epp	14Th 46 N. 15 of Epp	14S 49 T. 15 of Epp	14Th 49 H. 15 of Epp
15F 15. s. 41. 1m	15S 55 45 of Epp	15W 52 W. 15 of Epp	15F 49 N. 15 of Epp	15S 52 T. 15 of Epp	15Th 52 H. 15 of Epp
16Th 16. s. 41. 1m	16S 58 45 of Epp	16Th 55 W. 15 of Epp	16Th 52 N. 15 of Epp	16S 55 T. 15 of Epp	16Th 55 H. 15 of Epp
17F 17. s. 41. 1m	17S 61 45 of Epp	17W 58 W. 15 of Epp	17F 55 N. 15 of Epp	17S 58 T. 15 of Epp	17Th 58 H. 15 of Epp
18Th 18. s. 41. 1m	18S 64 45 of Epp	18Th 61 W. 15 of Epp	18Th 58 N. 15 of Epp	18S 61 T. 15 of Epp	18Th 61 H. 15 of Epp
19F 19. s. 41. 1m	19S 67 45 of Epp	19W 64 W. 15 of Epp	19F 61 N. 15 of Epp	19S 64 T. 15 of Epp	19Th 64 H. 15 of Epp
20Th 20. s. 41. 1m	20S 70 45 of Epp	20Th 67 W. 15 of Epp	20Th 64 N. 15 of Epp	20S 67 T. 15 of Epp	20Th 67 H. 15 of Epp
21F 21. s. 41. 1m	21S 73 45 of Epp	21W 70 W. 15 of Epp	21F 67 N. 15 of Epp	21S 70 T. 15 of Epp	21Th 70 H. 15 of Epp
22Th 22. s. 41. 1m	22S 76 45 of Epp	22Th 73 W. 15 of Epp	22Th 70 N. 15 of Epp	22S 73 T. 15 of Epp	22Th 73 H. 15 of Epp
23F 23. s. 41. 1m	23S 79 45 of Epp	23W 76 W. 15 of Epp	23F 73 N. 15 of Epp	23S 76 T. 15 of Epp	23Th 76 H. 15 of Epp
24Th 24. s. 41. 1m	24S 82 45 of Epp	24Th 79 W. 15 of Epp	24Th 76 N. 15 of Epp	24S 79 T. 15 of Epp	24Th 79 H. 15 of Epp
25F 25. s. 41. 1m	25S 85 45 of Epp	25W 82 W. 15 of Epp	25F 79 N. 15 of Epp	25S 82 T. 15 of Epp	25Th 82 H. 15 of Epp
26Th 26. s. 41. 1m	26S 88 45 of Epp	26Th 85 W. 15 of Epp	26Th 82 N. 15 of Epp	26S 85 T. 15 of Epp	26Th 85 H. 15 of Epp
27F 27. s. 41. 1m	27S 91 45 of Epp	27W 88 W. 15 of Epp	27F 85 N. 15 of Epp	27S 88 T. 15 of Epp	27Th 88 H. 15 of Epp
28Th 28. s. 41. 1m	28S 94 45 of Epp	28Th 91 W. 15 of Epp	28Th 88 N. 15 of Epp	28S 91 T. 15 of Epp	28Th 91 H. 15 of Epp
29F 29. s. 41. 1m	29S 97 45 of Epp	29W 94 W. 15 of Epp	29F 91 N. 15 of Epp	29S 94 T. 15 of Epp	29Th 94 H. 15 of Epp
30Th 30. s. 41. 1m	30S 100 45 of Epp	30Th 97 W. 15 of Epp	30Th 94 N. 15 of Epp	30S 97 T. 15 of Epp	30Th 97 H. 15 of Epp
31F 31. s. 41. 1m	31S 103 45 of Epp	31W 100 W. 15 of Epp	31F 97 N. 15 of Epp	31S 100 T. 15 of Epp	31Th 100 H. 15 of Epp



AGRICULTURAL GROWLS.

January. No turnips for cattle. Everything dear. No grain. Country going to ruin. Don't know where we shall be in two years' time.

February. No beef or mutton soon. "Have to live on bacon," you say? Lucky to get it, is my answer. Why every litter, of as fine pigs as ever you see, all round about us have every one of 'em dropped off on account of cold. "No proper care taken!" Wasn't there. You can't provide against such storms as blow your own house about your head, and knock all your gables and out-houses, roofs and all, to the winds. "Dear me, you don't say so!" I do say so. Now then, where's your bacon? Gammon! There won't be any Spring this year. Ruin, utter ruin, unless this stops pretty quickly.

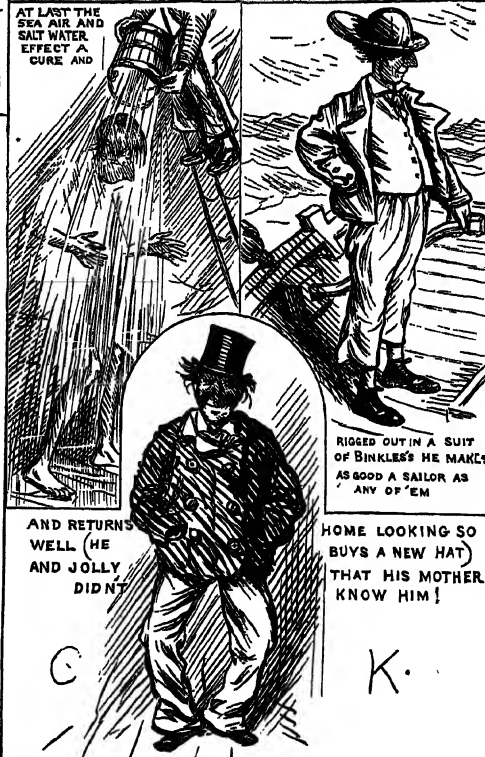
March. Floods, of course. Just as everything was getting to-rights. Distress fearful. There won't be any grazing land this year. No birds—nothing. Grass utterly ruined. Land soddened. We'd better, all we farmers I mean, emigrate.

April. Things beginning to grow: good prospects. Three days' sharp frost nipped everything again. No grass for the young calves. Cows feeble. Price of labour enormous. Ruin to the farmer. Can't get any work done. Weather so uncertain, requires double the number of hands to get it over quickly. Ruin, Sir. Better emigrate.

May. Well, we had looked forward to this month. But there—Country's in a precious state. Rain, rain, rain, a deluge, Sir. What we want now is fine weather, and plenty of it.

June. "This fine weather?" It may be fine for folks in town. But they'll know what that means when winter comes on. Only wish we could get rain. That's what we want, rain. Beans shy. Oats not to be depended upon. Barley a'most safe to fail. Rye promising.

ECONOMY FOR SWELLS.—Two sixpences are better than a shilling. You must sometimes tip your inferiors, and you cannot ask them for change.



AGRICULTURE AND PEACE.—"I'd a precious dale rather," remarked a Hampshire farmer, "ha' my fields grazed by sheep than w' bullets."

MENTAL EXERCISE FOR IDIOTS.—If the Great Seal is in the keeping of the Zoological Society, who can sit on the Woolpack?

AGRICULTURAL GROWLS.

July. Yes, here's the end of the month; and there's what's called a Glorious Harvest, every sign of it everywhere. So it is if we could only pay for the labour. But the farmers, Sir, can't get the labour. It's no good my having twenty fields ripe with corn if I haven't the hands to cut it: nor the horses to cart it: nor people to buy it, and only make a loss by exportation. Why, a Glorious Harvest is absolute ruin to the farmer.

August. Thanksgiving services everywhere, of course. Shoaves hung up, and the like, because we've got three weeks of fine weather. We want rain, Sir, rain. The farmer, Sir, (I speak as a farmer, and reverently) is as thankful for small or large blessings as any one else. But what's the good of a plentiful harvest to the farmer now? I know there won't be any wheat in the country by November. No, Sir, times and seasons have changed, and the farmer loses every year.

September. Frosts and heavy dews (dews take 'em!) injure the milch cows. Scarcity of that now. Frost the other morning. Seems like winter setting in already. If it does, there'll be a famine. We want a week or two of fine, dry weather.

October. Hot as summer. Play the very mischief with everything.

November. Seasonable weather—apparently: but bad for cattle. There'll be the disease again with a fortnight's time. What we want is rain.

December. December! more like April. What we want is dry, fine weather. "Turnips, Sir?" Confound 'em. Watery. Serious injury to the cattle in consequence. It's not many people that'll have beef this Christmas, mind that. "Sheep?" In a bad state: very. "Nonsense!" you say, do you? I say rot. Salt, oil-cake, no old remedy seems to do. Never knew such times.



THE SPUDGROVES GO TO WOBLESWICK THIS AUTUMN, BECAUSE IT IS QUIET AND UNFREQUENTED. AND SO THEY FOUND IT. AND ON WET SUNDAYS THE ONLY COVERED CONVEYANCE THEY COULD GET TO TAKE THEM TO CHURCH WAS THE BATHING MACHINE!

ARGUMENT FOR SHORT SKIRTS.—They give plain girls a chance. What Nature has denied the face, she often gives to the under-standing.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—Our Tobaccoist, who has lately retired to a little villa in the outskirts, speaks of it—as his Snuff-Box.

THE HUMAN TRINKET.—“And clasped him to her bosom:”—see any Novel. Is it not rather derogatory to man to be treated as an article of jewellery?

A FEW EDUCATIONAL DEFINITIONS.

Mental Arithmetic.—Abstraction.
Book-Keeping.—Not returning volumes lent.
Land Surveying.—From the top of Mont Blanc.
Elementary Drawing.—Of babies in perambulators.
Free-hand Drawing.—Thief abstracting a purse from your pocket.
Short Hand.—Giving two fingers to shake.
Reading and Elocution.—Good speaking in Berkshire.
Use of the Globes.—To cover the gas-burners.
Composition.—Half-a-crown in the pound.
Dictation.—“Richard, you must take me to the Opera to-night.”
The Art of Illuminating.—Rouging dexterously.
Political Economy.—M. P. in cheap lodgings.
Fencing.—Answering questions in Parliament.

A THOUGHT BY A TREETO-TALLER.

At dinner many do entreat
 A blessing, ere they carve their meat;
 But few, if any, ever think
 To ask a blessing on their drink.

ADVICE WITH A PRESENT OF EARRINGS.—If you want your ears pierced, pinch the baby.
 THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—St. Francis of Sales.



BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER!

Clara. “OH, LAURA! LOOK AT ME! I’VE USED ALL MY ‘IMMOVABLE GYPSY TINT,’ AND THERE’S NO MORE TO BE GOT IN THE PLACE!”

SHORT NOTES BY A PROFESSIONAL ENGLISH CRICKETER.

Prepared for a Lecture to the French Cricket Club.

Note 1.—Mossos, if so standy-uppy devong your stumps—lay stumps, comprenny!—and prenny ler bat dong lay mangs—voo underconstumble, nez par!—Ay, dong, ler Boler. Bowler, comprenny? Aim at you with his bal de crickay—cricket-ball, voo voyay?

Note 2.—Lorsker woo voyay a coove a-goin’ in for your—your votre meedle vickay—middle wicket, comprenny? Regarday ay garday vous like winking or out you go—oo dayhor vous alley.

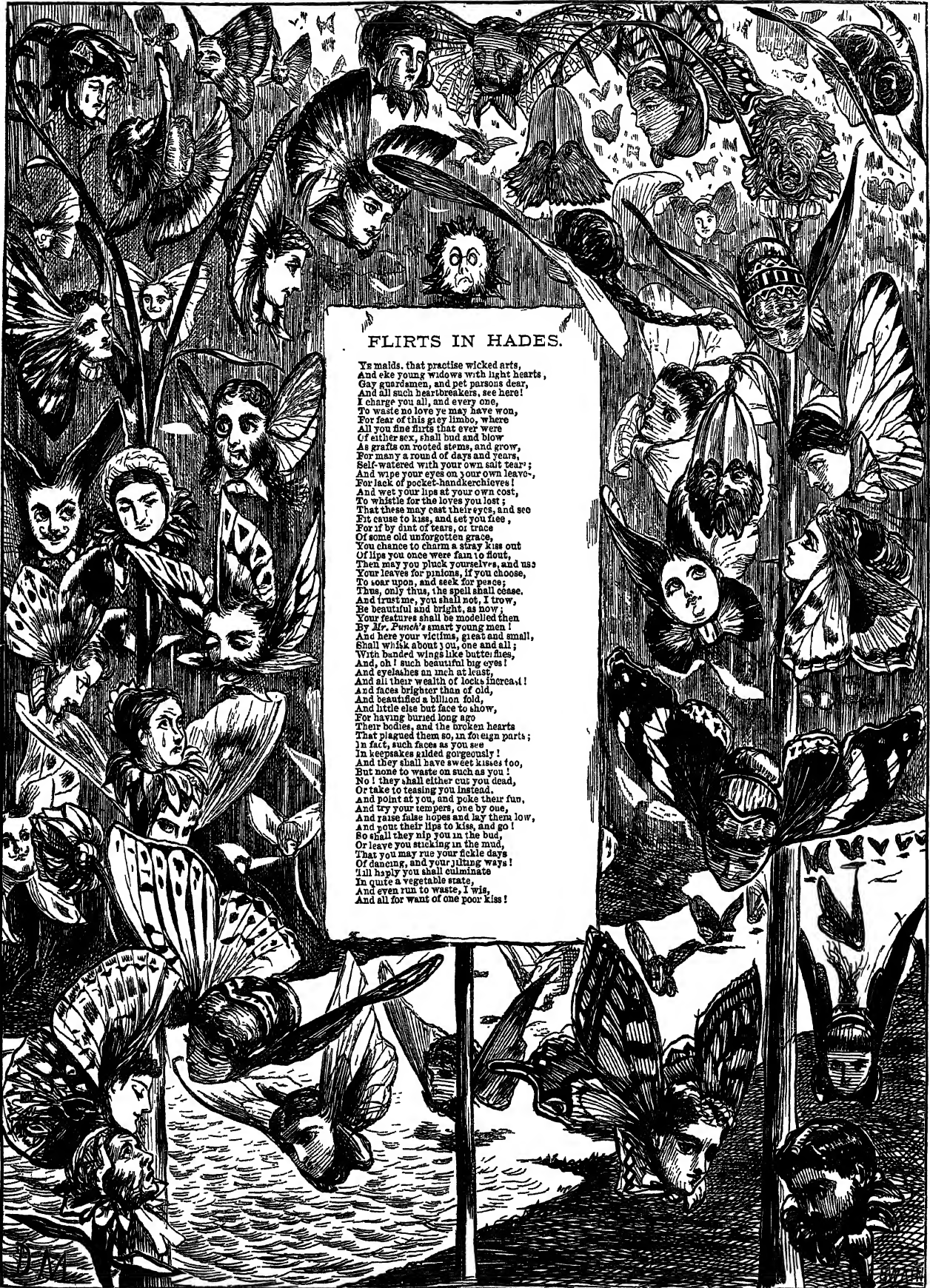
Note 3.—Lorsker ung bal de crickay come at votre eye, comprenny?—attemptay (comprenny?) “try” to catch him and put the fellow who’s in out. In your own language, which you’ll comprenny betterer, attemptay vous der casky ler bal, ay metty le persong lay ay daydong dayhor.

BALLADS BY AN ECCENTRIC.

*The Cloud with a Penny-a-Lining.
 The Moon’s Blind Side.
 Meet me in the Waggonette.
 I would I were a Walrus!
 Beautiful Scar!*

THE DESTON’S PARADISE.—Ore diton.

“MEN WHO HAVE RIKEN.”—Aeronauts.



FLIRTS IN HADES.

'Tis maids, that practise wicked arts,
 And eke young widows with light hearts,
 Gay guardsmen, and pet parsons dear,
 And all such heartbreakers, see here!
 I charge you all, and every one,
 To waste no love ye may have won,
 For fear of this gay limbo, where
 All you fine flirts that ever were
 Of either sex, shall bud and blow
 As grafts on rooted stems, and grow,
 For many a round of days and years,
 Self-watered with your own salt tears;
 And wipe your eyes on your own leave-
 For lack of pocket-handkerchieves!
 And wet your lips at your own cost,
 To whistle for the loves you lost;
 That these may cast their eyes, and see
 The cause to kiss, and let you flee,
 For if by dint of tears, or trace
 Of some old forgotten grace,
 You chance to charm a stray kiss out
 Of lips you once were fain to flout,
 Then may you pluck yourselves, and us
 Your leaves for pinions, if you choose,
 To soar upon, and seek for peace;
 Thus, only thus, the spell shall cease.
 And trust me, you shall not, I trow,
 Be beautiful and bright, as now:
 Your features shall be modelled then
 By Mr. Punch's smart young men!
 And here your victims, great and small,
 Shall whistle about you, one and all;
 With banded wings like butterflyes,
 And, oh! such beautiful big eyes!
 And eyelashes as much at a twist;
 And all their wealth of locks increased!
 And faces brighter than of old,
 And beautified a billion fold,
 And little else but face to show,
 For having buried long ago
 Their bodies, and the broken hearts
 That plagued them so, in foreign parts;
 In fact, such faces as you see
 In keepsakes sold gorgeously!
 And they shall have sweet kisses too,
 But none to waste on such as you!
 No! they shall either cut you dead,
 Or take to teasing you instead,
 And point at you, and puke their fun,
 And try your tempers, one by one,
 And raise false hopes and lay them low,
 And pour their lips to kiss, and go!
 So shall they nip you in the bud,
 Or leave you sticking in the mud,
 That you may rue your fickle days
 Of dancing, and your jilting ways!
 Till haply you shall culminate
 In quite a vegetable state,
 And even run to waste, I wis,
 And all for want of one poor kiss!



AMATEUR THEATRICALS. AN OTHELLO "BREAK-DOWN."

OTHELLO WHO AS IAGO SAYS, "IS ALWAYS UP TO SOME FOOLERY OR OTHER," UNDER THE COMBINED INFLUENCE OF SHERRY AND THE BLACKNESS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES, FINDS THE "NIGGER BUSINESS" UTTERLY IRRESISTIBLE. SCENE RISES SUDDENLY. TABLEAU! DISMAY OF DESDEMONA, IAGO, &c., AND DELIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE.

HISTORICAL PARADOX.—Some writers are accustomed to extol the reign of QUEEN ANNE; yet there are vile quibblers who do not scruple to call it an anarchy.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—No lawyer, who is worth his pounce, ever takes the Will for the Deed.
MODERN ARMOUR.—Black-mail.

WHERE would be the place best calculated for supplying timber for our Navy? *Fleet-wood.*
GREEK WINE.—Complaints from Athens.

NEW OLOGIES.

Buyology.—How to get great bargains at sales.
Electro-buyology.—How to purchase the best substitute for silver.
Comparative Fizyology.—Mosses after Champagne.
Fullogy.—How to make a good dinner.
(In)toxicology.—How to find your way to the Police Station.
Pathology.—How to find your way where four roads meet.
Siphology.—How to make known your passion for ORYNTHIA ANNE.

PARENTAL EXPERIENCE.

TRUTH, so the ancient legends tell,
Rests at the bottom of a well:
My son, how many rogues I've known
Careful to let that well alone!

Question.—Why may Scotchmen be supposed to like policemen?
Answer.—Eh, Sirs, it's just because they're vera fond of the *Bavobees*.

WHICH TOOL OF A CARPENTER IS A MISER'S COACHMAN?—A Screw-driver.

EPSON SPRING MEETING.—Ducks lay eggs—geese lay wagers.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Hungary wine for thirsty people.

THE GLUTTON'S PARADISE.—Baton Place.

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Venice.



CRUEL!

DEDICATED TO THE PROFESSIONAL TEETOTALLERS WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JANUARY.

6. Twelfth night. General rejoicing in the Land of Cakes.
7. Great Frost: or roasted whole on the Thames. Poor's Bull burnt by LUTHER.
13. Dead Letter Office established. *Rejected Addresses* appeared.
24. Invention of Pomatum by the Heads of Houses.
30. Calves' Head Club established at the Hôtel de Villa.
31. Pheasant and partridge shooting ends. Legislation begins.

FEBRUARY.

13. STREYFE'S Works edited by the Seven Head Masters.
14. St. VALENTINE. All Girls' Day. LOVER born.
20. Potatoes introduced into England by A. MURPHY.
29. Great Leap by a four year old on the Course of Time. Mrs. HARRIS born.

MARCH.

14. N.W. Passage Discovered by CAPTAIN CUTTLE.
17. DANIEL LAMBERT born at Broadstairs. Stout and Size first made.
21. BENEDICT. All Old Bachelors' Day. Spring soup begins.

APRIL.

2. Pluralities suppressed. Steeple-chasing began to decline.
3. Lamb begins. Quarter Sessions commence. NEWTON made Master of the Mink.
29. SHAKESPEARE vaccinated. Mrs. CAUDLE born.



THIS GENEALOGICAL PICTURE OF MR. PUNCH'S FOREFATHERS (AND FORE-MOTHERS), INDIRECT LINE FROM 1000 TO 1800, ILLUSTRATING THE GRADUAL TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER THROUGH NATURAL SELECTION, &c., &c. IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. DARWIN.



SCIENCE.

Professor Paradox (enthusiastically): "Oh! MY DEAR MRS. S., IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO STOOP DOWN, HERE IS 'CAPILLA' SHOWN MOST BEAUTIFULLY!!"
[But by this time, it being a few frosty nights, poor MRS. SPUDGEBY, having seen the Moon, and Jupiter and his Satellites, and Saturn, and Double Star, and no end of others, had had almost enough of it!]

A BALLAD IN BEDLAMITE

I'n be a Bentot,
Born in power,
Where in chimney-pot
Gaily I'llower.
Music sh' charn my eyes,
Moons giv shima,
Wink on a bottle fines
Bollet Dold dine.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

Note on a St. Marine—Why does a man, buying an agent, become a Senator? Because Qui facit per se facit per nos. (And in going from Folkestone to Boulogne it gives a deal of pluck to face the sea.)

ADVICE TO HATCHES.—Bring the thin man's lively sense of his shortcoming, and the fat one to a full consciousness of his enormity.

WHAT EXPOSED TEACHERS --
How often do we see those who
we thought we left behind go
right ahead !

TEMPERANCE AND MODERATION.
—Whilst Temperance Societies try
to keep men from the bottle,
they might also endeavour
to wear women from the glass.

THE BIG PORTMANTEAU
KNOWN.—The Grand Trunk of
Canada.

APOTHECARY TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—May I never want a

WIN AND WA—Marry a plain girl. Thirty years hence she will be as pretty as I.

TURN GARDEN—Wedding a
Stand.

METAPHYSICS DEFINITION: By a sailor at sea. What is a quid-dity? Pistol.



TOO LATE !

BROWN HAVING LOST HIS HEART TEN MINUTES AGO!



"BUT WHEN HE'D GOT US UP TO THE TOP AND THE FOG CLEARED OFF LAWS! IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WORTH ALL THE MONEY AND TROUBLE, THAT IT WAS!"



"LUNCH"



"WE SLEPT AT A HUT AND HE ROUSED US UP EARLY TO SEE THE SUN RISE."



"HE MADE US GO THROUGH THE FOG! YOU MIGHT HAVE CUT IT!"



"Excelsior Mother!"

"WE COMMENCE THE TERRIFIC ASCENT!"



"AND THE WAY HE WENT ON WITH THAT BOAT-GIRL ON THE LAKE, JUST LIKE THE ITALIAN OPERA!"

WEATHER WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

If Candlemas Day be bright and fair,
It will sooner or later rain here or there
If Candlemas Day be dark and foul,
Expect fine weather, at times, ere Yule.

If the storm-cock sing on Lady Day,
Some showers will fall 'twixt then and May.
On Lady Day if the Tom-cat mew,
Fine days will follow—many or few.

On Easter Eve, if skies do frown,
The sheep will graze on the Southern Down;
If fair upon Easter Eve it hold,
The sheep will graze on the Northern Wold.

At Whitsuntide, when the hawthorn's white,
Ere Midsummer dew will fall at night.
At Whitsuntide, when the hawthorn's green,
Ere Midsummer dew will at morn be seen.

At Lammas, as it ever hall,
At Martinmas beware a gale.

At Michaelmas, if the wind be high,
Look for thunder and lightning before July.
At Michaelmas, if the wind be low,
Look out for frost if not for snow.

When the moon at Yule doth shine,
An wet do come not 'twill be fine;
When the moon you cannot see,
Then, thereafter as may be.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH CRICKETERS.—As every soldier has the baton of a Field-Marshal in his knapsack, so every player has the bat of a Lillywhite in his portmanteau.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—"Persons" may be forbidden to approach the hustings, but the chignon cannot be kept away from the poll.

A THOUGHT IN CHANCERY LANE.—The Statutes are said to be "at large" because they are so difficult to apprehend.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Chap-books are dangerous reading for young women.

MILITARY TRIMMINGS.—Horse Guards' reprimands.



"BUT OH! THE FRIGHTFUL PRECIPICES WE SAW A COMING DOWN!"



"HOME AGAIN AT LAST!"



"HE SHEWED US THE BOW THAT WILLIAM TELL KILLED HIS SON WITH!"



"WE HAVE TO BUY A LOT OF ALPINE CLUB THINGS!"



"IT WAS OUR TOM PERSUADED US TO GO AND HE'D TAKE US UP THE ALPS!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1868.



HOW CAPTAIN BETTINGTON BINKS "WON HIS WAJAH, BY JOVE," AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



Jones. "HULLO, BROWN, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU AND MRS. BROWN?"
Brown. "MATTER? WHY DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL US DOWN HERE? THEY CALL US BEAUTY AND THE BEAST! NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MY POOR WIFE HAS DONE TO GET SUCH A NAME AS THAT!"

THE HONEYMOON.



FULL MOON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE Council of the Zoological Society will be glad to obtain, either by gift or purchase (the former mode of acquisition preferred), the following interesting animals in which their collection is at present deficient:—the boomerang, bugbear, great cantankerous, chaffwax, cockatrice, cocktail, coon, henroach, hypothermose, mandrake, pair of stevedores, parasang, piccadilly, rhomboid, toad-eater, troglodyte, and lesser backbiter.

INFORMATION WANTED.—At what time in the morning are Barristers called?

PROPERLY DRESSED.—There is an obvious propriety in going out to dinner in a swallow-tail coat.

MOTTO FOR SHEFFIELD (WHEN WELL-BEHAVED AGAIN).—"Foremost in the files of time."



FIRST QUARTER.

A CODE FOR FIRST-CLASS CABS.

By THE EMPEROR OF UTOPIA.

In order to distinguish him, every first-class cabman must be dressed in a court suit: white silk stockings, satin breeches, shoes with silver buckles, jewelled sword, embroidered waistcoat, gold-laced coat, frilled shirt, and powdered wig.

Every first-class cabman must wear lavender kid gloves, and none of larger size than eleven and three-quarters will be passed by the police.

He must be conversant with English, Scotch, French, German, and Italian, and, as a civil servant, must have a civil answer ready in any of these languages which his hirer may prefer.

For the usage of bad grammar, every first-class cabman will be fined, upon conviction, the sum of half-a-crown; and will be sentenced to a month's imprisonment for any stronger imprecation than "Bless me!" or "My eyes!"

If found smoking in his cab, while waiting for a fare, he will be fined half-a-guinea or imprisoned for a week.

He will, however, be permitted, when off duty, to smoke upon his box, provided that he smokes only sixpenny cigars, and is careful to ignite them with wax *allumettes*.

Every first-class cabman must provide some first-class literature for the benefit of his hirers; such, for instance, as the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, and *Punch*.

He must on all occasions be able to give change, and to a lady must deliver it in a clean, soft, scented envelope.

In case any dispute arise as to the fare, a first-class cabman must produce a gilt-edged book of distances, with a map and ivory rule to measure every mile.

First-class cabs must all be furnished with yellow satin cushions, and a crack of an inch long in any of the windows will be held sufficient cause why the licence be annulled.

Every first-class cabman must carry in the luggage, not merely to the hall, but up to the top attics, if he is asked to do so: but for this extra service he may claim, if so inclined, a glass of dry champagne.

In order to insure rapidity of transit, every first-class cab-horse must be lineally descended from a winner of the Derby, and a pedigree to prove this fact must be displayed inside the cab.

A FOGY ON THE FREEZING POINT.

'Tis bitter cold, and lo, the mercury
In Fahrenheit's thermometer has gone
Down below thirty-two. Ha, quicksilver!
Now, in the frosty winter of mine age,
Would I could do the same!

A SHRUB IN SEASON.—It is all very well to decorate your walls with holly and mistletoe, but an evergreen more appropriate for the festive season of Christmas would be the Box.

PROVED BY QUOTATION.—The antiquity of some of our great legal firms is remarkable. For instance, MILTON (let us hope not under pecuniary pressure) says, "To-morrow to FRESHFIELDS."

THE GROOM OF THE STOLE.—The man that forgot to shut the stable-door.

POLITICAL CHEMISTRY.—Although Parliament may be dissolved, it cannot be crystallised.

FARM NOTES.

How to Winnow Corn. 1st Method.—Get some corn. Get somebody who knows how to winnow it. Let him do it.

2nd Method.—If you know all about it, do it yourself.

3rd Method, for Beginners, given in *Agricultural Terms*. Place a steward near the blower, and let him drive the blower while the hopper is filled with a large wecht. (This is called the system of *Hopperation*.) Then let a woman with a small wecht slide down on a wheel crushing the blower with her shoes. This should be done in a neat, cleanly way until the scum has been swept with a besom through a wire screen, while another lot go on riddling, when it is the duty of the fanner to answer each riddle as it comes out. The fanner's chief work is, however, to prevent any labourer becoming too hot. When a labourer is very warm, he sits down before the fanner who soon restores him to coolness.

Treatment of Fowls in Winter.—Roast them.

For the Volunteer-farmer in Winter.—Attend turnip-drills.

How to Pickle Pork.—Get the hog into a proper temperature. To bring this about make him swallow a small thermometer. This'll warm him. Rub him with paper dipped in oil, give him a uniform coating of barley, tar, syrup of squills, pitch, and gold tin-foil. Paint his head green with orange stripes, and by that time he'll be in a pretty pickle.

Breakfast.—Always visit your poultry yard before break fast. If unable to find a fresh egg, go to the cattle sheds. Remember that, where eggs cannot be obtained, a yoke of fine oxen beaten up with a cup of tea is most invigorating.



THIRD QUARTER.

PARENTAL ADVICE.

My son, if with a fool you dine
Take heed you drink but little wine:
Nine times in ten you'll find, be sure,
Though he be rich, his wine is poor.

PORTAL PROPHECY.—Has it ever been observed that POPE must have foreseen our modern practice of leaving London to reside near a railway?—for he says,—"and lives along the line."

APPARENT ANOMALY.—It may seem strange, but it is ruin to an Opera lessee to introduce to the public very successful singers, for they are sure to bring the house down.

CIVIL SERVANTS OF THE CROWN.—Obliging Hatters.

THE FRENCHMAN'S OWN WINE.—Champagne Mos-ses.

SENTIMENTAL GASTRONOMY.—The sweetest cheek is that which has never blushed. What is it? Pig's.



NO MOON.



IN THE HOME COVERTS AT LUNCH TIME

JOHN THOMAS SHAKES IN HIS SHOES, AND WISHES THEY WERE BOOTS.



IN CRITICISING AND CORRECTING HIS PRETTY COUSIN'S PERSPECTIVE, OF COURSE FREDERICK'S FACE MUST BE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THE SAME PLACE AS HERS!—TABLEAU!—
PA (IN THE BACKGROUND) IS EVIDENTLY MAKING UP HIS MIND TO SEE ABOUT THIS! *Note. Fred hasn't a top!*

A SIMPLE STORY.



THERE lived a youth (he liveth yet),
And RICHARD was he christened;
And well he played the flageolet,
And all the ladies listened;
And some were even heard to say
His brow was handsome (in its way).



BUT RICHARD met BEN BALL, a man
All chest, and cheek, and shoulder,
And ever so much bigger than
Himself, though little older;
Whose biceps RICHARD felt and found
It measured fifteen inches round!



NOW this demoralised him quite;
And then he took to reading
The naughty books that ladies write
And found there, with exceeding
Dismay, that ladies' heroes are
Wild, wicked men, and muscular!



Then in high dudgeon did he use
To feel himself all over;
But little sinew, and no thews
Could RICHARD'S thumbs discover;
And wickedness is rarely met
In men that play the flageolet.



BUT 'twas not yet too late to mend;
He got dumb-bells, and shyly,
He took the counsel of a friend
("Experimentum viti")
And tried them first on his left arm,
And found they acted like a charm!



MUCH bigger waxed his biceps, but
When this left arm was finished,
The left lobe of his occiput
Had sensibly diminished;
So then he went it, right and all,
To make his nut symmetrical!



HIS nut soon got so hardened that
It hurt you when you hit it;
Nor could his hatter find a hat
(Already made) to fit it,
So marvellously small it grew,
As all may judge from this back view.



At length a happy day came round
(Which I was there, and drew it)
When RICHARD lifted from the ground
A paving-stone, and threw it
Almost one foot three-quarters high!
And that with ladies standing by!



NOT only that; he, on his head
So dexterously caught it
That all the ladies present said
They never should have thought it!
And even I could not but own
'Twas hard lines for the paving-stone!



NEXT day he caught a cold, alack!
And all his muscles vanished,
But none of his old brains came back;
Which his dumb-bells had banished;
And not a rack was left behind
Of what he chose to call his mind!



POOR RICHARD now (O have you met
Him lately) has grown bitter;
For when he plays the flageolet
The ladies talk and titter;
And no one ever thinks his brow
In any way good-looking now!



O little men, who wish to please,
Be wiser than poor Dick! shun
Big friends with brawny biceps,
And female works of fiction;
But stick to music all your might,
Or be cut out. And serve you right!

THE LATEST CRITICISM.—There is one word in our language which, with a slight alteration, expresses all that can possibly be said in praise of a certain class of TENNYSON'S poems, which are simply—Idyllicious.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE FACT.—It is astonishing what ugly women you do sometimes see with a ring on the left fourth finger.

ADAPTATION OF LEGAL MAXIM TO SOCIETY (BY A MATCH-MAKING MOTHER).—"Festio is nine points of the Law."

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Our jeweller, rather sentimental and a bachelor, never speaks of himself as a single man, but as a *solitaire*.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.—A young lady is in want of a husband. She is intelligent, amiable, and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind man.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A literary friend was overheard the other evening requesting his landlady to put clean proof sheets on his bed.

AN ASTONISHED FOREIGNER.—A Neapolitan was greatly surprised to hear that the upper classes in England were fond of "Fresh Laver," and that the lower classes were not averse to a drop o' the crater.

Question.—When is the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens like a bouquet of artificial flowers?

Answer by our Idiot.—When there's a Sham-Pansy in it.

COMFORT FOR CONVICTS.—The place for good red wine is undoubtedly Port-land.

VOLUME 54.



MR. PUNCH'S ALLOCUTION TO MANKIND.

BRETHREN AND PERSONS,

HERE we are again, and how do you do at the beginning of another New Year?

I am quite well, I thank you kindly.

Nevertheless, Brethren and Persons, it cannot be denied that there are many things which we must regard as misfortunes.

Oysters (I hope you all like oysters) are much too dear.

The old Opera-House (*apropos* of oysters) has been burned down.

We have only an armed truce with the Cabmen.

The Walrus is dead.

So are the dear little Hippocampi, that were like the Knights of Chess.

The miscreants who mend the roads won't roll them.

Women of the inferior class have not learnt from their betters to discard Dorothy Draggletail dresses, and they be-plaster you with mud as they come into an omnibus.

WHALLEY sits for Peterborough.

Postmen are insufficiently paid. If they should strike?

There is very little holly this winter.

Music-hall slang-songs are sung by ladies and gentlemen.

The Street-Organ still rages, unstamped out.

Ritualism is rampant.

A good cigar is frightfully expensive.

So is matrimony.

The porters on the Underground Railway will *not* sound their H.

Mayors of Dover assail sea-sick Notables with addresses.

Young ladies write novels which make bearded men blush.

NAPOLEON is arming Twelve Hundred Thousand soldiers.

They have spoiled the beautiful front of the Travellers' Club.

Scotch bairnies are refused sweets all through a four hours' service.

Irish stew is rarely made good.

Welsh rabbits are less digestible than ever.

People who had better hold their tongues—talk.

Smart stock-jobbers make slow puns.

THOMAS CARLYLE has published nothing lately.

You know who I mean has published a great deal.

Parliament meets in February—the only compensation (I admit a grand one) is My Essence.

Half-crowns have not been called in.

The Christmas-box extortion is not made felony.

Bumble is still blatant.

Crossing-sweepers beg.

Shaving is incompatible with comfort, and soup with moustaches.

Few servants can boil eggs. Slush or stone.

Boys learn Greek instead of French.

Gas is bad, and worst on Sundays.

I cannot publish myself every day.

These be griefs, but there are many consolations, Brethren and Persons. You have much to be thankful for. I am among you. My *Pocket Book* is stupendous, and my *Almanack* gigantic; and, guided by these, and by a reverent study of my hebdomadal pages, you will be preserved from all sorts of evils too tedious to mention.

I wish you a Happy New Year. It is sure to be a lucky one, for it begins on a Wednesday—the day of my issue to the World.

Begone dull Care, and begone all of you.

Early Satire.

A YOUNG lady sends us this. We don't see much in it, but it is accompanied by so pretty a petition for its insertion, and by a photograph which proclaims so much prettiness in the original, that we do not like to refuse. She says, that at her Papa's table there was discussion on the last horseflesh dinner, and her Mamma said, "Dear me, how nasty! They'll eat donkeys next." "I hope not," said her brother. "N.B. My brother is rather stupid."

Something like a Miracle.

A GENUINE double miracle has been worked in Brussels. Three miscreant carpenters got into a church, and stripped an image of the Virgin of all its jewels. They got off at the moment, but not only was a policeman inspired with the power of seeing them, but he was miraculously endowed with intellect which enabled him to fetch assistance, and seize them. There is something in Catholic miracles after all. We are seldom favoured in the above way.



CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS!

Swell Tailor (to new customer, not from Belgravia). "YOU'LL EXCUSE MY ASKING, SIR—BUT—A—YOU DON'T MEAN TO WEAR OUR CLOTHES WITH THAT HAT!"

WORKHOUSE CURIOSITIES.

At a Conversazione of the Poor Law Commissioners, the following curiosities were the other evening shown:—

Facsimile of the entry made in the Visitors' Book at Farnham, stating that the Guardians had found the workhouse "in good order," five days before the probe of the *Lancet* was thrust in.

Photograph of a Poor-Law Inspector, as he appears when "inspecting" a workhouse with his eyes shut.

Model of the "rabbit hutch" which the Farnham Guardians considered in cold blood to be quite "good enough for tramps."

A pair of damp sheets, from a poorhouse infirmary.

A bit of one of the hot bricks by which a girl was scorched severely, and was so weak-minded as to die in consequence.

Samples of workhouse wine in various stages of emaciation, showing its increasing weakness in every hand through which it passes, from the master of the workhouse down to the pauper nurse, until at length it reaches the poor patient for whom it is prescribed.

Specimen of an infirmary blanket, warranted not to keep the cold out.

A slice of pauper Christmas pudding, curious as showing how much pudding can be made with how few plums.

One of the toys broken by the order of a master of a workhouse, in order that the children might not be too happy there.

Sketch (coloured) of the cesspool into which the epileptic Farnham pauper fell perversely, and so died.

A specimen of hard, tough beef, administered to toothless paupers, when they are ordered by the doctor a tender mutton-chop.

A bottle of air taken from a workhouse bedroom. In proof of its impurity, a light being placed in it immediately goes out.

One of the newspapers removed by the late Master at Farnham, who feared that the paupers might really be too comfortable.

A few stalactites found in the "Stalactite cave of filth" referred to in the *Lancet* Commissioners' Report.

Le Blocus.—A French work has been reviewed in the *Times* called *Le Blocus*. If translated into English, will it be entitled *The Old Bloke*?

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

I.

'Tis the time
For Pantomime;
Spend your well-stored farden;
To "the Lane," now young 'uns come,
To enjoy *Fee, Faw, Fum*,
And own that BEVERLEY
Does the trick cleverly;
That in all Pantomimes,
Produced in our times,
Never did CHATTERTON
Out-do this latter one:
Then leaving "the Lane,"
As brisk as Cham-paigne,
You will find real PAYNE
At "the Garden!"

II.

Advertisements had said
The Pantomime of Town
Was to be the Holborn one;
I paid my money down.
Affliction sore
Long time I bore,
Musicians were in vain,
The "business" slow
It didn't go,
Nor I, to it again.
I only said I am a-weary,
The fun comes not, I said.
I am a-weary, I am a-weary,
I would I were in bed.

III.

Genuine good old Pantomime,
Very rare in this our time.
Now they are, as they've not been,
Getting few and far between.
And there are, pray note it down,
Only two Burlesques in Town;
And but one Extravaganza—
All fled, p'raps, to the 'Nyanza,
Or some other distant clime,
With the shade of Pantomime.
To the Adelphi hosts repair,
Making stoppage on each stair,
Till the cry's "No Thoroughfare!"
Elsewhere *ballets*, plays and dramas,
Music Halls and Serpent Charmers,
Men who eat up swords like pies,
And do dreadful things with eyes.
Holborn Circus full of steppers—
Polytechnic lectures, PEEPER'S.
Round and round and round we go,
Theatre, Opera, Concert, Show.
And when Twelfth Day comes, we sigh,
"Dear me, how the time does fly!
To-morrow gone, to-day we're here,
Christmas comes but once a year."

SATURN FINDS SOME MISCHIEF STILL.

THEY can't get their Astronomy right at Rome, but they are improving. His Holiness says in his Allocution:—

"Saturn, his satellites, and his suns, do not cease to unchain their fury in the most horrible manner against our religion."

Saturn, if we might hint as much to the careless secretary who prepared this document, has eight satellites, certainly, but no suns, only three rings, which revolve, and which are probably hateful to the Pope from their habits of revolution. But how the illustrious party unchain their fury we do not understand. Saturn was always thought to be rather a dull bird. TOMMY MOORE says, more or less,

"Only think what a world we should have of it here
If the haters of punch and the lovers of tea
Would but fly up to Saturn's cold comfortless sphere
And leave earth to such spirits as you, Mr. P."

Saturn ought to have been more kindly treated by the Pope, since Mentana, if only for the sake of the classical image of an aged party destroying his own children.

GREAT DAYS AND EVENTS.

BOXING DAY. As BURKE says, the age of Christmas Boxes is past—for me: no servility of attention, no parade of civility would procure me a single shilling. But it procures me a holiday. The Public Department to which I am attached (devotedly) is liberal in the article of holidays, and Boxing Day is one of them. I occupy it in recording a few current reflections suitable to plum-pudding season. Could I do better? No, especially as the fog outside is so thick that I can scarcely see across Woobyrne Place, and grey horses in cabs emerge from the mist like phantom steeds. If the Society of Arts, who are laudably placing memorial

tablets on those houses where eminent men have lived, and loved, and smoked, wish to know the number of the mansion occupied by your contributor, Mr. Punch, with a view to inserting a neat enamelled slab in the outside brick-work inscribed "Here ***** lived," he will be glad to communicate it to the Secretary.

To revert to Boxing Day. I hope it will be made clear on this foggy anniversary of it, to every foreigner who is passing his first Christmas in London, and who may have read that *la boxe* has been put down in this country, that the shops are not closed and a holiday given to those employed therein to enable them to spend Boxing Day in fist-fighting, an old English sport

I should without delay make it public that you have contracted with one of your regular purveyors for a supply of levities amply sufficient for your wants, and must decline to deal with any other jokester. Lastly, I recollect with sorrow that persons condemned to hard labour in Public Departments will have to serve an additional day in 1868 without the stimulus of extra remuneration, but, as a compensation, I remember the excellent dinner I shall get on the 29th of February in the Albany with PINKIE WHITE, who is only born once in four years.

On further reference to the *F.B.* mentioned before, I make myself master of a great mass of useful information dealing with the Golden Number, the Epact, the Dominical Letters, which are not in any way influenced by the Post-office Sunday Regulations, and the Solar Cycle and Solar Ingresses, on all which subjects I should be glad to have the opinions, between the courses, or preparatory to the last figure in the *Lancers*, of those festive parties to which it has been proposed to refer the Bissextile difficulty. I do not neglect also to ascertain the exact day when the Jewish year commences, and the year of the Mohammedan era begins, and for purposes of abstinence I carefully note the date of the recurrence of "Ramadan." (Ladies and Gentlemen, what is Ramadan?)

The Stamp Duties on Leases or Tacks, "with or without any sum of money by way of fine, premium, or grassum," look interesting, but they must be passed by for the Astronomical Notices in which I regret to observe the same partiality for other countries, to the neglect of England, which is too often noticeable in the behaviour of the Eclipses. If the assiduous watchmen on the hill at Greenwich, who it is reported have never had a night's rest for years, wish to see the total Eclipse of the Sun on August 18th, they must take their smoked glass to the Cape of Good Hope or Mauritius, and even the far inferior performance on February 23rd, the annular (MRS. MALAPROP is warned not to confound this with annual) eclipse of Sol, is grudged to a country which has produced a DOLLOND and a FLAMSTEED. There will be no irregularities this year in the conduct of the Moon, but a transit of Mercury over the Sun's disk, which reads like one railway being allowed running powers over another, will be partially visible at Greenwich (notice again the unwillingness to give us full measure) unfortunately in November after the Whitebait Season is over, or the Astronomer Royal would have been happy to see all the London stars (of the first and subsequent magnitudes) to dinner at the Observatory.

ALTER ET IDEM.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*—which has a relish for the discovery of literary mare's nests, not quite in keeping with other characteristics of one of the best journals of the day—lately echoed—with that cheerful alacrity which distinguishes its note in such cases—a cry of "stop thief," first raised in the *Athenæum*, against a certain unlucky DR. BURETTE, accused of producing as his own, in *London Society*, under the title "How I fell into the clutches of KING THEODORE," a translation from the German of F. H. APPEL, published in Zurich last year.

It now turns out that DR. BURETTE and F. H. APPEL are one and the same, in short that it is a case of identity of person with a mere difference of *Appel*-ation. Of course the *Athenæum* and *Pall Mall* have done penance for their slander in their own sheets.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS OF ALL WORK.

"Learn to labour and to wait."



and pastime not now kept up, except under the influence of an excess of liquor, Pug(n)ism being mainly restricted to conflicts on the question of who was the architect of the Houses of Parliament.

Envy is not among those emotions of the mind (see DUGALD STEWART and SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH *passim*) which ought to be the liveliest at this season, but I have detected myself envying WALTER FRANCIS, age 15, coming home from school for six, or rather five weeks' revelry—for the last week is embittered by the thought of returning to DR. CANE and OVID's *Metamorphoses*—with his Christmas Box, if in these times of general gentility there is such a thing, and it is not thrust aside by the gentlemanly portmanteau and the polite valise; and I foresee that I shall be envious of MINNIE, age 10, MARY, age 12, and PHILIP, age 14, in their Christmas Box at the Royal Palatial Theatre, enthusiastically delighted with *Harlequin Little John*, *Sister Anne in the Tower*, and the *One-eyed Gnome*; and I should also envy the same little party those Christmas boxes of bon-bons which Uncle ADRIAN will supply, did I not still retain my relish for crystallised fruits, which, if I please, can be gratified to repletion at SWEETNUM and JASON'S. One more thought comes with Boxing Day. I hope it is not inconsistent with the regulations laid down by the Police Authorities, for members of the Force to receive those well-earned gratuities which I apprehend everybody just now, will be disposed to give them ungrudgingly.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. What do I hear? The rustling of all those new leaves we are turning over. What do I see? The inscription upon them in a firm hand of all those excellent resolutions we have moved and carried *nam con*, without the formality of a public meeting, to get up earlier in the morning, to read through the entire works of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, GIBBON, and ADAM SMITH, in the course of the next twelve months, to take more exercise, to lay by something, however small, for the pluvius day, to leave off flirting, to keep a diary, to put down all our expenses, never to play more than sixpenny points at Whist, gradually to give up smoking, and to discontinue that last tumbler.

Is there anything remarkable about the incoming 1868 to distinguish him from the outgoing 1867? I carefully scrutinise a certain *Pocket-Book*, not unknown to you, Mr. Punch, which in the language of BLAIR, ARCHDEACON PALEY, DR. JOHNSON, and other standard authors, felicitously combines instruction with amusement, and is calculated equally to inform and delight, and I find that this is Bissexstile, or Leap Year. Many reflections are the result of this discovery in the Calendar.

Imprimis. Take any party of well-dressed, well-mannered people who will assemble within the next week to dine or dance, and ask them, when the conversation flags, for an explanation of the term Bissexstile. Do I leap to a conclusion when I predict that their answers would frequently be vague and incorrect? My next thought is of the ladies. Leap-year brings round again their quadrennial privilege of making, instead of receiving, matrimonial proposals. Is there any well authenticated instance, say in the archives of the Statistical Society, of a single woman availing herself of this traditional prerogative? Just as SIR GEORGE LEWIS doubted the existence of a modern centenarian, so do I doubt, not that ladies make offers, but that they make them because of, and only in Leap-year, which year will of course be the year for those who joy in the diversion of hunting, and the occasion of a great many more tremendous jokes, exhumed after four years hybernation, as I suspect that you, Mr. Punch, will know to your sorrow before the infant year is many days old. Were I on your throne

HAIR-BRUSHING BY MACHINERY.



"PLEASE, SIR, I THINK THE MACHINE WANTS OILING."



MR. BRUSH GOING TO OIL THE MACHINE.



THE MACHINE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE year is dying in darkness and damps,
That shroud and chill the face of day,
The clinging fog-wreaths muffle the lamps,
Till you scarce can see them over the way.
Darkness—as if hope's light in doubt
And fear was dying far and wide:
Damps—as if Nature was weeping out
The sorrow that loads this Christmas-tide.

"Peace on Earth, and goodwill to men,"
So still ring out the Christmas chimes:
"Warfare on Earth, man's hate of men,"
So clangeth the tocsin of evil times.
At home or abroad, when the world we scan,
Or north, or south, by land or sea,
'Tis every man's hand against every man,
The Cyclone let loose and the Earthquake free.

Not for worship, but watch and ward,
In "merry" England we muster and meet,
From terror of fire our homes to guard,
Lest the mine be sprung at our children's feet:
The Nemesis of ill-deeds of old,
The curse that ever survives the wrong,
Are gathering round us, fold on fold,
With a sob and a shriek for their Christmas song.

Scared Authority stands aghast,
At sight of Anarchy's hideous face,
And sound of her shattering trumpet-blast,—
"Class against class, and race against race!"
Even our Gold and Labour fail,
In thousands on thousands of pauper-homes,
And fetid lazar-house, crowded gaol,
Throw a gloom on Capital's palace-domes.

Never was sorrier Christmas time,
Since Christ lay a babe in the oxen's pen;
Ne'er was worse discord of Christmas chime,
And the doings of Christian men.
Ne'er was it harder to feel the life
Christ lived on earth a living thing,
Peace more than war and love than strife,
And present Winter the nurse of Spring.

Is there a blessing in this bale
That deepens round the dying year?
Shall Christ o'er Mammon yet prevail,
And love o'er hate, and joy o'er fear?
Shall eyes be cleared God's ways to trace,
Love in his chastening own confess?
His lessons to read, his laws to heed,
So rarely learnt, until transgress.

If strength in Christ's word still may be,
As we believe such strength abides,
The sin and sorrow that we see
Are seed of brighter Christmas-tides.
False trusts so sorely shaken now
Stronger foundations shall replace;
Anarchy, Fraud and Force shall bow,
Law, Love and Truth reign in their place.

"Obstinati Mulati."

It is seldom worth while to correct an error of the Press, and we cannot think that it was at all worth the while of MRS. KAYE DE STANTON, an American lady, to complain that in a recent anti-nigger speech of hers, in which she meant to call her countrymen white males, she was made to say white mules.

HIS BROTHER—YOU STUPID.

New name for the Member for Birmingham.—JACOB'S LADDER.



A HINT TO THE LOYAL IRISH.

"AH, THIN, MISTHER BULL! GIVE US THE OATH AN' SOME O' THIM STICKS. SURE, THERE'S HUNDREDS O' THE BOYS AS IS READY TO HELP YE, SOR."

FENIAN FRIGHTS.

A SHORT DOMESTIC DRAMA.

SCENE—The Guards' Club.

Captain Hawkerly (to ENSIGN SHAKO, who is going down with his men on Bank duty). 'Spose you've heard the news 'bout these c'founded fellars, eh?

Shako (who has been studying the papers). The Fenians, you mean?

Hawkerly. Ya-as. They've sent to the-ar-whathisname—

Shako (thinking he's read it in the last edition). Oh, to the gas-works.

Hawkerly. No, no, to the-ar-Governor of the Bank—

Shako (interested). Eh?

Hawkerly. Yaas; to say they intend blowing up the place.

Shako (uncomfortably). Blow up the Bank? Why—why—I've asked some fellows to dine with me on guard.

[Wishes he could put them off, and himself too.]

Hawkerly (carelessly). Have you? Very jolly. Ta-ta.

[Saunters off to another Club, where he has great pleasure in announcing that young SHAKO has got some fellars dining with him on guard at the Bank, and that the Governor, &c., &c.]

SCENE 2.—The Civil Service Club. Time, 6 P.M.

BUNSBY, of the Foreign Office, and KYRTE, of the War Office, at the writing table.

Bunsby. I must finish my letter off. Got to dine with little SHAKKY at the Bank to-night.

Kyrte. Are you? I'm going too. I must just go to my rooms and dress, and I'll call for you if you like.

Bunsby. Very good.

[Exit KYRTE. Descending the steps he meets a Friend with CAPTAIN HAWKERLY. BUNSBY nods to Friend.]

Friend. Any news in the latest editions?

Bunsby (supposed to have read them all in the Club). No.

Captain Hawkerly (delighted at the opening). You haven't heard, &c.

[As they haven't heard, he tells them, with various additions about the Governor, &c., SHAKO, &c., and the two fellars, by Jove, Sir, dining with him. Exit BUNSBY thoughtfully.]

Friend (leaves the Captain and enters Club. Seeing KYRTE just leaving). Seen the latest, &c.

[KYRTE hasn't: therefore Friend repeats the Captain's story as "an official communication from some one who knows all about it," &c., about the Governor of the Bank, young SHAKO, and the fellars to dine with him, Sir. KYRTE pauses, then sits at table and writes. Rings.]

Enter Servant.

Kyrte. Send a Commissionnaire at once with this to the Bank; and when Mr. BUNSBY calls for me tell him not to wait, but to go without me. [Servant bows and retires. Exit KYRTE to dine at another Club.]

SCENE 3.—Hall of Same Club.—Enter MR. BUNSBY'S Servant.

Mr. B.'s Servant to Porter. Oh, you're please to tell MR. KYRTE that he's not to wait for MR. BUNSBY, as he can't go.

[Porter nods, writes it down, and exit Servant.]

SCENE 4.—At the Bank. ENSIGN SHAKO on guard. Dinner ready.

Shako. Hang these fellows! Wish they'd be punctual. Thinks he'd rather not dine alone to-day. Has also a sort of vague notion that there's more safety, under the circumstances, in company.]

Enter Servant, with two letters.

Shako. Hullo! BUNSBY's writing. (Opens it.)]

Dear SHAKKY, Very sorry can't come to-night. I am obliged to leave town suddenly. Explain when we meet. Compliments of the Season to you, old boy. Yours ever, JIM BUNSBY.

Confound it. "Obliged to leave town suddenly." Bosh! He might have sent this afternoon, and I could have filled his place. What's this? (Opens second letter.) From Old KYRTE.

Dear S. Can't come. Laid up. Cold. Awful. See you soon. So sorry. Bore a cold is! This by Messenger. Envy your jolly party. Yours, heartily and Christmassily, FRED. KYRTE.

[SHAKO uses strong language implicating his friends and his enemies. Servant (announces). MR. VERDE.]

Enter VERDE, pleasantly.

Shako (heartily). That's right, old boy. (To Servant.) Dinner, JONES, at once. Cold, isn't it, eh?

Verde (warming himself). Yes. (Pleased with himself.) I'm the first, I see.

Shako. Yes, you are. (Makes light of it.) T'other fellows aren't coming. Cold, or some dashed nonsense.

Verde. Ah, I've had a bad cold. (Says this to show to what inconvenience he has put himself in order to dine with SHAKO.)

Shako (cheerily). Dinner will set you all right. (They sit.) Oysters.

Verde (after swallowing six natives). Oysters deuced dear.

Shako. WILTON charges for 'em, no end. Chablis.

Verde. When I'm about the Strand (Says this as if he only got there by losing his way,) I drop into RULE's, in Maiden Lane. As good oysters as any, if not better, and a shilling less a dozen. (Drinks.)

Shako. Potage aux œufs?

Verde (pleasantly). Oui, s'il vous plaît. (Both laugh.)

Jones (waiting briskly). Sherry, Sir?

[VERDE takes Sherry, and they warm to their work. Conversation leads itself up through the bad times for oysters to the bad times generally, then to Fenians in particular.]

Shako. I believe those fellows, KYRTE and BUNSBY, stopped away because they'd heard about the Fenians.

Verde (amused at the notion). Oh, absurd!

Shako. Of course: it's deuced cowardly. (Thinks he wouldn't have minded being on duty somewhere else.) Why what on earth good would it do those infernal scoundrels if they did blow the Bank up?

Verde (pulled up short in the middle of his second glass of Sherry). Eh? What?

Shako (explaining). Why, they've sent to the Governor to say that they mean to blow this place up.

Verde (upon whom a sense of his situation is gradually dawning). Not—not—this—I mean not here?

Shako. Yes. It's true. If there was any advantage in it to them, that would be another thing, but there isn't the slightest.

Verde (doesn't see this point, and looks at his watch, so as to pave the way for saying presently, that he must be off now, got to go and dress for a party in Bayswater). But they wouldn't—

[Pop—bang—whizz. Both start up.]

Verde (pale as his napkin). What the—

Shako (infected by his Friend's nervousness). By—I—

Jones (entering and going to Verde). Champagne, Sir?

[The sound is explained. The conversation is resumed with difficulty.]

Verde. 'Pon my word, we live in awkward times.

[Bang bang, flop whop, against the door. Rattle of arms outside. Both jump from their seats.]

Verde (paler than two napkins). What was the—

Shako. It sounds like—

Verde. Your men's arms—

Enter JONES penitently, with fragments.

Jones. Beg pardon, Sir, but I slipped in opening the door, and the tray's gone, with all the things on it.

[A pause: they have to wait. They drink.]

Shako (to his Friend). What a nervous fellow you are.

Verde (annoyed). No, I'm not. But (excusing the fact) I'm not very well to-night. I—I-I shan't stop long—I mean, I can't—in fact—a party at Bayswater. (Crack, crack, sputter, and something hits him on the cheek: he jumps up.) Good heavens! (Is about to exclaim he's wounded.)

Shako. It's only a chestnut—I put some on the hob, and quite forgot all about 'em.

[Rises and removes chestnuts. After this the dinner continues, but is hurried over.]

Verde (after cloth is removed). I—I'm sorry I must be off—really—but (looks at his watch)—party at Bayswater. Good night. Enjoyed myself immensely. See you again, soon.

Shako (annoyed). Good night.

[Exit VERDE, and departs in the quickest Hansom. SHAKO returns to his Guard, and indulges in the solitary pleasures of the table. Thinks over friends, foes, theatres, the Derby, pigeon matches, chances of hunting, debts, and finally sleeps peacefully before the fire.]

END OF DRAMA.

Come, Wake Up!

CHRISTMAS will soon be over, let us get ready to pitch into one another again. MR. JOHN BRIGHT is a public benefactor. He has prepared the way for a jolly row when Parliament meets, or sooner. In alluding to LORD DERBY and the way the Tories had "done" their friends on the Reform question, MR. BRIGHT said, "Turf Morals will not do in politics." Hooray, and LORD DERBY has race-horses. There'll be wigs on the green and Tories too. We will take care to keep the epigram before the eyes of all whom it can possibly annoy. "More Atès—stir them on."

NOT SO BAD AS THEY SEEM.

MISTRESSES show more consideration for their servants than is generally supposed. Not long ago MRS. FIDGITT was heard telling MARY ANN that she had been scouring the whole house for her.



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Lady. "EAU-DE-COLOGNE, MR. SMITH! BUT ARE YOU SURE IT IS GENUINE?"
Worthy in Country Shop. "O YES, MA'AM; QUITE CERTAIN: WE MAKE IT OURSELVES!"

"BEGGARS OF BETHNAL GREEN."

It is not all dark in East London. In spite of low wages and short commons, hard Guardians and promise of bitter winter, looms out of labour, hearths out of fire, cupboards out of victuals, and toilers out of heart and hope, there are some good soldiers of God even in that all but dead level of ill-requited toil and soul-and-body crushing poverty, who have still pluck to fight the battle not only of benevolence against starvation, but even of culture against ignorance, of beauty against ugliness, of taste against squalor. With the stout Rector, the REV. SEPTIMUS HANSARD—who deserves a Parliamentary Record of his own—and who, with a catholic courage and cheerful charity that inspire all about him, is to be found, where a pastor should be, at the head and in the heart of every good work that goes on in Bethnal Green for the souls or bodies, minds or morals, comforts or manners, education or edification, reformation or recreation of his flock, a knot of gallant and good men have banded themselves to bring into the East-End one of those humanising institutions which have hitherto been thought a special West-End luxury—a Museum of Science and Art. South Kensington is to have an opportunity of radiating some of its superfluous light into the outer darkness of East London, and the Brompton Boilers are to be made to boil in Bethnal Green, if the four stout stokers under-written, can but get up the steam. *Mr. Punch* records their names, not for their glorification, but for the information of all who are inclined to aid in their good work. They are—

ANTONIO BRADY, J.P., F.G.S., Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex, E.
 SEPTIMUS HANSARD, M.A., Rector, Bethnal Green, N.E.
 JOHN MOXON CLARON, 21, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.
 J. MILLAR, L.R.C.P. Ed., F.G.S., F.L.S., Bethnal House, Cambridge Road, N.E.

These four have made a conditional purchase of 4½ acres of land at Bethnal Green—being part of the Green itself. This site they have offered to the Government, for the purpose of erecting thereon a Museum of Science and Art, and it has been accepted by the Government as admirably adapted for the purpose, being within an easy walk of upwards of a million of people, mostly of the artisan class.

AN UNUSUAL LOYAL TOAST.

HERE'S a health to the Army and Navy,
 Likewise to the Volunteers!
 When the red wine follows the gravy,
 'Tis a toast that one often hears;
 But forget not our best protectors,
 Our battles who fight in peace,
 Whose Colonels are their Inspectors,
 Let us drink to the brave Police!

From the grasp of the foul garotter
 It is they our throats that save;
 They are down on the Fenian plotter,
 And collar the traitor knave.
 Good speed the Policeman's truncheon,
 When he biddeth the Roughts bear back,
 And they shrink, lest like cudgel of *Punch* on
 Their heads it should come down whack!

And good speed the Policemen mounted
 If a robber they need pursue!
 We have not too many, all counted,
 Of our guardians clad in blue.
 Should you not augment their number,
 Seeing rowdies so fast increase
 In the British Lion's slumber?
 Drink "The Bobbies—and more Police!"

The Scales of Charity.

WE are annually edified at this season by published specifications of the number of "oz." of beef and pudding generously allowed to the inmates of the metropolitan workhouses. How are those quantities ascertained? Is each pauper's ration of pudding and beef weighed out to him? If so, the last served must have cold dinners. It would interest one to know how many "oz." of turtle and other good things were consumed by each of the Aldermen and other guests at a civic dinner. Peradventure the "oz." would in some cases amount to lb.

HOW TO LESSEN YOUR WRIGHT.

O'BEASEY, who is very stout, and always trying to reduce himself, invariably stays late at parties, his reason being that he likes to be there when the room's thinning.

This Museum is intended to be educational in the widest sense of the word; and it is hoped that it may be the means of enabling our workmen to compete on more equal terms than at present with the skilled workmen of foreign countries, especially in matters of taste.

Government—the Circumlocution Office and Red Tape to the contrary notwithstanding—has come heartily into the scheme. Parliament has voted the money. The plans of the buildings have been prepared, and the Government has already entered into a contract for their erection. All that remains to be done, to secure for ever this great boon to the East-End of London, is to pay for the land. The four whose names we have given, have undertaken to raise subscriptions for this. A further sum of about £2,000 is required, to cover the cost of the land, and all other expenses.

All else is ready. The contractor and his workmen are anxious to begin, and, in anticipation of the completion of the purchase, the vendors have even permitted the materials to be placed on the ground, so anxious are they to facilitate matters. In one sense, therefore, these energetic four have possession of the land, but obviously not a brick can be laid upon it until it shall have been paid for.

In view of the winter, and the desirability of finding employment for the poor, so many of whom are out of work, time is also an object. Under such circumstances, these "Beggars of Bethnal Green"—not "blind beggars," assuredly—make their appeal for funds. If *Mr. Punch's* "Roo-too-it!" can serve as a trumpet-call in such a cause, these gentlemen shall have it. He echoes their appeal, and begs his readers to answer it first, and echo it afterwards.

Subscriptions may be paid to the "East London Museum Account" at the Bank of England, or they will be thankfully received and acknowledged by any of these four above-named trustees of the fund and promoters of the scheme.

Finally, we may mention that they have made it a condition with the Government that the land not actually occupied by the Museum buildings is to be laid out and kept up as an Ornamental Garden, and that the Museum be open every week-day until ten o'clock in the evening.

So that, unlike most similar institutions, this Museum will be able

to fight the gin-shop and tap-room on fair terms. Both will be open when the people, whom the one is meant to educate, and the other serves to brutify, are released from work. The usual English rule is to drive the people into objectionable places of recreation by shutting up the unobjectionable ones when they are freest to resort to them. But these promoters, knowing the place and the people they are serving, have arranged matters otherwise. Hitherto, the only flowers grown in Bethnal Green have been those sad ones, which cheer the gloom of the poor weaver's garret, or the still sadder ones that glow with a mocking splendour on the silk or velvet in the loom, at which twelve hours' daily toil hardly keeps life and soul together. These are surely funereal flowers—flowers of sorrow and despair. The flowers that blossom in the Museum Garden should be flowers of Hope. These blessed flowers may be made to grow even under that sullen and smoke-laden sky, and this effort is sowing the seed of them.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XI.—THE LONG-ENGAGED.

Just to run over her family, and have done with them.

By the way, a cruel form of expression the above.

I said SOPHIA was the youngest of four, and the eldest of five. The three first we have seen. The five after SOPHIA form the tail of the CHERTTON family, its tip (not speaking as my Funny Friend would say, in a sporting sense) being GEORGE FRANCIS AUGUSTUS, one year and a half old, who cries whenever he sees me, causing MRS. CHERTTON to explain to him in infantile language what I am and why I am there, with little ill-natured remarks thrown in to the baby, but at me, on my general personal appearance or my manner.

The other four are LYDDEY, a pert, sharp girl of fourteen; JOHNNY, twelve years old, who's always at home on account of some illness at school, and MILICENT, aged seven, who is of a malicious disposition, and entirely under her brother's coercion. They are dreadfully deceptive children, so quiet and demure when in their Mamma's presence, so rude and boisterous when she's away.

Once, on MASTER JOHNNY coming up sily and knocking a book out of my hand, I boxed his ears.

Never again will I take upon myself to correct other people's children. His two sisters (then ten and five) set upon me, he howled, and ran straight to MRS. CHERTTON to complain. Down she came in a tantrum, "What had JOHNNY been doing?" and "Why did I hit him?"

I couldn't lower myself by saying, "Well, he hit me first," which was the truth; and I felt that I should be including myself among the children if I entered into an explanation. On the other hand, to suggest that the little brute was howling for nothing, would only elicit the reply (from him) "That he wasn't," and from his Mamma, that "Her children didn't cry for nothing."

So I said "I thought he deserved it," and offered no further remark. Then there arose a storm. The elder sisters came in: all joined, even SOPHIA THERESA herself, and the engagement was on the point of being broken off then and there, had not old CHERTTON suddenly come home from the City and brought unexpectedly two friends to dinner. The old goose saved the citadel. JOHNNY got his ears boxed again by his Mamma for getting in her way, and subsequently meeting the child on the landing, on his way up to bed, I made vengeful faces at him, and then ran down-stairs as quickly as possible, in order to establish an *alibi* in case of inquiry.

We (THERESA and I) fell in love with one another in the country—at a pic-nic. She was seventeen then. Everybody said it was too young to marry. We were to wait till I was settled. For six years I've been trying to get settled. Becoming Inspector under the Olfactory Act was most unsettling. Before that, I tried every appointment ever offered for public competition. Four years ago, I thought my fortune was made, in consequence of the interest possessed by a distant connection of mine with the Governors of Bedlam. I mean, I was to have got the post of Secretary to the Lunatic Asylum. But, unfortunately, on my presenting myself to the Governors, I found that there was some mystification somewhere, and on mentioning the name of my distant and influential connection, the gentlemen looked at one another, then referred to an entry in the Hospital book, and there, sure enough, was the name of my unfortunate relative figuring among the least hopeful class of patients recently submitted to their care. I bowed, and retired. I hadn't the heart to ask for the Distant and Influential. It was a severe blow to my Great Aunt, who had always spoken of him to me as "the cleverest member of our family, who will be of great service to you one of these days."

My Great Aunt could settle me, I believe, if she liked. But she won't; and I haven't the smallest idea what's in her will. She can't allow me anything to marry on, she says, and, for my part, I believe she doesn't want to lose my companionship. I don't think she takes

lax views of society, but she is decidedly averse to my marriage. Sometimes she becomes pathetic, and says, "Ah, you're getting tired of me; I'm a nuisance and a trouble, I know;" and all I can reply, is, in a tone of kind remonstrance, "My dear Aunt!" though what I am expected to say beyond this, I don't precisely know. She has lately taken to driving into the City twice a week, to see her broker, and has one penn'orth a day of the *Times* newspaper, from nine till eleven, for the sake of the money article. Formerly, from economical motives, she only had a ha'porth of *Times per diem*; that is she only took in the advertisement sheet with the births, deaths, and marriages in it. However, she won't settle or make any provision for me. She points out to me that I've got my Olfactory Inspectorship, and that's enough.

This being the state of affairs for six years, I have got so accustomed to being engaged to SOPHIA THERESA that I scarcely realise any other position.

During the first three months of our engagement, we were always together. Gradually, we didn't see so much of one another. I didn't miss her. I had begged old CHERTTON to let us correspond. It was delicious—in its commencement. A letter a day, crossed and re-crossed. Verses, too. Then gradually it came to "Dear THERESA,—Sorry I have not time to write more, but must go out now on business. These dreadful Factories! Your ever devoted," &c.

Then, in the next stage, I would say, suddenly, "Confound it, I haven't written to THERESA," and I'd apologise next day. Two weeks passed without a letter, and then, going down at the end of the month to meet her by appointment (a deuced bore, as I wanted to dine with some fellows in town, and 'twas my last day's holiday) I missed the train, and she was kept waiting for two hours. I brought her a bracelet on that occasion, but it was acknowledged with a frigidity which I felt, under the circumstances, I deserved.

Once I called on her, very hot and uncomfortable, and said, in an injured tone, after seeing her receive the attentions of a good-looking young man in the Artillery, at a ball, "If our engagement wearies you, THERESA, let us break it off. Don't let me stand in the way of your happiness." It was no good: she stuck to it, they stuck to it (I mean the CHERTTONS) like leeches.

I once hinted to my Aunt, confidentially, that she might take upon herself to call upon the old CHERTTONS and refuse her consent. She did call; but, owing to the high state of nervous excitement she was thrown into, fainted, and on recovery was supplied with such unusually strong brandy as to render any communications on her part utterly unintelligible.

On the day when my Late Friend prevented my departure for the Continent I called at the CHERTTONS.

Old CHERTTON was at home. Would I speak with him? alone? decidedly: not being afraid of Old CHERTTON. Well, then, what he had got to say, was, in fact—it was—ahem! delicate. It took him an hour to break the intelligence to me that SOPHIA THERESA had fallen in love with somebody else, and he left it to my kind sense of, &c., &c., honour, &c., &c., and so forth. At that moment I felt I could have done anything for SOPHIA THERESA. As for the man (it was the Artillery officer) I could have wrung his hand and called him my true friend. I believe on meeting him I complimented him on behaving like an officer and a gentleman; but I haven't a notion of what I meant by it. Old CHERTTON wept, and said I had a generous noble nature. This pleased me, and I have allowed him to remain under this impression. I saw SOPHIA THERESA for two minutes that evening: pressed her hand; said "Good bye," turned away, and hurried off. I went to a supper party the same night, and never was in such spirits. I said such funny things that even GRIGG laughed, and at last I utterly outshone him in his own peculiar line.

As I write, I am free, free as air, I mean as an engaged man. I send back her letters with pleasure. The presents among them, a set of studs and wrist-links, I am bound in honour to return. I regret it. But on the other hand, back came my bracelet, two rings, a brooch. They'll do for another time.

To-morrow I go for my holiday, whether my Late Friend will come or not. I've only got one call to make, that is on my Portable Friend (*this next picture*), who wishes to give me some advice about travelling, and then I close my photograph book for the present.

The Only Way to Rome.

ITALY is said to be organising an army on a footing of 1,641,000 men. "This tune goes manly." In applying this quotation to the Italian army we simply mean that the Italians, in organising the army by means of which only they can get to Rome, are playing the man, and not the grinding organ.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—It is understood that the subject of the next Bakerian Lecture, to be delivered before the Royal Society, will be the Earth's Crust.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Making a Railway.

ART AND SCIENCE IN THE WILDERNESS.



PAINTING.



PHOTOGRAPHY.



MUSIC.



ASTRONOMY.

THE PRIDE OF THE JUSTICES.

CERTAIN functionaries have gone up in the world's market. MR. THOMAS CARLYLE has been made a Justice of the Peace for Dumfriesshire, the county that has the honour of claiming him as its son. Justices of the Peace not being invariably selected from the Articulate Classes, an inaugural address on appointment is, mercifully for many, not customary. But we hope that the philosopher of Chelsea will, if he condescends to take his place, favour his colleagues with a few ideas. One thing is certain, he will not

"Shake the country bench with clumsy wit,
When he the dullest of dull things has said,
And then ask pardon for the joke he made."

We should like to hear him imparting to a culprit the fact, that as the latter managed his Can do in a way his fellows can't stand, he must withdraw from the activities, and it may be not without hide-cutting, study to be quiet. Many a happy new year to True THOMAS.

VERY IRISH RENDERING OF AN OLD SONG.

"'Tis my Daylight on a shiny night!"

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

OUR friend and neighbour, the *Morning Star*, in giving its Christmas greetings, used language so exactly expressive of Mr. Punch's own sentiments in regard to his own young men and his own public, that he cannot forbear from reproducing his contemporary's words:—

"The readers of this journal have, indeed, a closer communion with those who fill its columns than is frequently the case with the contributors and constituency of a daily newspaper. Those who favour us with their confidence are the best and most thoughtful of the active politicians throughout the empire."

Just so, and therefore, arm in arm, together let us range the fields, dear friend and neighbour, and laugh to scorn any inferior creatures who may hint that nobody need favour the *Star* or Mr. Punch with confidence, seeing that it may be thought they have nearly enough of their own.

"AS JEREMY TAYLOR MIGHT HAVE SAID."

THERE was a report that the Fenians meant to seize the rifles of the Devil's Own. We hope we may say, without irreverence, that if those rascals "ask for arms at the beautiful gate of the Temple," the reverse of a healing process will follow.

A SLAP AT THE FRENCH STAGE.



ERILY, whatever Anglophobiacs may say, there are some things which they do not "manage better in France." For instance, take the Censorship, both of the Press and of the Play-house. How would free-born Britons like to go without their *Punch*, if only for one week, because it had said something obnoxious to the Government, and had therefore been suspended? Or, how would playgoers in England like to go without their SHAKSPEARE, because the Censorship had found out that he wrote not for an age but for all mortal time, and that such a line, for instance, as

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

might be interpreted to mean a sneer against the reigning Sovereign?

VICTOR HUGO'S *Ruy Blas*

has been prohibited in Paris, for the reason, it is thought, that the play contains a speech against the Ministry of Spain, and the Ministers of France have found that the cap fits them. If Censors are so sensitive, it will be difficult for playwrights to avoid giving offence, for sneers against a Government might be plausibly detected in most commonplace assertions. In a nautical drama, all allusions to a vessel might be looked at as referring to the vessel of the State, and such an innocent command as "Clear away the top hamper" might be viewed as recommending a clearance of the House of Lords, as hampering the State vessel.

Fond as are our playwrights of adapting from the French, they would hardly like to see the French Censorship adapted here. How BROWN would stare on hearing that his burlesque was prohibited because he had inserted a pun on the word "Sovereign"! What expletive of vehemence would JONES use in his wrath, when told that his fine comedy—the work of half a life-time—could not be produced, because the Censor had discovered that the words "Oh, hang that king!" were spoken in a scene where a game of cards was played? If the French Censors were but half as strict in looking to the morals of the plays which they permit, as in examining the language of those which they prohibit, we English should consider that they really did some service to the State.

ONE THING QUITE CERTAIN.

UNTIL further informed, *Mr. Punch* is uncertain whether he should begin the next paragraph thus:—

"There is a well-meaning person trying to raise money for charitable purposes,"

Or thus,

"There is a photograph-seller trying to get off his wares."

The fact being that *Mr. Punch* knows nothing about the party, except that he advertises in one paper that he wants to sell photographs for one charity, and in another expresses similar wishes in regard to a different charity. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* neither assists nor exposes. But he has one thing to say. One of the advertiser's baits offers an alternative, namely:—

"Portraits of Twelve English Bishops,"

Or, if preferred,

"Twelve Copies of your own *Carte de Visite*."

Distinctly, should *Mr. Punch* accept either, the Latter. Most distinctly. He prefers his own portrait to the likeness of any twelve hierarchs in the universal world, bar none, from PIUS THE NINTH to CROWTHER the Negro. Ha! ha! He should think so. No doubt there.

A Lather of Naples Soap.

THE *Mediterraneo*, a Bourbonist organ at Naples, advocates the claims of that city to be the capital of Italy, enumerating, as grounds of its superiority over all rivals, "its blue sky, its burning Vesuvius, its lively and intelligent population." We wonder it did not add to the list of recommendations, its stinks, its sirocco, and its lazzaroni. These would seem to be at least as good grounds of preference as a scorching sun, an active volcano, and a feather-headed people, hot as the one, and liable to eruption as the other.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

LADIES, please to look at this important news from Paris:—

"It is evidently the determination of our modistes that fur shall play an important part in toilettes during the ensuing winter. A fancy of the moment is for ladies to wear not only the skin but the head and paws of a sable, an ermine, or a Canadian marten on their muffs, and strange enough these look, with the pointed head and sharp piercing eyes of one of these little creatures, flanked by its two paws, peering over their tops. It is further a fancy to wear one of these little animals round the neck, with its tail thrust into its mouth as it were."

Happy the animal whose fur is out of fashion! How many little creatures will be hunted down this winter, simply for the cause that their fur happens to be fashionable! The modistes determine that ladies shall wear muffs with a sable or a marten on them, and of course the ladies bow to the imperative behest, and never dream of thinking of the deaths which it occasions. Merely to gratify "a fancy of the moment," sables, ermines, and martens are slaughtered by wholesale, and if the fashion did not change, would speedily be numbered with the mastodons and mammoths, and other extinct animals.

Another piece of Paris news may also interest you, Ladies:—

"Plain silk sashes terminating in a deep fringe, and tied in large bows at the waist behind, are worn with redingotes and ordinary toilettes de promenade, made of some richly-embroidered silk, worked over with flowers, buds, insects, anchors, horse-shoes, and even such things as a highland bonnet; and with their long ends passed at the back of the waist, through gold rings encircled or surmounted by gilt ornaments of a more or less grotesque character, they are largely in favour for evening wear. These ornaments comprise such objects as a banjo, a sailor's hat and anchor, a yacht and a coil of rope, a group consisting of a peaked cap, whip, dog, and gun, with a twisted hunting horn beneath, a strung bow, arrow, and quiver, rings, chains, and fetters, monster dragon-flies and bees with their wings in gold filigree, the latter intended of course to be worn with such scarfs as are perfect parterres of flowers, and a lock and key, both large enough for a prison-door."

Dressmakers have queer ideas of what is ornamental. Imagine any lady, with the slightest sense or taste, wearing any of the ornaments here spoken of as fashionable! Monster dragon-flies and bees appear to us about the best of them, and perhaps we next may hear of monster frogs and cockchafers. But fancy a girl wearing a banjo, or a horse-shoe, or prison lock and key, and being under the delusion that they prettily adorned her! Why, if this ugly fashion spreads, we shall hear of ladies wearing a trombone at their waist, or coming to a party with a poker at their back, or a bootjack or a coal-scuttle dangling down behind them.

A REMARKABLE REQUIEM.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Fenian Irish newspaper relates that "a solemn requiem mass" was performed, the other day, in the Parish Chapel of Ennistymon, Clare, "for the souls of our martyred fellow countrymen," as he calls the criminals hanged at Manchester. Subjoined is an extract from his bletheremskite:—

"The choir performed MOZART'S *Requiem* amid solemn silence. A half-smothered 'amen' broke from out that silence when the good priest said, 'My dear people, pray for the souls of those noble-hearted men, and also pray that God may save Ireland.' Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in the church, and I said within myself, 'Ireland is not yet dead—all are not yet gone with a vengeance.' The people were now standing up to leave the chapel, when, like a thunder-clap, broke on their ears the chorus 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.'"

It is wonderful that such a service as that above described should ever have been celebrated. What necessity was there to sing a mass for the souls of martyrs? Is not martyrdom a direct passage to Paradise? Surely the "good priest" who called BRETT'S murderers "noble-hearted men," must think BRETT'S murder an act of Christian heroism—an act of faith. Let us hope that such is not the view taken by the priesthood in general of rebellion against the constituted authorities, and shooting an officer in the execution of his duty.

The chorus of "Tramp, tramp," is rather a remarkable sequel, one thinks, to a *Missa pro Defunctis*. We shall see, by-and-by, perhaps, whether or no this kind of thing takes place "*permissu superiorum*."

But perhaps the whole story of this alleged mass is an Irish hoax. "The choir performed MOZART'S *Requiem* amid solemn silence." Very likely.

Remigius of the Black See.

WHEN Lichfield's Bishop was no more,
Said DERBY, "Who would be,
Among our Churchmen, the best oar
To put in the Black See?"

"SELWYN's a man of boating fame;
Be he the man for us.
And as the Popes take Latin name,
Be he REMIGIUS."

A MUSICAL BURGLAR.—One who breaks into a tune.



A DESPERATE CASE.

Dick. "FRIGHTFUL TIE, DID YOU SAY, MOTHER? PERHAPS IT IS; BUT I'M SO AWFULLY POOR, I'VE LOST ALL PRIDE IN MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE."
[Mother recollects an odd Five-pound Note in her Workbox.]

THE SWORN BROKERS.

A LADY writes to ask *Mr. Punch* the reason "why six or seven columns of the *Times* were filled the other morning with a list of Sworn Brokers of the City of London," and she also wants to know "what they are." Ever happy to oblige a lady, *Mr. Punch* replies that this publication is a very convenient thing, as persons often wish to purchase some article of furniture in a hurry, and do not always know where to go for it. All these Brokers are certified to be respectable, and our correspondent, when she wants to lay out a few shillings for her house, can safely go either to the business or private residence (stocks of furniture are, by law, kept at both) of any of the advertised persons and be certain that she will be fairly used. Chair-legs will not come off, the insect creation will not be illustrated, keys will fit locks, and second-hand carpets will have been carefully cleansed. We have never had complaint to make of any furniture we have bought of the Sworn Brokers of the City. But if such a thing should happen, a note to the LORD MAYOR will ensure his Lordship's personal attendance at our correspondent's house, and he will examine the bargain, and if she has been wronged, the Broker will be prohibited from playing a single practical joke on Change for a month, and if he survive that deprivation, he will have to find security against his making a pun for the rest of the year. We advise her to visit any of these Sworn Brokers, and judge for herself. They are extremely civil, except when they want refreshment, which is four times during business hours.

THE AMERICAN FENIANS TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

"Help us to get Ireland, or——"

THE BRITISH PEOPLE TO THE AMERICAN FENIANS.

"You shan't have Ireland, and if——"

THE PATRON SAINT OF TRAVELLERS.—St. Martin of Tours.

GILLOOLY THE GUFFIN.

"DR. GILLOOLY, Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin, at a Meeting to express sympathy with the Pope, held at Roscommon, has expressed astonishment at the 'mania of blind, remorseless hatred against the Pope which exists among the great English people.'"

THERE was an old DOCTOR GILLOOLY,
 Whose tongue was a member unruly,
 And he talked at Roscommon,
 Like any old woman,
 Or worse, like a bigoted Fooly.

GILLOOLY's inveterate bias
 Induces that cove to belie us,
 He does so in stating
 That England is hating
 A kindly old priest like POPE PRUS.

Should his foes (when the French will not bang 'em)
 Drive the POPE to Mivart's or the Langham,
 And assassins conspiring,
 One bombshell come firing,
 The "great English people" would hang 'em.

GILLOOLY's a muff and a Stultus
 In so stupid a way to insult us;
 The Protestant nation
 Has due veneration
 For our Catholic countrymen's *cultus*.

But if we must own to it, truly,
 Not pressing the Pontiff unduly,
 We'd hint that a Father
 Makes enemies, rather,
 By not flogging such boys as GILLOOLY.

A Surprise Cracker.

We don't look for epigrams in the *Times* City Article, because that would be an improper place for them. But there was something uncommonly neat the other day, and we make our compliments to MR. DE MANOAH, or whoever may be the author. Baffling somebody who wanted to know the name of somebody who had found fault with some railway transactions, the article-writer protested against that way of meeting a complaint, and added "*It used always to be so in the time of Mr. Hudson.*" Out of the strong came forth sweetness.

A PLEASANTRY OF PENNY-A-LINING.

IN the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other week, appeared a letter from "AN ISRAELITE," complaining that whereas when a Christian of any denomination is charged before a Magistrate with any act of dishonesty, reporters never mention his religious creed, whenever the person accused of such an offence is one of the Hebrew community, they always take care to describe the prisoner as a Jew. But surely this practice ought to give no offence to "AN ISRAELITE." When a member of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, a Baptist or Dissenter of any kind picks a pocket, robs a till, breaks open a house, passes bad money, or receives stolen goods, he does no more than what people in general know well enough that many others of his persuasion are quite capable of. They see nothing extraordinary in the commission of any theft or fraud by a fellow-Christian. But when a rogue or a thief happens to profess the Jewish religion, that does appear to them a very extraordinary circumstance. As such it strikes the reporters. When they note that the culprit is a Jew, what they mean to denote is that he is a scandalous exception to the generality of Jews—a pretty fellow, as the familiar saying is, to call himself a Jew. On consideration of this way of putting the case, "AN ISRAELITE" must see that the Children of Israel have cause to acknowledge a compliment, and not to resent an insult, in the practice which he reprehends on the part of the historians at a penny-a-line.

More Good News.

'THE war in Paraguay has suddenly collapsed, and after two years and a half of fighting, somebody has granted something which was all somebody else wanted, and there's an end. We believe—at least the boys home from school say—that Paraguay is in America, and it's as likely to be there as anywhere else. We know nothing more on the subject, but that does not make us less rejoiced at this happy pacification, and we are quite equal to see fireworks if there is a Paraguay Ambassador, and he likes to treat us.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

SIR,—The Civil Service Examination Commissioners beg to inform you that in future Candidates will be required to pass in the more important duties of the particular branch of the service they may enter; for instance, the Foreign Office Candidates will have to pass "in Hair-Dressing and the Cultivation of Moustachios." The Home Office in "The Use of the Umbrella," and so on. The Commissioners wish it to be understood that all Candidates will have to pass in the following:—Three Commissioners will be in attendance with gimlets, skates, printed forms, and a Surgeon, from 11 till 3 o'clock, at the Bridge, St. James's Park (3s. 6d. will have to be deposited in the Commissioners' hands till the skates are returned).—Yours, &c.



1. THE CRACKSMAN.—STATE YOUR FEELINGS IN THIS POSITION.



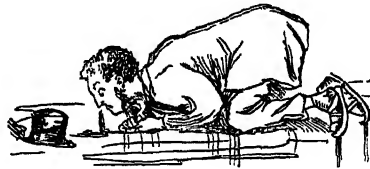
2. THE BUSTER.—IS THIS CONSIDERED A DIGNIFIED POSITION?



3. THE LADIES' SETTLE.—GIVE NAMES OF VARIOUS LADIES OF DISTINCTION WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THIS POSITION, WITH DATES.



4. THE ARROW.—IT BEING A POSITION FULL OF POETRY, GIVE YOUR IDEAS ON POETRY.



5. THE MUGGER.—GIVE THE REASON THIS WAS SO NAMED.



6. THE SIDE SLOM.—STATE REASON FOR ASSUMING THIS POSITION.



7. THE RHODIAN.—THIS IS, OF COURSE, FROM THE COLOSSUS, WRITE HIS HISTORY AND UNFORTUNATE END.



8. "WALKER."—STATE THE NUMBER OF TIMES YOU HAVE HEARD "WALKER" USED DURING YOUR LIFE, AND THE NATURE OF THE CONVERSATION AT THE TIME?



9. THE SPREAD EAGLE.—DESCRIBE SENSATION.



10. THE CHURCHWARDEN.—STATE WHETHER YOU CONSIDER A CHURCHWARDEN A MAN AND A BROTHER.



11. THE MONUMENT.—GIVE THE DATE WHEN NELSON'S MONUMENT WAS FINISHED.



PASSED.—3s. 6d. RETURNED, LESS 6d. FOR SKATES.

THE POPE ON THE PEA-HENS.



THE POPE has issued a decree against the extravagant style of dress adopted by the Roman ladies. He complains that the Romans seem to forget that a church is the House of God, and that "probably the cause of the evil is to be found in the conduct of the women, who when they go to church dress as if for a theatre or fashionable promenade."

Poor, dear, old Pro Nono! If he feels all this about the ladies at St. Peter's what would he say if he saw them at St. Barnabas'? * Suppose Protestant pastors were for once to take a leaf out of the book of the Papal pastor-in-chief, and to pour from their pulpits, on a set Sunday, a combined volley on the vanities of butterfly bonnets, the enormities of chignons, and the sinfulness of sweeping tails?

The Cardinal Vicar, publishing the POPE's decree, announces that women with extravagant head-dresses are not in future to be admitted to the Communion-table. English ladies may argue that they would not fall within that prohibition, seeing that their head-dresses, so far from being extravagant, are becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, till they threaten to vanish altogether—unless, indeed, "hair" be considered as head-dress, in which case it must be owned that *chignons* are extravagantly dear, and Auricomous fluid as costly as if it were, indeed, the liquid gold whose name it usurps, instead of chloride of potassium.

Perhaps, when pulpit eloquence becomes practical, we shall hear sermons preached from a certain well-known passage, in which one of the greater prophets has relieved his mind against the fine ladies of Jerusalem, with the necessary adaptation to the fashions of our own day. Whenever and wherever that text is properly handled, *Mr. Punch* will be found with his Judy—to point its moral, as pulpit morals should be pointed, at the wife of his bosom.

In the meantime the fact that the POPE has led the way in the crusade against the fantastic extravagance of ladies' toilettes, supplies the best argument we have ever met with in favour of the celibacy of the priesthood. The Roman Catholic priest *can* afford to pitch into the pet sins of the sex. The unfortunate British Clergyman, a model paterfamilias in enjoyment or expectancy, knows that *that* ground is *taboo* to him, and is reduced to dilate on masculine enormities.

* To say nothing of the officiating ministers.—Ed.

By Name and Nature.

THE late ROBERTS and STEPHENS branches of the Fenian faction in the States are henceforth to be known as the ROBERTS and SAVAGE branches. The latter is evidently the branch at the bottom of such Fenian exploits as the Clerkenwell explosion.

A BIRD OF GOOD OMEN.

THE old Army Stick-in-the-Muds have got it now. Hooray for the new Controller-in-Chief! Down with the Logs, and up with the STORKS!

A FENIAN WITH A CHIGNON.

ALLOW me, *Mr. Punch*, to congratulate you (although somewhat late) on the gallantry which has induced the Fenian conspirators to make women partakers of their plot. Of course we know all about it. Thank the "American Fenian" who, in addition to the enlightenment which she afforded us on that subject in *Tinsley's Magazine*, has been so kind as to give us a little more in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Why do I take that writer to be a woman? In the first place because she has let the cat out of the bag. In the next, because she writes in the spirit of a woman who is as mad as a snake, venting her spite in taunts of the same import as those which, spoken by low females, sometimes occasion wives to be stamped upon by their husbands, and account for the black eyes exhibited by many of the weaker sex in the slums. Thirdly, the unreason of this American, that is, of course, American Irish, Fenian is more than Irish! It is feminine, too. It transcends that of the Irishman. It plainly bespeaks an Irishwoman. Let us call her BIDDY.

BIDDY will have it that we are all a set of hypocrites for saying that the Fenians who murdered BRETT were hanged for mere murder. She insists that their punishment was a political execution. BIDDY seems never to have asked herself whether, if the accomplices in rescuing whom they shot a policeman, had been mere thieves, her Fenian friends would not have been certainly hanged all the same.

Because the murder of BRETT was committed on behalf of fellow-traitors instead of fellow-thieves, BIDDY argues that it was the mere incident of a political act, and not murder at all at all. Killing is no murder when it is treason besides, according to BIDDY. Treason makes murder justifiable homicide. At this rate the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN was a political act, and what sanguinary tyrants the American Government were to hang the confederates of WILKES BOOTH!

Then BIDDY calls the hanging of the Manchester Fenians a political execution. If it was not a political execution, a merely political execution, why, asks BIDDY, were soldiers stationed to guard the scaffold? Oh, sure, not because it was a political execution, but only because it was thought to be one by some spectators of BIDDY's way of thinking, who would, as BIDDY knows, then and there have repeated the very crime for which the convicts were to suffer, if fear had not restrained them.

Why, if the killing of BRETT was murder, inquires BIDDY, don't we demand of the United States Government the extradition of those Fenians concerned in it who ran away, and got off to America? Whether or no that deed was murder the American judges, she says, might be trusted to decide. Might they? No doubt they might in a parallel case—if a party of conspirators, engaged in a plot for Southern independence were, in the attempt to rescue an accomplice from custody, to shoot an officer of the United States in Washington or New York—particularly in case any of them were British sympathisers. Does BIDDY entertain any doubt that American judges would send the performers of such a political operation to the gallows? Performed at Manchester by American Irish Fenians they would possibly consider it quite another thing.

For one hint which BIDDY is so kind as to offer us, we are her debtors. She says that the English people are no longer loyal, and suggests that they have become disloyal from not seeing so much as they once saw of Royalty. This is so far from being exactly true that the demonstrators in Hyde Park would probably, on invitation, have at any time given three cheers for the QUEEN. But the disaffection of a minority, which exists, has certainly grown up in Royalty's absence, and most of it might, doubtless, be very soon dispelled by a due exhibition of the light of the Royal countenance. Let us be grateful to BIDDY for a hint which she will be vexed to see most graciously taken.

Poor BIDDY! She, and the men she is mixed up with, would fain taunt or frighten us into treating Fenians, even if assassins also, as prisoners of war. Oh yes, and give them the position of belligerents! As if we were, as the schoolboys say, so jolly green. But perhaps, *Mr. Punch*, I am mistaken all this while. The "American Fenian" may be no BIDDY, but a loyal Briton, masquerading in green petticoats. Others also, who want us to treat Fenians as belligerents may really be their deadly enemies in disguise. Talk to us of acknowledging the Fenians' belligerent character, and allowing them belligerent rights! With the view, perhaps, of causing us to take very good care that there shall be no mistake upon that point—by hanging without mercy every Fenian we can catch. But we won't lose our temper. Only when policemen are shot dead in the discharge of their duty, whether for the rescue of a traitor or a thief, we shall continue to treat their assassination as murder, by the lave of BIDDY, darling, and her associates, or widout their lave, bedad, and by

JINGO.

A Plant in Season.

Now is the time of year when Managers of Theatres show a botanical taste, for there is not one of them who does not do his best to have a great rush at his doors.

THE ANTI-FENIAN ORATOR.

THE moments of wise hesitation are past,
And the Bromwicham Statesman has spoken at last,
To say, in grave times, just the thing that is right
Whom could you expect, if not loyal JOHN BRIGHT?

How mild and forbearing the censure he throws,
In dignified strain, on political foes!
Their acts with what candour and justice he weighs,
And qualifies blame, where he can, with due praise!

How little resentment you hear him express
Of free comments made on himself by the Press!
As ready at taking or giving a stroke,
He simply refutes them, or passes with joke.

And now, when good men, of all parties and creeds,
Unite against doers of villainous deeds,
How nobly, above the mere demagogue's view,
He soars in denouncing that infamous crew!

JOHN BRIGHT has a heart, and he is not ashamed
To say that he pities the killed and the maimed,
And hates all the dastards who plot and conspire
To blast and blind women and children with fire.

He dares to speak out like a true man of peace
Against Fenian traitors who shoot the Police,
For law and for Order, he takes his firm stand:
You heard his voice, trumpet-like, ring through the land.

He's no man to offer a ready excuse,
With weak condemnation of treason broke loose,
On stump and on platform he ever contends
Against England's foes, on the part of her friends.

This patriot, eloquent, noble, sincere,
A hundred miles would not the wise go to hear?
How great is their wisdom who lend him their ears,
And hail his right loyal orations with cheers!

A COMPETITOR FOR THE PLATE.

MR. PUNCH,

WHERE, it is asked by people apparently concerned about us rather than themselves, do we go to when we die? They mean to inquire what becomes of our carcases, proverbially never seen. They deny us spirits—otherwise than as the United Kingdom Alliance would deny gin and whiskey to people sufficiently like ourselves to be content with mere water. Yet who knows that it is not our ghosts who rap the tables through which some persons think, with some reason, that they correspond with their deceased relatives?

We do not die; we disappear. That would do pretty well for the first line of a "spirit-song," of average quality. It would, however, express only partial truth. We die fast enough; though it is true that we disappear in an unaccountable manner. Now, Sir, allow me to propose our claim to have our disappearance visibly accounted for. Intercede for us that we may be decently put out of sight. I do not propose a plea for any funeral rites. Those who care about the disposal of their earthly remains, as such, have less head by half than we have, and two fewer legs. But do not let us go to the dogs—and the cats. Hippophagy, I see, has just been imported from France. Why should not Onophagy be tried in England? I will venture to back myself for tenderness and flavour, to afford as good a steak, a round, an aitch-bone, a sirloin, to yield quite as good a *consommé*, an *escaloppe*, an *eminée*, a *culotte*, a *filet piqué*; yes, or as good oil as that noble animal the horse, as he is offensively styled. I am as a clean a feeder, and a daintier drinker. Why do I want to become food for Man rather than any of the other carnivora? Not because I have so little sense as to desire a fancy sepulchre in the human stomach. Not with any silly concern for this carcase, dead and senseless, but with a sensible regard for it living. If you eat me, you will take good care that I shall be well and comfortably stalled and fattened when past work, and you will have me dispatched at once by the butcher, instead of being left to perish almost as wretchedly as a pauper is. You will, on the contrary, make my latter days as easy as those of the horse whom you mean to devour. I think, then, you will see that, in asking to have the flesh of us fellows tried to see if it is not equal to horse-flesh, I am by no means an unwise animal, although you may write me down

AN ASS.

P.S. How do I contrive to write? How do some other donkeys?

CONTRARY TO EXPECTATION.—It is rather disappointing at a Christmas party, when you have been told that a girl is pretty certain to come, to find when she arrives that she is certainly plain.

DENSE DARKNESS AT FARNHAM.

WHEN ploughboys are illiterate, blame the Bishop of the diocese. According to this rule what will MR. BRIGHT say of a right reverend prelate who lives at Farnham, and under whose nose the following address was composed, the *Times* informs us, by a body of gentlemen:—

"To the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Guardians of the Farnham Union.—We the undersigned ratepayers and inhabitants of the several parishes constituting the above union desire to convey an expression of our entire confidence in you as the representatives of the ratepayers, and that (*sic*) you have, in our opinion, at the sacrifice of much valuable time and anxious labour (although fettered with legal and official restrictions), performed the duties of your office in a most just and conscientious manner. We at the same time beg to express our extreme regret that you should have been subjected to the serious charges recently made against you, and which (*sic*) have occasioned the late painful inquiry."

What may the state of education among the rustics in the neighbourhood of Farnham be supposed to be, when a number of gentry are found capable of writing such grammar as that above annotated? Will the Honourable Member for Birmingham omit to take the opportunity afforded him by the publication of the foregoing address of denouncing the Bishop of Winchester?

It will probably, however, be questioned whether the intelligence, evidenced by the specimen of English written by a body of Farnham gentlemen, is not very considerably higher than the moral qualities with which it is associated. By what conduct have the Farnham Guardians and their Chairman earned the confidence of the ratepayers? By making all proper arrangements for rendering their workhouse a healthy and comfortable abode? If so, the "painful inquiry" into the state of that institution will issue in a report which must give all parties to its management extreme pleasure. Of course they will be gratified to hear their asylum for the infirm and sick poor everywhere referred to as the Model Workhouse. In that case beneficence will prove to have been *supra grammaticam*—only a rather too exalted beneficence. But the enthusiastic recognition, in bad English, of a mere saving of rates, argues a stinginess not above bad grammar—a not too exalted stinginess.

However, the gentlemen in question may indignantly deny that they are stingy; for—

"A subscription list has also been opened for the purpose of raising a fund for the purchase of a testimonial to be presented to Mr. S. NIGGOLSON, Chairman of the Board, the contributions to which are limited to 5s., and solely collected from the ratepayers and inhabitants of the parishes comprised within the union."

Solely collected from the ratepayers of the Union, and the inhabitants of the parishes therein? Surely, if the workhouse of Farnham Union is the model workhouse, the subscription for a testimonial to its Chief Guardian should be open to the universe. The Farnham Workhouse is at any rate universally celebrated. The amount of subscription should also be limited to the lowest coin, to enable poor people on the brink of pauperism gratefully to join in it. A handsome service of gold plate might be provided with their united coppers.

As it is, perhaps the testimonial most suitable for presentation to the Chairman of the Farnham Board of Guardians would be a copy of the New Testament, handsomely bound, together with an equally well got up volume containing the complete description of Farnham Workhouse compiled from the *Lancet*.

A DEAL IN A NAME.

WE learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that a vivacious *Vet*, called CLARK, advertises a lotion for strains by the euphonious title of CLARK'S "Neurasthenipponskelesterizo." The name, if not the physic, is evidently extracted from Greek roots, and resolved into its elements means, "I strengthen the weak nerves of horses' legs." Well may this be called CLARK'S medicine! It needs a "learned clerk," indeed, to swallow such an amount of heathen Greek, and still more, to get it up again.

We should like to hear the Whitwall or Black Hambleton version of this cacophonous compound. If *crack-jaw* constitutes a title to trial on *cracks' legs*, MR. CLARK may claim such a trial for his lotion. We should recommend him to offer a prize of a dozen bottles to any trainer or stud-groom who succeeds in pronouncing the word, and two dozen to any one who achieves the tremendous feat of writing it.

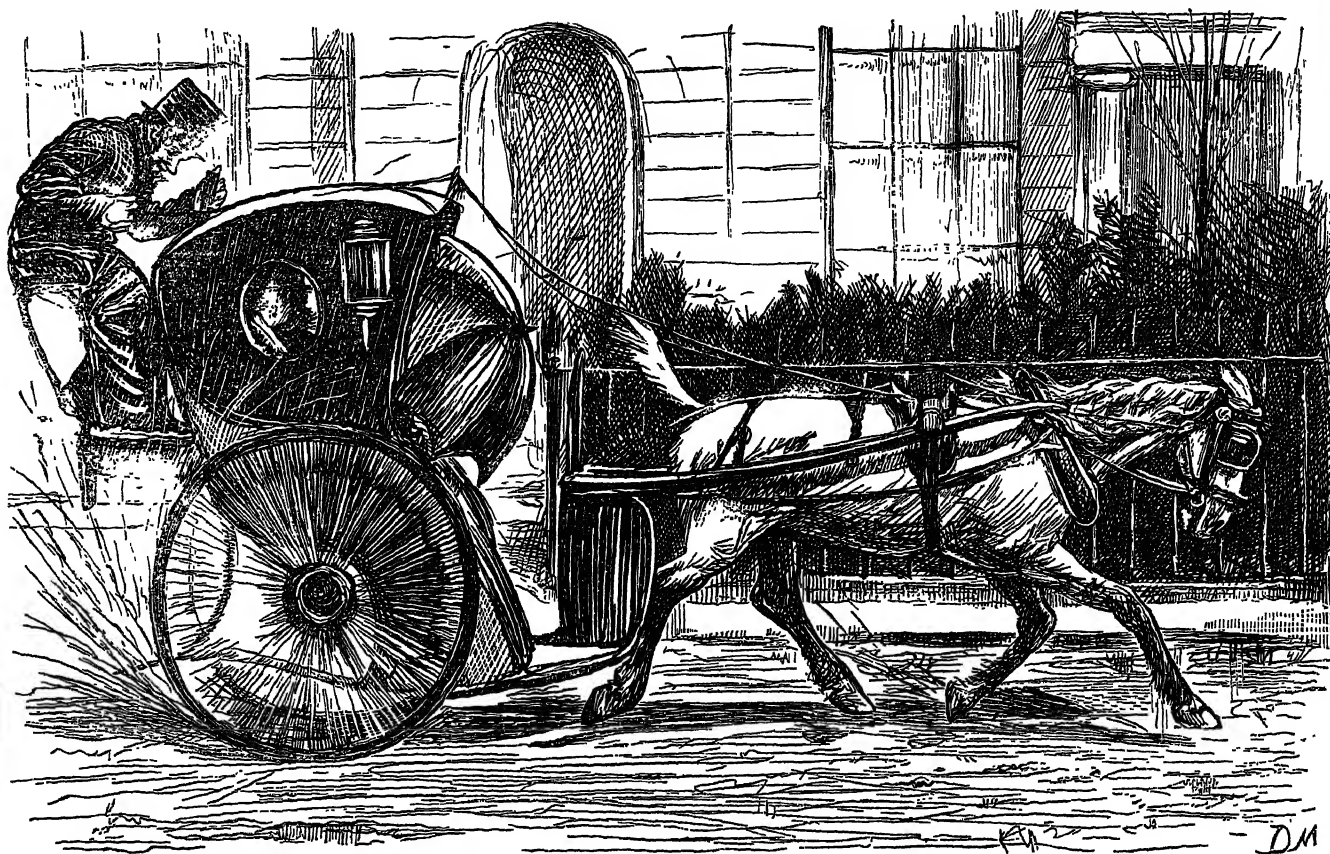
A DESIDERATUM.

THE new Master of Eton is named HORNBY. Considering how Eton boys spell, a better name were HORNBOOK?

WHERE is Pale Ale mentioned in *Horace*? Give it up?

"Non ego te, *candide Bassa-reu*,
Invitum *quatiam*."—*Odes*, I. xviii. 11.

Please don't shake it.



EDWIN AND ANGELINA

ARE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT IS STILL "RAINING CATS AND DOGS;" WHEREAS THE SUN HAS BEEN SHINING BRIGHTLY FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES. CABBY'S DELIGHT AT THIS TRANSCENDS ALL BOUNDS.

OUR COMBUSTIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.

In the good old days departed,
Before Chemistry had started
On the fast career of progress 'tis travelling at now,
There was naught that went bang louder,
Did more damage than gunpowder.
We have things that far exceed it both in violence and row.

Modern chemic science culminates
Not only in the fulminates
Of mercury, and silver more destructive of the two;
But in compounds less expensive,
And in use thus more extensive
Than are those which can be got but by comparatively few.

There's the chloride of ammonium,
To be named with small encomium,
And the iodide of nitrogen, employed that ne'er have been,
For they both consist unsteadily;
Unlike girls, go off too readily:
But in common application we have nitro-glycerine.

Then the public hold hath gotten
Of that other stuff, gun cotton,
Which for sport, or war, or mining, is a substance good at need.
When our housewives used to sew up
Cotton garments, of a blow up
With that peaceable material they little dreamt indeed.

We've all sorts of little matches,
To be fired by rubs or scratches,
And many of them, off, when they are trodden on, will go,
These are all so many dangers
Whereunto our sires were strangers:
And moreover, add to these the spirit-oils they didn't know.

There are hydrocarbons various,
Naphtha volatile, precarious,
There are paraffine and petroline that light unsafe afford;
And in warehouses these matters,
Which, inflamed, blow all to shatters,
Are in quantities immense amid our crowded cities stored.

Would the Romans and Athenians,
Had they had amongst them Fenians,
And explosive preparations and combustibles that flare,
Not, with wise and prompt decision,
Have made competent provision
Against having docks, marts, arsenals, and houses blown in air?

LAST ECHO OF CHRISTMAS.

ALL her foreign Representatives are ordered to come rushing into Russia. The *Telegraph* is severe, and hints that Russia either means mischief, or wants to make Europe think she does. Christmas is over, but let us be charitable for a minute longer. Is there not fearful distress in the South of Russia? Are not contributions being begged for in England in aid of the starving Russians? Let us hope, dear *Telegraph*, that the question for this council is not Turkey, but Beef. Russia is not desirous to prepare for murdering foreigners, but to take Steppes to save her own children. And this is the last bit of charity we mean to indulge in for a long time. Who'll tread on the tail of our coat?

Darkness that May be Smelt.

We don't exactly know what MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD means by "Sweetness and Light," but we can give that accomplished gentleman a capital illustration of the opposite of both—London Gas.

MOTTO FOR TRAVELLERS BY 'BUSES.—"In Omnibus Caritas."



“WHO’S AFRAID?”

MR. PUNCH, “ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND THE REST OF THE NATION, MAY I ASK—IS YOUR MAJESTY AFRAID?”
THE QUEEN, “AFRAID! O DEAR NO, MR. PUNCH! ARE YOU?”

TRUTH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

PUNCH is once more in the black books of the Black Country for his lines on the translation of BISHOP SELWYN from New Zealand to Lichfield and Coventry.

He had the same crew to pick with the same cavillers some twelve months ago, when, in an article entitled "The Black Country: is it as Black as it is painted?"* he gave his reasons for what he had said in some lines on the inauguration of PRINCE ALBERT's statue at Wolverhampton, as to the state of morals, manners, and education among the workers of that region of coal and iron. He begs to refer MR. LAWLEY, of 27, Broad Street, Bilston (correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post*), to that article. It would be superfluous to reprint here the extracts from the Report of the Children's Employment Commission of 1864, therein quoted. But if MR. LAWLEY has not got that report, let him get it, and read, mark, and inwardly digest it.

MR. LAWLEY keeps up the character of Bilston for strong language. We give his letter the benefit of such publicity as *Mr. Punch* can help him to, though we hardly see how that will help him, if we are to accept as gospel the comment which the editor of the *Daily Post* has appended to his letter:—

"[There is one consolation. *Punch* is only looked at for the sake of the pictures; nobody reads him now.—ED. D.P.]"

If this be true, we cannot understand how MR. LAWLEY came to know of our offence; and, above all, why he should be so angry at it. Perhaps, even if *Mr. Punch* is not worth reading when he writes *in propria persona*, MR. LAWLEY's letter may gain him some readers. MR. LAWLEY charges *Mr. Punch* with writing—

"Of 'Wednesbury roughs,' 'Tipton cads,' and 'Bilston Bullies,' as though he had been asleep, & *la Rip Van Winkle*, for half-a-century, and was describing people of that remote period. Associated with such characters, one wonders he did not mention 'cockings,' 'bull baitings,' 'highwaymen,' and 'blunderbusses.' They would have made excellent materials for such poetry (?) as his; but even *Punch* knew that that would have been a little overdoing it."

"If *Mr. Punch* believes that the Black Country is the same now as it was fifty years ago, he must be a very antiquated old fellow indeed. He knows well enough, I take it, that 'moral' standards—unlike commercial ones—change whenever education and religion are brought to bear upon a people; and that these levers have been used *Punch* may or may not believe. Ill does it become a moralist to preach of sin and crime when he is guilty of charging a people of crimes which are as unfounded as they are mean, and which he knows to be so. I had always thought that the first principle in journalism was truthfulness, but *Punch* seems to consider its antipodes the primary qualification, at least so far as the Black Country is concerned. He has, in his character of satirist, stooped from his proper sphere to attack an industrious people, who, it may be as well to say, take their distinctive title, not from their social, moral, or spiritual darkness—in the latter of which *Mr. Punch* seems to be deeply dyed, or he would have, at least, a drop of the 'milk of human kindness'—but from the nature of their employment, and the appearance of the country. Surely there can be no reproach in this."

"However much *Mr. Punch* may ignore the true state of the Black Country people, it is certain intelligent men will never believe that Staffordshire Englishmen are more savage, more brutal, more ignorant, and more beastly than the poor aborigines of New Zealand."

Mr. Punch would be but too glad if, like *Rip Van Winkle*, he could fall asleep, not over the Black Country only, but over every manufacturing district of England, to wake, in fifty years, and find education for ignorance, thrift and comfort for improvidence and squalor, gentleness and refinement for coarseness and brutality, in man and woman-kind: health and happiness, rosy cheeks and childish glee, for sickness and suffering, stunted body and pallid cheek, decrepitude of body, and deadening of mind—bitter fruits of premature and unwholesome toil—among children. We say it with deep conviction, and with a shame of which we are quite ready to take our full share, that there is to be found, in those sad reports, on one of which our lines were founded, such a picture of English labouring life, not in the Black Country only, but in the lace-making and straw-plaiting, the cotton and silk-weaving districts, among the seamstresses and milliners of London, and the miners of Durham and Cornwall, as should make all English hearts heavy, and all English faces hot with remorse and shame. If there were no Nemesis for such things, there would be no beneficent Power to guide the universe, and mete out to men a just measure of consequences.

Where the blackness is so wide spread, it may be that *Mr. Punch* has been unjust in singling out any one spot in the sable waste. God knows, it would not have been hard to widen the application of his lines, and to insist on what he blushes to believe, that there is no industrial district of England but calls more urgently for real Christianising influences than New Zealand, or any outlandish Missionary station in the world.

The savagery at home is sadder than the savagery over sea, because it is savagery in the bosom of a so-called Christian land; because it is savagery at the elbow of civilisation; because it is ignorance, privation, childish over-toil, premature death, side by side with culture, luxury, and pampered enjoyment. Worse still, because our home-savages are savages of *our* making—savages bred of our unhallowed greed of gold; the *proletariat* swarmed by a sordid system that dealt with human beings as *hands*, and ignored heads and hearts alike, for generations.

* See the Number for December 15, 1866.

We never said, or meant to say, that things were as bad in the Black Country now as they were fifty, forty, or twenty years ago. We are quite ready to believe, with a more courteous and kindly Black Country correspondent than MR. LAWLEY, that much has been done, and that much is doing, for religion, education, and civilisation in that region as everywhere else. We did not need this correspondent's assurance of the fact; but we are glad to put on record what he tells us of Tipton:—

"A Parish three and a half miles long by two and a half miles wide. Population about 30,000, and containing over thirty churches and chapels, to all of which Sunday Schools are attached, and Day Schools to many (one of which I know to have an average attendance of over 300), all this does not look like New Zealand aborigines. Statistics of crime smaller than in agricultural districts. Pray do not libel us by confounding the blackness of ignorance with the necessary blackness of occupation—an occupation very essential to England's greatness."

Yes, the working up of coal and iron is "very essential to England's greatness," no doubt; but not so essential as the working up of human hearts, now blacker than coal and harder than iron, into the beauty and strength and shapeliness of an instructed and well-ordered people.

If *Mr. Punch* has been unfair to the Black Country, he has, at least, been sinning in good company. Hear what MR. JUSTICE KEATING spoke from the Bench, in a Black Country case, not three weeks ago:—

"At the Stafford assizes the chief witnesses in a case were two young girls about fourteen years old, who are employed in canal boats. In cross-examination they both said they could neither read nor write; they had never been at school, church, or chapel, and they had never heard of the Bible. MR. JUSTICE KEATING, in his summing up to the Jury, thus remarked upon the subject—'I cannot help noticing the most deplorable state of matters shown by the evidence of these girls. We call ourselves a Christian people, and pride ourselves upon being a civilised nation. These two girls have said that they could neither read nor write; that they had never in their lives been at school, church, or chapel; that they had never heard of the Bible; and, as the learned counsel had suggested, in all probability they had never heard of a Divine Being. *We send out missionaries to the heathen, but what avails all this when we see such a state of things at home?*'"

Mr. Punch echoes the learned Judge, in the last of those very lines of his which have given such offence to MR. LAWLEY, and asks again, "What's the savage o'er sea, to the savage at home?"

THE "SPECIALS" PROCLAMATION;

OR, TWO WRONGS MAKE ONE RIGHT.

WE have hitherto believed this logical contradiction to be beyond the possibility of any other solution; but we live in strange times, which produce results of a like character. The proclamation below speaks for itself: it is composed of two Fenian proclamations; (Manchester and Clerkenwell) and when read separately there can be but little doubt about there being two outrageous "Wrongs;" but let them be read as one whole Specials' Proclamation, (as "Hurrah for old England") and it cannot be denied that they are one "Noble Right."

Hurrah for	Old England
Fenianism	Is a curse
We fight for	The QUEEN and Constitution
The Fenian brotherhood	Is a league with Satan
We love	Free Speech
This Rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	a Free Press
Shooting and plunder	Will not be tolerated
We will not fight for	The "Centre's" freedom
England's welfare	must be secured
We must succeed	at every hazard
The Union	We love
We Love not	Such wreck and waste
And never said	Let the Union sink
We want	The Union
Foreign intervention	cannot be allowed
We cherish	The British Flag
The Emerald green	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The powers that be
Fenian Chivalry	Is hateful mockery
Down with	Mob Law
Law and Order	Shall Triumph.

Vivat Regina!

Literary News.

THE success of the pretty book called *The Six Sisters of the Valleys* has induced the author to announce *The Seven Brothers of the Lady's Maids*.



HORRIBLE IDEA

SUGGESTED BY THE TWISTED CHIGNON.

A MOST UNSEASONABLE IDEA.

DID you not shudder, my dear *Mr. Punch*, when you read CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN's letter in the *Times*, advocating a voyage of Arctic discovery at this time of the year? The thermometer is now down below the freezing-point. I am sitting near a fire, but can hardly write, my fingers are so benumbed. The cold in England is more than intense enough. I am much too far North to think, without horror of going any farther in that direction now. At present I should suppose that, if anybody entertained an idea of an exploring expedition, he would rather contemplate researches in the interior of Africa. I should very much prefer the Equator to the North Pole for myself.

If this were Midsummer now, instead of Christmas-time, and if it were blazing hot instead of bitterly cold, I could understand a man's wishing to be afloat in the Polar sea, if not ice-bound. When ice is a luxury, one feels a natural inclination to get into it. Now our feelings prompt most of us to envy the inhabitants of the Torrid Zone. CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN must be a man of very ardent temperament to be capable of conceiving the suggestion that makes me shiver. That is it. He is fired with the professional enthusiasm of a British Naval Officer, who wants something to do. Perhaps that would suffice to keep him warm at zero. He can be actuated by nothing else but mere geographical curiosity. Sir, however, I respect that. I am no Philistine, although I confess myself

A SYBARITE.

Warming-Pan Villa. New Year's Eve.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

MR. GROVE, the zealous secretary of the Palestine explorers, complains that funds are not forthcoming for their interesting work. Specially he murmurs that the Clergy are not liberal in subscribing, to which the Clergy—at least, some of them—may possibly reply that, while so many a poor Curate is wanting help in England, they can hardly be expected to send money to Jerusalem. Still, the parsons might subscribe a sermon to the fund. The exploration of the Holy Land is surely a fit theme for comment from the pulpit, and a collection for the fund might follow the discourse. Further small subscriptions might be fittingly obtained, if every diner-out this Christmas would but kindly give a guinea to the Palestine explorers after every occasion of his swallowing a plateful of Palestine soup. All who do so may be sure that the fund which they are helping will be wisely and well spent. Mr. GROVE has well explained the object and the benefit of the work he has in hand, and every one who knows him will certify, if need be, that he assuredly is not one of the GROVES of Blarney.

BRITANNIA DOING PENANCE IN HER BALANCE SHEET.

SAID PUNCH to BRITANNIA, gloomily brooding
O'er her balance-sheet squared, for the twelvemonth just past,
"Why that frown, dear Mamma, on your forehead intruding,
That sigh, up and down as sum-totals you cast?"

"True, a few hundred thousand Excise may have dwindled,
Nor does Income-Tax show so plethoric a purse;
But still, for a year, when finance has so swindled,
And credit collapsed so, things *might* have been worse.

"There's the 'Customs,' you see, show a rise on the quarter,
And the 'Post Office,' still, has a surplus in store;
'Miscellaneous Returns' aren't perceptibly shorter,
And 'Stamps' might have really fallen off more.

"Then cheer up, old Lady; Threadneedle Street owns
No cause for thus clouding your new-year felicity,"—
But the Old Lady will not cheer up, only groans,—
"What are 'Customs' and 'Stamps' to my lost elasticity!"

"Time was that my income kept swelling and swelling,
As if 'twas the law of its nature to swell,
Without docking taxes, or outward propelling
Of trade, still each year the same tale used to tell.

"Still I bought more and sold more, ate heartier, felt stronger,
And found every year more I'd spent and more made:
But that's at an end—I'm elastic no longer;
No, 'go' in my commerce, no tide in my trade.

"My business is on its beam-ends for the present,
And harm done that can't be so easily repaired,
For what with financing and making things pleasant,
My credit I've crippled, and capital scared.

"Oh, had I but stuck to hard toil and fair trading,
Not taken to paper and kite-flying games,
For advances in cash looked to good bills of lading,
Not to 'pig-upon-bacon' * straw-men and their names!

"Had I ticked rogues as rogues, branded swindlers as swindlers,
Nor at rascaldom winked, if for millions it threw,
My commerce and credit had not both been dwindlers,
My balance-sheet minus, my look-ahead blue.

"For my turkey and chine I had still felt inclined,
Nor to the sad fact given shameful publicity,
That poor old BRITANNIA is knocked out of wind,
Out of credit, and commerce, and—worse—elasticity!"

* City slang for accommodation bills, in which A draws on himself under different names, right hand on left, and vice versa.

GETTING ON BY DEGREES.

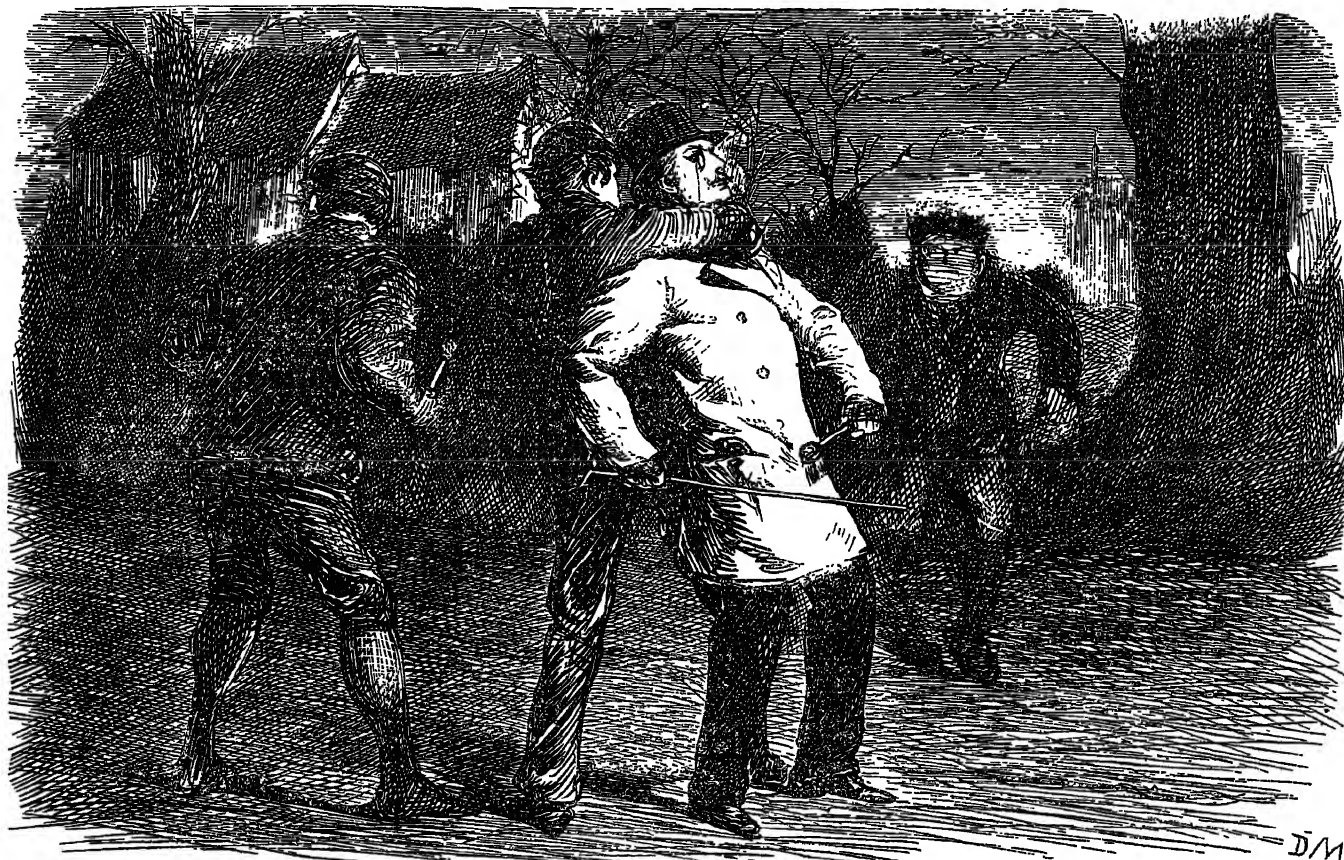
It appears that, annually, about thirty-six thousand Tramps pervade England, and are good enough to patronise the Union Hotels established by the rate-payers. But there be Tramps and Tramps. There are lazy rascals who like a lounging life, and are content to eat dirty bread; that is, bread that is not earned. There are honest fellows who are obliged to wander in search of work, and who deserve to be holpen on their way. Some of the counties—fifteen, we read in the *Standard*—have devised a Test, and it seems to work reasonably well. Honest Tramp, when leaving a Union, must take a ticket, appointing him his next halt, which is a good way off, and when he gets there, he must do a good bit of work. Then he receives relief on what is called the First Class Scale, sufficing food, decent bed. Rascal Tramp, who neglects these formalities, is relieved on the Second Class Scale, which can by no means be called luxury. These are prosy details, but *Mr. Punch* is so pleased to see any exemplification of Brains in relation to the treatment of the poor, that he gives himself leave to note the facts, adding that, according to the reports, many of the Tramps who can't take a First Class, become Wranglers.

A Very Ill Bird.

M. THIERS, in his war-speech, protested against defensive war. He said, "A defensive war begins when one has been unfortunate. I add that it is *little in accordance with our national character*."

Which, then, must be Offensive.

The deduction is M. THIERS's, not ours. We adore French persons.



L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

Well-armed and deliberate Party (aside). "NOW, JUST LET ME SEE! THE QUESTION IS SIMPLY THIS: SHALL I USE MY SWORD-STICK, MY LIFE-PRESERVER, MY NEW 12-CHAMBERED REVOLVER, OR THE KNUCKLEDUSTER IN THE LEFT TAIL-POCKET OF MY DRESS-COAT?"

A NEW HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE Reform Bill being passed, there is properly a cry for extending education among the poorer classes, that they may become worthy to be trusted with a vote. But in order to be educated, children must be fed, for brains grow weak and useless unhelped by bread and meat. Our ragged schools do wonders in their teaching of poor children, and would do greater wonders still if the children were well fed. A child that hungers after knowledge can, however, hardly pay attention to his lessons, supposing he be also craving after food. So a new Humane Society has sensibly been formed for the purpose of providing weekly dinners for poor children, whose—

"Almost constant destitution of food is not only laying the foundation of permanent disease in their debilitated constitutions, but reduces them to so low a state, that they have not vigour of body or energy of mind sufficient to derive any profit from the exertions of their teachers."

This new Humane Society is conducted by LORD SHAFTESBURY and a dozen other gentlemen, whose names afford a guarantee that what they do will be well done. What they have already done is modestly thus stated:—

"Experience has proved that one substantial meat dinner per week has a marked effect on the health and powers of the children. Such a meal may be supplied with facility, and with little danger of abuse, in or near their school-room, under the management of the teachers and local committees. Fifteen thousand good solid dinners have been supplied in Westminster and Chelsea by means of this society at a cost of four-pence per dinner, all expenses included, of which one penny has, according to a rule of the society, been paid by each child before obtaining a dinner ticket."

Among the middle classes, and the upper too, perhaps, children as a rule have too much to eat at Christmas, and the same thing may be said of many an "old boy" who is a constant diner-out. In their plethora, they hardly will much pity the poor little ones, whose appetites are rarely blest with dinners made to match. An Alderman who never has been hungry in his life can scarcely have much sympathy for people who are starving, because hunger is to him an agreeable sensation, forerunning a luxurious and copious repast. Still, Christmas is

a season when the organ of benevolence is usually in tune, and the Poor Dinners Society is surely a fit theme on which an overture of purse-strings may be founded or proposed. If all who over-eat or over-drink themselves this Christmas will but fine themselves five shillings in their next morning's repentance, and forward them to MESSIEURS RANSOM, Bankers, Pall Mall East, many a little ragged scholar will get a Christmas dinner, and be all the wiser, and the healthier, and happier for having the good meal.

"BENE VALE, OCULE MI."

AN accident to a prime face is not, *prima facie*, a thing to joke about. But Mr. Punch is so resolved to congratulate MR. GLADSTONE on his escape from a serious disaster, that the compliment shall come in anyhow. He was watching a woodman who was not sparing that tree at Hawarden Castle, and was no doubt saying to himself that he would take an early opportunity of taking a chop like that at the present Democratic Cabinet, when a bit of Bark flew at him—just as if DIZZY had been answering him. We rejoice to learn that his eye, which was struck, is not likely to be permanently injured. He can see more with one eye than most men with two, but we shall want him for PREMIER, some of these days, with all his faculties about him, and not as *monops inter caecos*.

A Foolish Fairy.

DEAR OBERON,
WHEN MR. PLANCHÉ, in his charming song, "*Over the dark blue Waters*," wrote "Fairiest of Araby's Daughters," did he refer to BESS ARABIA?
Yours,
TITANIA.

ANOTHER WAY TO AVOID USING A FOUL WORD.

It were an insult to the memory of one who never murdered a baby, or we would call them Fieschinians.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XII.—MY PORTABLE FRIEND.

My Portable Friend is a dodger: an artful dodger. Not in a bad sense; far from it: he wishes to benefit his fellow-creatures—specially his travelling fellow-creatures.

Being, therefore, about to leave England (without my Late Friend), I call on SEYMOUR, the Portable.

I've got so accustomed to designate him as the Portable, that it does not occur to me until I see the word on paper, that few people, except his immediate friends, will understand my meaning.

Well, everything with him is comparatively valueless unless it is somehow or other a dodge, a portable dodge.

His hat, for instance, would be unworthy to bear the name of my Portable Friend, unless it was capable of being turned into a cloak, a warming-pan, an umbrella, or something equally startling, unexpected, and, in *his* opinion, "the most useful thing possible."

I will just premise that, Head Quarters having sent to say they wanted my attendance in London for some extra duty under the Olfactory Inspection Act, I was obliged to put off my departure from autumn until winter. Having said this much, I call on my Portable Friend.

I find him (it is winter) wrapped up in a variegated dressing-gown, and seated before the fire.

In front of him is a large glass cylinder on brass legs. By means of a handle he is turning this cylinder round and round slowly, eyeing its revolutions with an air of solemn, melancholy interest, his general appearance conveying the notion of a man testing the powers of a barrel-organ by its performance of the Dead March in *Soul*, or of a deaf gentleman under the impression that he is eliciting beautiful sounds from the instrument at hand.

"How d'ye do? Sit down," says he, without rising, or leaving off his grinding.

Not liking to disturb him, I take a seat, and watch his proceedings with some interest. If this were a private room in Hanwell, the performance would be an easier one to understand.

I say I take a seat—I should say the seat takes me, for no sooner do I attempt to place myself comfortably upon it, than its arms and legs suddenly join, seize me in a sort of embrace, and down I come on the floor.

"Ah!" says my Portable Friend, "that's a good dodge, isn't it? that's my sofa walking-stick, only it's a little out of order now. Take any other. No, not that," seeing me about to take a very easy-looking chair with a large back; "that's what I call my 'bath chair,' and if you sit on the centre button—exactly on the centre, mind,—it opens out into a large bath, and the water flows in from the back. The back is a tank."

Having escaped Scylla after my fall into Charybdis, I settle myself on a camp-stool, where, as the conjurors say, there can be no deception.

Presently crack, crack, crack, noises from somewhere like bon-bons being pulled. Thinking it the camp-stool, I jump up.

I am reassured by my Portable Friend, who tells me he has been expecting this result for the last two hours. It appears that the noises proceed from the glass barrel he is turning. Apparently satisfied, he commences putting away this infernal machine (nothing less apparently, only I hope my Portable Friend is not turning his peculiar talents to a bad use, in which case he might end on another curious invention), but I don't offer to assist him, being afraid of touching the apparatus.

I am about to try my camp-stool again, when he takes it up with an air of pride, and remarks, "There that *is* a camp-stool, a real camp-stool. A stool for a camp?"

I ask him what he means.

He explains. "In each of these legs is a revolver and a dagger. You are attacked at night when in camp, you are sitting down quietly. Well, instead of having to rush away for your sword and pistols, here you are, ready to hand, all loaded."

"And this is what I have been sitting on?"

"It is," he returns, "only perfectly safe. We live in such dangerous times that precautions are necessary."

"But," I inquire, "what were you doing when I came in?"

"Oh," says he, "that's an idea of mine for pipe-lighting, or cigar-lighting at a party. Galvanic battery to fit in the piano, then you turn a handle, it plays a tune and sends sparks round at the same time to everyone who wants to smoke. Capital notion for Christmas party, isn't it?"

I admit its excellence, but can't help asking if it wouldn't be more simple to adopt the old expedient of paper lights or matches.

"No," says he, rejecting such an idea disdainfully, as unworthy of the nineteenth century. "What's the good of galvanism if you can't utilise it?"

I own there's something in that.

He goes on to tell me that he is having a galvanic portmanteau fitted up, which is, from *his* account, to do everything except pay the expenses of a journey. It will mark the time, the distance, tell the day of the month, cook a dinner, be a bed, a carriage, a boat; perhaps he has even some idea of making it a horse. On occasion, with a little extra galvanism, it may be made to bark like a dog, or some other feat equally useful.

"So you're going to travel," he says. "Well, I'll tell you; you should get—"

But as his directions involve a great deal of explanation, I will leave them until the next time.

OYSTERS; A SPIRIT-WARNING.

(Communicated to our own Circle by DANDO, the Oyster-Eater.)

A MESSAGE from the Spirit-sphere,

List, ye who linger yet behind;
I found not any oysters here,
Which did at first disturb my mind.

The natives that I loved so well,
At Colchester which had their birth,
When in these climes I came to dwell,
At first oft drew me back to earth.

And oh, regretfully I cried,
Would I were in the world again,
To tuck into my dear inside
Those sweet molluscs as I did then!

But Spirits that have newly come
Where all of you will have to go,
Inform me what is now the sum
A dozen oysters cost below.

True, that would have been nought to me,
As I was in my mortal day,
But now it is not right, I see,
To eat your fill, and then not pay.

To point a moral is the care
Of all us disembodied souls;
Your oysters fail you. Now beware,
Says DANDO, how you waste your coals.

IRISH FOR IRELAND!

WHAT a set of boobies are those raving editors of Irish newspapers to keep up such a clamour as they do about their nationality, and to howl for separation from England on the ground that Englishmen are "the Saxon." The proper answer to this cry of Saxon is "You're another." The names of many of the fellows who raise it are as Saxon as SMITH and BROWN. Besides, what is the language in which these frantic noodles vent their ferocity and mad disaffection? They inveigh against England, and the authority of England's Queen, in the Queen's own English! Language is the test of nationality. The very Yankees call themselves Anglo-Saxons. What are the Paddies who use the same speech but Hiberno-Saxons? If Irish were their native tongue, of course they would talk Irish. Do the writers of the *Irishman* and the *Nation* want to convince us of the reason and justice of their demand to have an Irish republic? Let them ask for it in Irish. "Ireland for the Irish!" is their war-cry, is it? Very well, then, they should shout it in the Irish language. Let them write leading articles in Irish if they want to be understood. Of course Irishmen understand Irish, and if Englishmen don't, so much the better for the purpose of journalists who want to write up treason, and incite savages to murder.

"Twopence More, and Up Goes the Donkey!"

PERHAPS. But the rule don't hold of the mule. We have paid our "twopence more" (Income-Tax), and the mules, at Zoula, are not "going up" at all, but eating their heads off,—or dying of starvation, if they can't manage that feat,—on the sea-shore, bolting into the bush, poking themselves into the mess-tents, or wherever else they think there is a prospect of food or water. Altogether our mules in Abyssinia don't seem to answer. Perhaps we should have tried donkeys, and then, on the principle of "like to like," the authorities might have managed them better.

"PAINLESS DENTISTRY."—Drawing the Stumps at "Lord's."



OUR RAILWAY AT CHRISTMAS.

Time—Dusk.

Season-Ticket Holder. "WHAT O'CLOCK WAS THAT STRUCK? FIVE? COME ON, THEN. IF WE MAKE HASTE, WE MAY BE IN TIME FOR THE 2.15!"

THE STAGE AND ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE following mottoes for Ministers, &c., will be found, on examination, more applicable than they appear at the first blush:—

THE EARL OF DERBY.—*The Game of Speculation*. There is much fitness in this. The noble Earl's premiership will be distinguished by the passing of a measure which (quoting *Punch*) he has himself termed "A leap in the dark."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—*A Winning Card*. Though we thought he had a bad hand, BENJAMIN kept his great card till the last, and there is no question about its being a winning one. He might have played it fairly when he ought to have done, though.

LORD STANLEY.—*Perfection*. This, of course, must be true, when both friends and foes are trumpeting his praises.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY.—*The School for Tigers*. Amply proved by his treatment of FINLEN and his companions, and the treatment he is prepared to give others of a like calibre.

MR. WALPOLE.—*Kind to a Fault*. Even his worst enemy will say this of our poor male Niobe.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.—*Caste*. The extreme propriety of this motto will not be denied when we remember that the noble Lord, once wrote:—

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—We had some thoughts of writing *He's a Lunatic*, but beg to substitute *Still Waters run Deep*, having especial reference to the attachment SIR JOHN has always borne to Household Suffrage, but which he never allowed to bubble up to the surface until recently.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. *Allow me to Explain*. The Right Hon. Gentleman, it will have been observed, is particularly anxious that his proper share in the "Reform Bill" should be distinctly understood, and consequently he is always asking to be allowed to explain. His

A SONG BY AN OLD FOGY.

AIR—"I like to Sing the Old Songs!"

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
For the fact is I've no voice;
But could I sing, the new songs
Should never be my choice.
I hate the vulgar ditties
That each Music Hall delight;
'Tis a thousand, thousand pities
Men such silly stuff should write.

I hate that "*Champagne Charley*,"
With its stupid, jingling air:
It makes me feel quite snarly,
For 'tis whistled everywhere.
I hate that "*Not for Joseph*,"
Which is every bit as bad,
But alas! 'tis hummed, or sung, or strummed,
By every Cockney cad.

Some old songs have been silly,
I am willing to allow:
Most stupid all with "*tol de rol*,"
Or else with "*tow row row*;"
Still I'd rather hear the old songs,
Tho' they may not wholly please,
Than vulgar squalls at Music Halls,
Which cads esteem "*the cheese*."

SPOTTING HIM.

THERE is a hitch in the improving of Park Lane. A contemporary says that this is due to the vaccination of LORD JOHN MANNERS. We can't make this out. The heads of the house of Rutland were notoriously model parents, and how LORD JOHN can have been allowed to go from 1818 to 1868 without vaccination, we cannot understand. However, better late than never, and we hope that the operation has been successful, and that we shall soon hear that LORD JOHN is attending to his business again.

[Since writing the above, we have seen the same information in another contemporary, only he spells the word "vacillation." The moral is the same; and we cannot think of cancelling our own admirable remarks.]

proper position, however, stated briefly, is this:—that at the commencement of last Session he vowed he could never consent to Household Suffrage, whilst at its close he was a member of the Cabinet which passed it.

MR. WHALLEY.—*Man is not Perfect nor Woman neither*. The former is sometimes a long way from it. N.B. Note the present instance.

The Adullamites.—*A Little Flirtation*, illustrating their position with the present Government.

The Tory party.—*The School of Reform*. We say nothing respecting this, as the Schoolmaster recently said enough respecting it at Edinburgh.

FUSTIAN FROM FRANCE.

AMONG other manufactures our neighbours, the French, are certainly rivalling us in fustian. A specimen of this article was exposed the other day in a column of the *Times*. Its producers were French democrats, who addressing their British brethren on the subject of the Manchester martyrs to murder and treason, said, amongst other things altogether untrue:—

"Ces trois hommes ont été condamnés, non pour avoir tué deux chevaux et un agent de police! Ils ont été condamnés pour avoir délivré à leurs risques et périls deux chefs patriotes, le COLONEL KELLY et le CAPITAINE DEASY, revenus d'Amérique au secours de l'Irlande et pensant qu'après avoir affranchi les noirs, il était juste d'affranchir les blancs."

Fellows who assert that negro slaves and Irishmen are as black and white would be perfectly ready to declare the former colour the latter. They call DEASY and KELLY two patriots. What would they think of prisoners in custody on the charge of freeing a gentleman of his watch and chain, and would they approve of shooting a constable in order to rescue them?—

"These three men have been condemned not for killing two horses and a policeman."

Horses first; policeman afterwards. This looks like supreme contempt for policemen; but what M. PRAT and his associates more likely feel is fear of them.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



HIS Evening is passed a considerable way from home; at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris. The Theatre is very full, the Second Act is just about to commence as we take our seats in the fauteuils d'orchestre. Behind us sit two young Englishmen, who, having mistaken the character of the place, appear in full evening dress, with white ties and gloves, and are generally supposed by their French neighbours to have been assisting at a wedding. They are about as conspicuous as they would be in Court dress in the stalls or front row of the pit at the Victoria Theatre, New Cut, Lambeth.

1st English Swell (with a sense of his mistake). The people never dress here, I notice.

His Friend. No. (Looks round about him.) But what queer sort of people to be in the Stalls.

[On his left is a very fat Frenchman, who appears to have put off washing till to-morrow morning on account of the intensely cold weather. Behind him are three middle-aged, good-tempered looking females, evidently bent on a holiday amusement.]

Woman (with basket of oranges, apples, and sweet-stuffs, enters the row where they are sitting). Messieurs, (in a shrill, nasal tone) des oranges, &c., pardon, M'sieu. (He has to rise to let her pass.)

1st English Swell (taken aback). Hang it, we haven't made a mistake, eh? Fancy allowing this sort of thing in the Stalls!

[Reflects on the idea of his going into the Drury Lane Gallery at Pantomime time, indulging in apples, oranges, and ginger beer, and becomes melancholy.]

His Friend (suddenly inspired). Ah, I see, this is a sort of Transposition Theatre (looks at his Friend). We oughtn't to have dressed.

[Three raps are heard, the Theatre is re-filled, the orchestra commences, and the curtain rises upon the Second Act of

LES CHEVALIERS DU BROUILLARD.

SCENE—A Carpenter's Workshop.

1st English Swell (who has evidently seen part of the First Act, and is somewhat mystified). I say, ask for a book.

His Friend (beckoning to a boy who appears at the entrance of the Stalls). Garçon!

1st English Swell (horrified). I say, don't; he's not a waiter.

His Friend. Garçon, est-ce que vous avez un livre de la pièce?

[Is evidently nervous as to the result of his question.]

Boy (sharply, and in a very high pitched tone). La pièce? Ouim'sieu. Cinquantecentimes (all in one word).

Friend (takes Book, pays, and looks proudly at his Friend, as much as to say "See what it is to speak the language"). There!

1st English Swell (reading the cast). Hallo! do you know what it is we're seeing, eh?

His Friend (sorry to be obliged to own it after his recent triumph of language). No.

1st English Swell (utterly astounded). Why, it's—it's—(is uncertain) no—it's—(looks again) yes, it is—it's Jack Sheppard!

His Friend. Eh! What? (Looks at book.) Why, so it is. (Reads the cast.) MISTRESS SHEPPARD, JACK SHEPPARD, BLUSKINE,—why, it's HARRISON AINSWORTH'S.

1st English Swell. Yes; but (points out other characters) look here, who's LORD ROWLAND MONTAGU?

His Friend. Don't know.

Audience (in Stalls, who have become interested). Sssh!

[The Friends are silent.]

Jack Sheppard (to BLUSKINE, telling him how he got out of window and went to Covent Garden Theatre). Quelle belle chose qu'un théâtre! J'étais là!... Sur la scène, il y avait une forêt... trois sorcières paraissent... l'une d'elles, étendant la main vers celui qui marchait en avant, lui dit, "Macbeth, tu seras roi!" et comme à Macbeth elle me disait aussi, "Jack Sheppard, tu seras roi!"

1st English Swell (who has been puzzled by the pronunciation of Covent Garden as "Cvang-gardong," and "Shack Sheppar.") What was that?

His Friend (explains, and adds). It's all in HARRISON AINSWORTH'S story. (Having made this statement, he begins to feel uncertain on the subject.) At least, I think so.

[The Play continues, with MONSIEUR et MADAME VOOD (WOOD), TAMISE (THAMES) DAREBL, and the rest of the characters.]

Jack (after, in a fit of jealousy, trying to stab Tamise, and being forgiven by Tamise and Cecily Vood, says to her). Vous êtes bonne miss!

Audience (breathing again after the excitement). Ah!

1st English Swell (languidly). The audience seem to enjoy this sort of thing immensely. (Looks at the Entr'acte.) By the way, what's the meaning of Les Chevaliers du Brouillard?

His Friend (who knows all about it). Oh, it means, the Chevaliers—the Cavaliers—the Cavaliers—(is satisfied so far)

1st English Swell. Yes. Du "of the"—

His Friend. Yes, of the—um—of the—in fact—of the Brouillard. It's hardly translatable. (His Friend is satisfied. At the end of the Act, however, he goes into a corner, refers to a small pocket dictionary, and looks out "Brouillard" hurriedly. On his return he says carelessly, Oh, by the way, I've thought of what Brouillard means: it's a sort of slang phrase; it means literally, "waste-paper basket.")

1st English Swell (prepared not to be astonished at anything French). Oh, I see perfectly. (Translates) Les Chevaliers du Brouillard. "The Cavaliers of the waste-paper basket."

[Satisfies himself that it's a slang phrase, and determines to use it when he returns to London. They subsequently discover the real meaning, when a Friend meeting them, suggests that they appear to be completely mystified on the subject.]

Bluskin. Il y a cent guinées pour chacun. Le rendez-vous derrière l'hôtel de SIR ROWLAND.

Shack Sheppar. SIR ROWLAND! Je sauverai Tamise! partons!

[Stage direction—"Wood paraît au fond suivi de Policemen." JACK gets out of the window on the right, and then MONSIEUR VOOD exits by the door, followed by the Policemen of the period. Entr'acte. Newspaper cries, oranges, apples, sweet-stuffs, exclaim more than half the audience. We enter the Theatre café, and "command" an echoppe of beer.]

Enter ALPHONSE, a Friend of the Garçon's.

The Garçon (assisting Alphonse to allumettes for his cigarette). Comment aimez-vous la pièce?

Alphonse (ecstatically). Magnifique! MARIE LAURENT est...

[Is overcome by emotion, and raises his eyes and hand to heaven. The Sonnette is heard. We return. After a view of the Tower of London at Greenwich, we are shown the Thieves' Quarter in Old London. (Some confusion apparently with Alsatia.) Enter all the Chevaliers du Brouillard with lanterns and flags. Then follow Dancers and Danseuses. We are rather astonished at this display of the Thieves in the open street, but become perfectly reconciled to the manners and customs of this class in GEORGE THE FIRST'S time on seeing MONSIEUR SHACK SHEPPAR enter on horseback.]

Tous (avec les trois cris anglais). Hup! Hup! Hup! hurra!

Swell (astonished for once). Why they say hooray!

His Friend (explaining). Yes, it's supposed to be the national custom.

[SHACK SHEPPAR, who suddenly appears as if he'd been taking lessons of DICK TURPIN, makes his horse rear three times by way of acknowledging the salutation. Then descends. The dancing commences.]

1st English Swell (recognising the music). Hallo! I know that.

His Friend. Yes. It's—(suddenly hits upon it)—why, it's the Nigger air, "Hoop light, Loo, and show your pretty feet!"

[A selection admirably adapted for a national dance in the time of GEORGE THE FIRST.]

Audience (enthusiastically). Bis! Bis!

[Encore taken by the two Music Hall dancers from London, announced as "from the principal London theatres." Between the Acts Irish jigs are played. Swell and his Friend nudge one another, and try to look as if they'd never heard them before.]

1st English Swell (to his Friend, speaking of us in front). I wonder these fellows don't dress to come to a theatre.

His Friend. Oh! I dare say they're only a better class of Shop-keeper, (&c., &c., not decidedly complimentary to our personal appearance). Ourselves (later on in the evening, in very plain English). It's very dangerous for Englishmen to speak their own language in Paris if they

are making remarks on other people. Their best plan is *always to talk in French*, and then there's very little chance of their being understood. [Swell and Friend shut up.]

LAST ACT.—*L'intérieur d'un cachot à Newgate.* SHACK SHEPPAR is having his portrait taken by SIR WILLIAM HOGARTH. (Why not SIR JOSHUA HOGARTH while they are about it?)

Sare Veellearm 'Ogarth (to Shack). Un très-illustre personnage a désiré connaître votre physionomie, et ce portrait que je fais de vous est destiné . . .

Shack Sheppar. A Sa Majesté GEORGES PREMIER, n'est-ce pas?

Sir William Hogarth. C'est vrai.

[After a while enter GEORGES PREMIER disguised as one of the chief Magistrates of London. He makes various discoveries from papers given him by SHACK SHEPPAR.]

1st English Swell (puzzled). What's he say?

His Friend. Well, I'm not quite sure; but (determined not to be beaten) I think from those papers he finds out that JACK SHEPPARD is the rightful heir to the throne of England.

1st English Swell (doubtfully). But it wasn't so, was it?

[Evidently has hazy notions of history and HARRISON AINSWORTH.]

LAST.—JACK escapes out of prison, goes in a boat at a tremendous pace down the Thames with the tide, and immediately afterwards, at an equally rapid pace, back again, against the tide, is pursued by JONGATANG VILD, escapes up the side of London Bridge, JONATHAN VILD, in a London fog, shoots BLUSKINE, SHACK SHEPPAR, stabs JONATHAN, and all ends happily with the arrival of a pardon from GEORGES PREMIER, when every one says for the last time, "Hup, Hup, Hup, Hooray," and the Orchestra play "God Save the Queen."

MRS. GLASSE ON EDUCATION.

You have read my book? and you remember my preliminary precept, "First catch your hare?" Well, my directions are quite as applicable to the head as to the hare. Education sets one trap, employment another; but a knowledge-box is not baited with toasted cheese, and how to tempt a hungry little bumpkin to put his head into it, would puzzle a Chancellor.

Having caught your hare by hook or by crook, now as to dressing it. Some esteemed friends will recommend for this purpose a professed cook, sincerely believing that unless the cook is well dressed—say, in lawn-sleeves and a silk apron—the hare cannot be. Some zealous advisers will insist that what you require is a plain cook, and will perhaps refuse an invitation to dine if you engage a *chef* whose thoughts run in a jelly-mould, and who has a discriminating taste for syllabubs and trifles. What do I advise? Well, I don't pretend to lead you out of this dense mist. Your own good sense must be your guiding-star. Only take care lest while the cooks are chattering in the hall, your hare, suspended in the pantry, should become a little too gamey.

Whose sauce do I recommend? Reading, of course. It makes a "full man." With respect to Puddings, it has been suggested that the Cabinet might be improved by putting *Punch* in it. No doubt *Punch* would give the Cabinet a very rich flavour, but then you must bear in mind that the Cabinet don't agree with every one, although *Punch* does. I have taken it myself regularly for five-and-twenty years, and can say with confidence that there is nothing which contains so much pure spirit, or gives so much comfort and support to the constitution.

Bacon is nourishing, but rather difficult to digest, and should be taken sparingly by those who suffer from mental dyspepsia. You should go to Milton if you wish to astonish the natives.

An important branch of education is that which relates to the knowledge of tongues. In WALPOLE's time, as you have read, a briar trade was carried on in tongues. Ministers went into the Borough Market and bought them—some, I believe, with a bit of riband. Whether this practice prevails now, I have no means of ascertaining—have you?

Many tongues which out of doors are distinguished by a strong flavour—so strong, indeed, as to be unpleasant—become very mild when brought into the House. They also lose a good deal in weight, and this will apply to those which are smoked in Town as well as to those which are sent up from the country. An excellent way to preserve a mild tongue is to hang it up in an office—the higher the better. —*Conversations on Economy, Domestic and Political.*

"Very Good Taste, Mr. Punch."

HER MAJESTY, by the advice of MR. ARTHUR HELPS, has published a Diary which would, were such a thing possible, endear her still more to the loving hearts of her people. Praise, even from *Mr. Punch*, were an impertinence, but he begs leave to say with his usual adroitness, that MR. HELPS's advice was admirable, and that *Mr. Punch* hopes the QUEEN may always have such Friends in Council.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY THIEVES.

BEFORE we pay our Christmas bills, it might be wise in us to ascertain if any of our tradespeople are included among those referred to in this notice of the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"An easy and safe method of making money in trade appears to be offered by the use of unjust weights, scales, and measures. During the past year 740 South London shopkeepers have been convicted of that offence—and have had to pay in fines £1,070 15s. 6d., or rather less than £1 8s. per conviction. The general prevalence of the practice and the lightness of the fines imposed make the speculation a good one—especially as in many districts there is no supervision of any kind exercised over the retail dealers, and as in all districts the supervision exercised is superficial and perfunctory. For every dealer who is fined, there must be scores who deserve to be fined, and who would be fined were the supervision exercised active and real."

The Forty Thieves were few, and their thievery a mere fleabite, compared to the rascality of these Seven Hundred and Forty Thieves. The Forty Thieves robbed only those who could afford to lose, and they robbed openly and boldly, and at the risk of being hanged. But these infamous South London Seven Hundred and Forty Thieves have been robbing the poor, probably, more even than the rich, and have been thieving secretly and sneakingly, at no risk to their necks, merely paying a small fine if they have chanced to be found out. To a small tradesman who chooses to act as a big rogue, a fine of nine-and-twenty shillings is nothing of a punishment, and never will deter him from cheating all he can. We can fancy him, indeed, keeping an account of the profits of his roguery, as an insurance fund for payment of the fines which he incurs. The pillory of old was a more sufficing punishment, for except by honest dealing, no one could insure himself against the inconvenience of standing to be pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs. But the present age is too refined to suffer such a sight as a rascal in the pillory, and the only way to punish him is to have his name exposed in the pillory of the Press. Of every cheating tradesman convicted of the usage of false measures, or short weights, the name and the address should be advertised in the newspapers, and placarded conspicuously in the neighbourhood of his shop. But the present is an age of universal easy whitewash, and, when gigantic railway swindlers are allowed to go unpunished for using false accounts, one really can scarce wonder that petty cheating shopkeepers should expect to escape punishment for having used false weights.

A RELIC OF THE OPERA.

"By Jove, I'll write a puff of SANTLEY!" said *Mr. Punch*, as he heard that artist conclude his capital Rendering of a capital song (words by MR. LATEX, music by MR. SMART) at the Monday Concerts.

He forswore himself, however, only as there is no such party as Jove now, the sin does not perturb him. The reason was this. He found on his desk, through the kindness of some correspondent or other, four printed verses in honour of MR. SANTLEY, and they appear to him to be so remarkable that he inclines to give them to his readers, instead of a lyric of his own. They were written before the fire at the Opera House, and it is a mercy they were not consumed in it. Now, they are imperishable :—

SANTLEY.

Oh! sing, my good friend, jovial SANTLEY,
With voice sympathetic and clear,
The homage to artistes most grateful
We'll give you, a smile, and a tear.

I'll think of thee always with pleasure,
What style, so expressive, and fine,
So heart-touching, feeling, and tender,
Here's thy health in a bumper of wine.

Let us to Her Majesty's go, friends,
This night glorious SANTLEY to see.
Besides there's the gem, charming TRETJENS,
DE MERIC, and rare MONGINEE.

For when FLOTOW's sweet *Marta*'s perform'd,
The house then is glorious to see.
And when TRETJENS sings charming "*Ardita*,"
The applause is both frantic and free.

There! MR. SANTLEY should be proud, *Mr. Punch* is proud, and the author, whoever he be, must be proudest of all.

But this shall not prevent *Mr. Punch* saying that he hugely admires MR. SANTLEY.

A Certain Specific.

HAS it been observed by the Faculty that punctuation is an infallible remedy for a bad cold, provided the patient stops at home?

THE EFFECTS OF EATING HORSE-FLESH FOR SUPPER.—Night Mare.



PRETTY INNOCENT.

Lady. "OH, MR. MASTIC, WHY DO ARTISTS HAVE SCREENS ABOUT THEIR STUDIOS?"

Artist. "TO BACK UP THE FIGURES, AND SO ON."

Lady. "OH, REALLY! WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS TO KEEP THE BEDSTEAD AND ALL THAT OUT OF SIGHT, YOU KNOW."

PAX LOQUITUR:

"WHEN Freedom dressed in sunlight vest
Bids every patriot bare his glaive,
Let him who loves her strike his best,
And him who falters die a slave.
But, Man of the Mysterious Brow,
What means this mighty arming now?"

"Whom dost thou fear? Who threatens France?
Make answer, her Elected Lord:
Fall where it will, that look askance,
Where does it spy a hostile sword?
Why all these legions in array?
Peace, whom they startle, bids thee say."

"Dost dread the German's stubborn line,
The German phalanx dark and stern,
(The King whose claim is Right Divine,
While thine is in a juggling urn)
The Lutheran soldier's deadly gun—
Art thou not told its work is done?"

"Dost deem Italia's sons may come
To teach the lesson France forgets,
And marching with a Roman drum,
May pay by Seine their Tiber debts?
The only gage they dare to fling
Is insult to their Soldier-King."

"Once there were left no Pyrenees,
Now lours their frowning range again,
No WELLESLEY lives each pass to seize
And cleave the way for thankless Spain:
Nor peril hath thy vision spied
From that dead land that gave thy bride."

"No dread hast thou of Austria's raid,
The Prussian swept her from the path,
And MAXIMILIAN's blood hath paid
Thy ransom from Columbia's wrath.
Dost fear to meet the Russ once more?
That vulture thirsts for Turkish gore."

"And England? Nay, the jest were weak,
She lives by me, and loves me true.
Nor bids her children vainly speak
Of Agincourt and Waterloo.
Man of December, be at rest;
She strikes no unsuspecting breast."

"See where Conscription's hand unfurls
The cursed scroll, thy Marshals' claim!
Why dare thy Marshals tell the girls
To wed the maimed, the blind, the lame?
There is a GOD OF JUSTICE. Smile.
There was a Moscow—and an Isle."

Fenians and Foreigners.

So American-Irish Fenians want to be tried by a jury *de medietate lingue*, do they? This wish would be intelligible if *medietas lingue* were, for their half of the jury, to be the habitual language of treason, distinguished by Yankeeisms and an Irish brogue. But if it is only to mean a jury one half consisting of respectable foreigners—have they asked themselves what advantage they are likely to derive from it?

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

WHEN TOOCOATES, the House-painter, came courting our Cook, he told her all his history without any concealment or coloured statements, delivering "a round unvarnished tale."



A PEACE MOVEMENT. (?)

PEACE. "PRAY, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, YOUR MAJESTY?"

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "ENTIRELY IN YOUR INTEREST, DEAR MADAM. SPECIAL CONSTABLES, MERELY.—
MY SPECIAL CONSTABLES."

TWELFTH NIGHT THOUGHTS (DESULTORY).



ARDLY connected, indeed desultory, because I had been to a Circus, and seen a great feat of horse-womanship — MADAME ANGUOSCIOLA HIPPIA leaping from steed to steed in the midst of fireworks and fog-signals. See ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S Etymological Works.]

First and overmastering thought, the thought that thinks up all other thoughts, Christmas is over! At least, the regular season is, for there will still be some extra nights, under the patronage of Mlle. Terpsichore, M. Momus, and others of the more light-hearted deities,

before we go back to school, and work, and getting up early in the morning, and the worship of Plutus and Mammon, and the more business-like divinities. But the lawful period during which anybody, even a dun, may salute you with "A merry, &c., and a happy, &c." has ceased with the last stroke of twelve by Big Ben; and they are all this moment gone—I have just lighted them to the door—Old Father Christmas, and the Lord of Misrule, and the Abbot of Unreason, and Saint George of Cappadocia, and the Mummers, and the Wassailers, the Fairies and the Goblins, the Waits and the Hand-bells, and the Twelfth-Night characters in their masquerade dresses, leaving me alone with *Clown* and *Columbine*, who are to remain for a few weeks longer on board-wages. There is a crossing-sweeper in Russell Square who will wish me a happy new year till about the middle of February, and from whom I can at any time obtain a very warm benediction by the expenditure of a penny, but with this exception I feel that I am safe from the compliments of the season until another December, and am relieved by thinking that the other festivals of the Church recur unaccompanied by any formality of politeness, and that there is no precedent for my landlady wishing me "A Merry Easter and a Happy New Whitsuntide."

I am not one of the popular writers of the day, and there is a reason why I am reconciled to the absence of that distinction—I escape being invited, in the calm, sentimental autumn, when holidays are realities, and work seems more than ever the badge of a fallen state, to dash off a story (a ghost preferred), or a dream, or a poem, or a double acrostic for Christmas numbers and Christmas annuals. And as everything has been said about Christmas and the New Year that can be said, from the meaning of the word Yule and the antiquity of plum-pudding to the exact number of tons of mistletoe supplied for the London market, and the statistics of Lincolnshire geese and Norfolk turkeys; and as I have never spent Christmas Day in a weighing-machine, or a lighthouse, or a lunatic asylum, or a coal-mine, or on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, or even in a London tavern; and as I never had an interview with a ghost, and possess no family tradition of a white bird that flutters against the window-panes in a storm of wind and rain whenever the head of the family is going to die; and cannot speak from personal experience of the domestic habits of fairies; and was never in a baronial hall in my life, except under charge of a housekeeper, to whom I had to pay a fee; and do not even know what joint or joints a baron of beef represents; and did not become engaged to my wife in consequence of a chance encounter under the Druidical parasite in an old-fashioned country-house in Nottinghamshire; and have never been reconciled to a rich but unreasonable uncle, softened by boiled turkey, plum-pudding with blue lights, and respectable port wine, in Upper Bedford Place, I feel that my contribution to the literature of the season would be thin and vapid, and am content to be obscure and unsought, the question of compensation always excepted.

I can imagine that there are those who really find their Christmas merry, and commence their New Year happy. MANSFIELD WOODHOUSE, who, towards the close of the third week in December, received a letter from a highly respectable firm of country solicitors, announcing a legacy of ten thousand pounds left him by an elderly gentleman, a stranger in blood, whom he had once helped through a crowd at a contested election; NORTON DISNEY, who arrived with his beautiful bride from a foreign tour of long duration, on Christmas Eve, at the family mansion, built in the Jacobean style in a well-timbered park, amid the greetings of an hereditary and punctual tenantry; my capital City friend, KINGSTON HULL, who made, about a fortnight ago, that lucky speculation in linseed, by which he cleared

more money than I shall amass all my life long; the young lady, the bright new *Starr* in the horizon of Art, who won the Academy gold medal for the best historical painting—the only one of her sex who has so triumphed since SIR JOSHUA first took snuff in the Presidential chair; HOLME PIERREFONT, who finished the last chapter of his trivolumed novel, and brought the fortunes of *Godfrey Sutton* and *Gwen Ashburnham* to a successful and hyemeneal termination, as the Waits for the last time were waking up the better half of Captain Coram Street—the most exquisite music HOLME thought he had ever heard; CLEFFE SHARP, who, not a month since, made another loud hit with his "Upper Ten" Waltz and "Abyssinian" Galop;—these, and a few other exceptional beings, can, I believe, give and take the customary compliments with cordial sincerity, and brave the horrors of an English Christmas with cheerful fortitude. But—but I will avoid any appearance of cynicism (convivial parties to track this word to its source), on an evening when the nine o'clock post has brought me something very agreeable, particularly as I have this moment said farewell to the whole of the Christmas bevy, whose voices I can now hear dying away in the distance; for, as CICERO said to the junior PLINY when they were supping together at the *Three Taverns*, a celebrated restaurant of antiquity, being three single public-houses rolled into one, and LYDIA, who was waiting, told them the news of NERO's death that evening, from a surfeit of stewed lampreys and mulled metheglin, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*." So, as the "Wheel of Life" has fairly rolled into the New Year, I will set down one or two thoughts on 1868, in part suggested by the revolutions of a lively instrument, which amused me to-night as much as it did CYRIL and DICK, ALICE and FAN, and a great many more.

Will the Conservative droll again jump clean through the Liberal balloon? Will the accomplished acrobat take another leap? Shall we see strange tricks and transformations, wonderful surprises and combinations? Will there be anything to match the performance of Tory Ministers carrying a Radical Reform Bill to the steps of the Throne? Perhaps the College of Physicians will announce their adhesion to homeopathy, or the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will turn pirates, and destroy all their Lights and Beacons or the two Houses of Convocation will sanction the practice of Mormonism by the stipendiary clergy. Perhaps MR. BRIGHT will attend Her Majesty's Levee in a new Court suit, or MR. WHALLEY become a convert to the Romish faith, or DR. FUSEY place himself at the head of Positivism in England. Perhaps we may see the formation of a *Happy Family* Ministry, with ARGYLL, and BRIGHT, and CAIRNS, and CRANBORNE, and STANLEY, and LOWE, and MILL, and PALMER, and BRUCE, and FORSTER, and STANSFELD, and GRANT DUFF, and RAWLINSON, and all the best men, with GLADSTONE as Captain, manning the good old ship *Britannia* for another long and prosperous voyage.

But I must remember that mine is only a crow-quill. Certain events are sure to happen before the wassail bowl is sent round again. About the middle of February we shall be told that more Valentines have passed through the General Post-office than in any previous year since the invention of Love and Penny Postage, and the exact tonnage of those inflammatory documents will probably be calculated. Several new singers will be brought out at the Opera, the majority of whom will not prove dangerous rivals to PATTI, or LUCCA, or GARDONI, and a new Opera may be expected the last five nights of the season. There will be an exhibition of a musical salmon, or a mermaid who can paint in water-colours. In July the Wimbledon Meeting will be a greater hit than ever. About August the newspapers will insert letters on some popular grievance or popular whim, the deleterious character of London sausage, or the superiority of horse-flesh over the ordinary sorts of animal food. As Winter approaches, that is to say about the end of Summer, Illustrated Books will be announced for Christmas, and Specimen Plates appear in shop windows, CRABBE'S *Seasons*, or POPE'S *Ancient Mariner*, or GAY'S *Elegy in a Country Workhouse*. Later on there will be the usual signs of an unusually severe winter, the hedges bright with unlimited hips and haws, and flocks of wild geese flying over the Mansion House. An infallible cure will be discovered for sea-sickness, several new methods of swindling will amuse the Town, a fresh man will be found for the *Letters of Junius*—TOM PAINE, or "Old Q"—a priceless Titian will turn up in Houndsditch, ladies will discontinue wearing bonnets, the Master of the Buckhounds will be made Secretary for the Colonies, and the President of the Poor Law Board go out to India as Governor-General, the streets of London will remain as dangerous and dirty as ever, several persons will die at the age of 100 or upwards, one of whom knew a man who knew another man, who knew a third man, who knew one of the men who smothered the young Princes in the Tower, Mr. *Punch* will hold his usual Darbars, and immortality is attainable by anybody who succeeds in devising a new set of figures for the Quadrille, a feat only inferior to the taking of the Quadrilateral.

REASON FOR POST-OFFICE BLUNDERS IN NON-DELIVERY. — *Littera scripta manent.*



PROBABLY THE NEXT ABSURDITY
IN LADIES' WINTER COSTUMES.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XII.—MY PORTABLE FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

"Now, I tell you what you should have for travelling in this weather," says my Portable Friend; and therewith he takes up what appears to be a sort of travelling-cap, not unlike the smuggler's pattern in a melodrama.

"A travelling-cap," I say.

"Yes," he answers, "that's one use of it; but you'd find it a little heavy for that, until you're accustomed to it. But you fill it with air, and round the sides there's a lining of india-rubber, so that the hot water won't come through."

"Hot water?" I exclaim.

"Yes," he returns, apparently astonished at my interruption. "When blown out it serves as a foot-warmer, don't you see? That's a new dodge, isn't it?"

I suggest that what between its being a travelling-cap and a foot-warmer one wouldn't know whether one was standing on one's head or one's heels.

He doesn't like joking on his favourite subjects, and says, seriously, that if I don't want his advice he'll talk about something else.

I assure him that I do want his advice, and tell him that the joke was GRICE's, not mine; I had heard him say something of the sort once, but I forget the occasion.

"Well," he goes on, still with this cap in his hand, "you want a portable bath: blow it out more and more, there you are!"

He produces a small pair of bellows, and, true enough, in less than five minutes, "There," as he says, "we are."

"So far there's nothing particularly dodgy about it," he goes on. "But now comes the triumph of art. By merely removing this screw it becomes at once a waterproof coat, thus—"

He does something with a screw, and such a waterproof coat ensues! You'd be hooted in any capital in the world. I don't say this, but smile, and remark that it is very ingenious, as indeed it is, but that's all.

MORIARTY'S MILK FOR BABES.

SURE, one chief of the Romanist party
Has behaved like a gentleman—very;
The good Doctor, by name MORIARTY,
Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry,
He addresses his own priests, indeed,
But appears to be talking at others
Who have not the instruction they need
From his tacit episcopal brothers.

Information he gives them, which news
Would be reckoned amongst us by few men,
And by none who did ever peruse
Romish treatise for young catechumen.
In his letter he speaks, to their shame,
Simple truths of religion and reason,
Saying "Martyrdom isn't the name
Fit to give death for murder and treason.

"For a criminal's soul, beyond doubt,
'Tis in private all right to say masses;
But the State with your prayers to flout,
You're no better than Catholic asses.
Not in triumph should requiems be sung
For the men to whom justice was meted.
If the deeds for which those men were hung
Were good deeds, they'd be rightly repeated.

"Who can be, than all those who complain
Of political hanging, absurder,
All the while when they will not abstain
From committing political murder?
They should shoot not who wish not to swing,
Keep their hands clean from assassination—
Due concession a short time will bring,
In these days, to all just agitation."

Milk for babes above all things is good,
When as yet they can live but by suction;
Donkey's milk, as it were, is the food
For grown men who want children's instruction,
And such food MORIARTY supplies
To the priests who've to feed lay believers.
He, the mitred purveyor, is wise;
But how much otherwise the receivers!

"Then," says he, "say you're in Norway, and want to cross a swollen torrent—"

"Good Gracious!" I exclaim, involuntarily. "You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," says he, triumphantly. "The lower part comes out thus (he takes it out); these separate pieces of wood join together like a fishing-rod—"

"Yes," I say, breathless with interest; for it's better than any trick change in a pantomime.

"Yes," he continues; "you fix it in this screw-hole, and there you are at once, mast, sail, and boat. Then you cross the swollen torrent."

"In Norway?" I say, meditatively.

"In Norway," he answers, affirmatively.

"But," I say, "I'm going to Paris, and perhaps to Zurich."

"Equally useful," he replies. "Travelling-cap, boat, waterproof coat, hot-water bottle, and sponge-bath, all in one: what can you want more?"

"True," I admit, "I don't think any one could want any more."

"I'm not quite sure if you couldn't use it as a portmanteau."

Being prepared for anything, I ask, How?

"Well," he says, scrutinising it carefully, "a false bottom would do it. And then" (here he lights up as with the fire of inspiration) "by Jove, it might be a bed; or, if you could only carry a set of wheels, all inside one, it would make a car. I'll call it the Wheels-within-wheels, and take out a patent."

He is quite excited. The excitement is contagious. I actually find myself assisting him to invent some additional advantages for what was originally a travelling-cap, with a (so to speak) foot-warmer to follow.

It doesn't take us ten minutes to turn it (in theory) into a piano, then to carry inside table and chairs, and finally, as far as I can follow the intricacies of the invention, the entire furniture of a bed-room.

"Look!" says my Portable Friend, enthusiastically; "There you are independent of any one! You don't care what sort of a room you get. Top story, attic, no furniture, out you come with your wheels-within-wheels-travelling-cap" (he has already adopted the name) "there's the bed, out comes a screw; there's a wheel, take out the spokes, there are the legs of your table, cover the top with this part (the sail) there's the top of the table, let out the water from the bottle sides into

the centre, take your bath, empty it, blow out the other side,—small piano—sit down—play a tune—it refreshes you—play another—you're tired of that—exhaust the air, and set it up as a bed; then go to sleep. When once the thing's in working order, you'd be independent of everything and everybody, which is after all the great point in travelling."

I think if it could be made into a free gratis railway and boat ticket real independence would be obtained.

"You ought to have one made at once," is my Portable Friend's advice to me.

I excuse myself on the ground that there won't be time, but if he'd tell me of some simple contrivance to secure a certain amount of comfort in travelling, I should be much obliged. By which I mean to hint, "Let's be practical, not portable."

BEALES AND HIS BUBBLYJOCKS.



HOUGH the QUEEN is not frightened, we are. The Bubblyjocks of the Reform League rush at us in a terrible manner, and never was a poor little boy more terrified by their name-sakes in a farm-yard than *Punch* has been by their last demonstration. We are too much astounded to write about it; but they are going to throw away Ireland, and put down the German royal family, and have a republic, and do all sorts of things. Will no good GUY FAUX blow up the Adelphi Terrace before something worse happens?

They—they—excuse our agitation, we shall be better presently, we dare

say. The Reform League Council met again after the holidays, and apparently quite sober.

The noble BEALES addressed them:—

"The CHAIRMAN said: My friends, I am happy to meet you again after the recreation of the holidays, and trust that you are prepared to encounter the labours of the present year in the same spirit of sound and sober patriotism and judgment, and inflexible firmness, in what you believe to be right, as that which has hitherto distinguished the proceedings of the Reform League."

No harm in that, you'll say. Bumptious, perhaps, but BEALES has been awful bumptious ever since SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN turned him into the cold. Well, he went on, made a very long speech, declaring that the Reform Bill must be reformed, that all its Tory clauses must be taken out, and that Irish difficulties must be adjusted "to the satisfaction of the Irish." Their Reform League has been suspended, out of compliment to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and BEALES allows that this was right. Then he made a dreadful fuss because a letter to him had been cut open somewhere. Of course, he said it was done in the Post-Office, but there was not the least proof that it had not been done for a lark by one of the League errand-lads who wanted to rile his tempestuous patron. Finally, a resolution of Deep Sympathy with Ireland was proposed.

Then the Bubblyjocks began to gobble:—

"MR. GUEDALLA said that nothing would ever satisfy the Irish people except a national Parliament sitting in College Green. (*Hear, hear!*) He hoped the League would soon help the Irish people to agitate for a repeal of the Union. They were not to be carried away by this Fenian craze, and he hoped they would pass a resolution that they would help the Irish people to agitate for a repeal of the Union, and let them wish God speed to the Parliament which would sit in College Green. (*Hear, hear!*) The Chairman spoke of 'Fenianism run mad,' but they had lately seen loyalty 'run mad.' (*Hear, hear!*) He was glad to see that a number of working men had declined to be sworn in as special constables."

An amendment breathing GUEDALLA sentiments was moved:—

"MR. MUDGE said he saw no liberty in England at all but the liberty to do as the powers like—the right to keep a lot of German cut-throats in the country."

MR. BEALES, M.A., who thinks it a hardship that he is not one of the QUEEN's little judges, immediately rebuked this brutal insolence. Did he?

"The CHAIRMAN said he would not pledge himself for or against the repeal of the Union, but he thought the addition to the resolution was out of place."

Those were MR. BEALES's sentiments. We don't blame his caution, considering the wiggling he got from his Bubblyjocks for having written something supposed to reflect on Fenianism, but we do think that he might have hinted that "German cut-throats" was a little—eh? Never

mind. Then arose the terrible MR. FINLEN, bullyer of the Home Office, and as bould a speaker as if he had served an apprenticeship to a Judge and Jury Club.

He wanted to speak, but the League did not exactly like his bouldness:—

"MR. COOPER moved that MR. FINLEN be heard.

"MR. ACLAND moved that he be not heard. On the last occasion that MR. FINLEN spoke in that room, he concluded his speech with the words, 'Success to Fenianism.' MR. FINLEN had been the greatest enemy to the League. (*No, no!* and '*Hear, hear!*') In fact, MR. FINLEN's conduct had been most prejudicial and dishonouring to the League. (*No!* and '*Hear, hear!*')"

"MR. MUDGE knew no man who had done so much for Democracy as MR. FINLEN had. (*Hear, hear!*) (*A Voice, Mr. Punch's. Such men are likely to do for it altogether.*) After some discussion the Chairman decided that MR. FINLEN was not a member of the council, but that through courtesy they would hear him.

"MR. FINLEN said he would not address any observations upon the resolution on sufferance, but he protested against the unmanly insinuations of MR. ACLAND. (*Hear, hear!*) MR. ACLAND seemed to forget the course which he (MR. FINLEN) had adopted, viz.; that he acted altogether upon his own responsibility. (*Hear, hear!*) He had taken extreme views of subjects, and had been a thorough Republican—(*cheers*)—in sympathy and persuasion for many years past."

These loyal gentlemen, having cheered the Republican, passed the sympathy resolution, minus GUEDALLA's tag, and then got up the great ODGER. This is the tremendous shoemaker who threw MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT into such terror by announcing his disapproval of their conduct. He now removes the QUEEN from Ireland, unless the Irish should happen to wish to retain her:

"MR. ODGER then moved, and MR. HALES seconded—'That this meeting is of opinion that the Irish people should have an opportunity afforded them of voting by manhood suffrage the kind of Government which they, as an intelligent people, think wisest and best for the happiness and prosperity of their country.'"

Thereupon, there was what the reporter of the *Morning Star* (a capital and fearless reporter, by the way, who showed great spirit when the League tried to dictate to him) calls a warm discussion. At length MR. CREMER suggested a way by which we can keep Ireland. Hear it, DR. MANNING; hear it, DR. NEWMAN!—

"MR. CREMER declared his belief that the Irish people did not want liberty. It was not a question of liberty with them, but a creed, and MR. WHEALEY, M. P., was not, after all, very wrong in many of his remarks. They denounced GARIBOLDI and MAZZINI as fiends, and said they would welcome the banners of France flying upon the mountains of Ireland. It was not that the Irish hated the English because they were Saxons, but it was because they were of an opposite creed. (*Oh, oh!*) He believed that if the English came into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church—(*a laugh*)—those Irishmen would hug the chains which bound them now. (*Cheers.*) There were State and geographical reasons why he could not support the resolution, as if it were carried out Ireland might be placed in the hands of a foe to this country. (*Hear, hear!*)"

Sense in that last sentence, MR. CREMER, and we suspect that you have too much brains to be long tolerated by the Council of the League. But up and spoke the portentous MUDGE:—

"MR. MUDGE protested against the religious element being introduced into this matter. People said that the Clerkenwell outrage was a Fenian one, but he believed it was far more likely to have been a police outrage. (*Hear, hear!*) He believed it was a ruse got up to prevent the people of this country from expressing sympathy with the Irish people. (*Hear, hear!*) He believed that the ultimate object of the Government was to stop all free expression of opinion in this country, and to put down all public meetings. (*Hear, hear!*) He had no doubt that, if they could, they would prevent that very meeting of the council."

We should have been very sorry if they had. For what the Clerkenwell outrage has done for Fenianism this meeting, we suspect, has done for the League. It may be interesting to know that further discussion was postponed, and that HER MAJESTY cannot be informed, for some time, whether she is to be allowed by BEALES and his Bubblyjocks to retain Ireland.

The Apocrypha has a text which may be cited without irreverence. BEL (supposed to be the original of BEALES) and a sham Dragon, burst. "And DANIEL said unto the People, These be the Gods ye worship."

The Turin Business.

Russellio. Give me thy hand, HUDSONIO. I do protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Hudsonio. It hath not appeared.

Russellio. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. [*Popular applause.*]

A SLIPPERY SPECULATION.

SKATES have proved a good investment to purchasers, who, having laid them in last summer, realised their advantages during the late severe weather, although including many who have suffered as operators for the fall.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

"A CITY Clerk and a Naturalist" asks whether there is not a bird called the *Ditto Ditto*. Is he not thinking of our old acquaintance, the Do-do?



AWKWARD !

FLITHERS SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND THE FIRST DAY, ON THE LADIES LEAVING THE TABLE AFTER DINNER, HE JUMPS UP, AND OPENS THE WRONG DOOR!!

LAME DUCKS.

MR. PUNCH—DEAR SIR,

THOUGH a very young man, I would, from feelings of humanity, raise a warning voice against a system of gaming, which is no less pernicious than polite. Don't let me be mis-understood. So far as "book-making" is concerned, my mind is a perfect blank. No man, I believe, who can write a book ever makes one. My speculations have been simple, my winnings, as I find on reference to my tablets, during the past season are as follows, viz. :—

- 10 Pairs of Paris gloves.
- 1 Perfumed Sachet.
- Seal-skin Gauntlets and Collarette.
- 1 Diamond Ring (rose-cut-gipsy set).
- TENNYSON'S *Idylls of the King*, morocco gilt.
- 20 Complete Copies of *Punch*, from the Conquest downwards.
- TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy* (half-calf).
- 3 Gold Pencil Cases.
- Box of Cigarettes.
- 1 Jar of Preserved Ginger.
- 1 lb. of Ratafias.
- 1 Ivory Fan.

There! Am not I fortune's favourite? Ought not your correspondent to feel flattered by the smiles of that whimsical arbitratix, who blindfolded at the wheel, might be taken for the twin sister of Justice on the Bench? Bear in mind in every instance where I have been a winner, I have not given, but accepted a challenge, and learn with incredulous surprise that all the challengers are my country-cousins. Girls of spirit I admit, but so imperfectly educated in the ethics of Tattersall's as to exhibit an ignorance of turf obligations, which to my moral sense is positively startling. *They have lost, but they don't pay.* And what makes it still more painful is not merely the gay tone of indifference in which these defaulters refer to their debts of honour; but the absence of those roseate tints which are the legacy of departed innocence, and afford some slight consolation to sufferers like myself who ineffectually mourn over its remains.

Perhaps you may have observed, as I have done for some time past, when contemplating the countenance of Beauty, that the crimson banner which conscience adopts as her peculiar signal of danger is now rarely exhibited, and when displayed, is far more fugitive than formerly. Speaking for myself, long after I arrived at man's estate, I turned scarlet when accused, whether justly or not, of revoking at short whist, while the cousins aforesaid have been detected in offences equally heinous, and remained as passionless and pale as marble.

In conclusion, I would ask—as a man and a brother—are these irresponsible "persons" qualified to sit in a representative chamber—to revise our codes and digest our statutes? Can legislative functions be safely vested in "lame ducks," and should not all who answer to that description be required to discharge their honourable obligations, before they bring in their bills?

JUSTINIAN.

Albany.

From a Standard Author.

THE tradesmen who give insufficient weight are not likely to be students of BEN JONSON, or, as they chuckle over small fines and great profits, they might turn to him, and find that he says (ironically, of course),

"And in short measures life may perfect be."

Juvenile Intelligence.

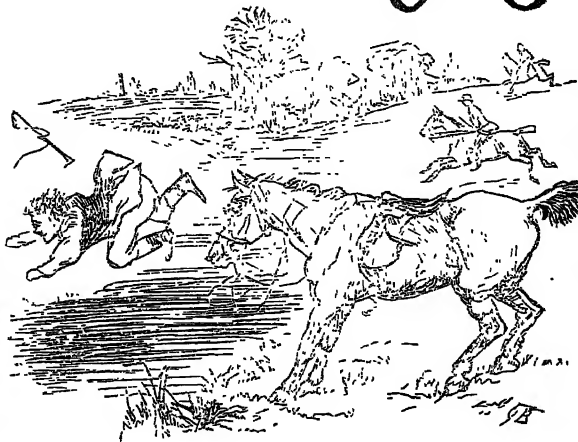
AN Association has been formed by a number of small boys, home for the holidays, for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform. In accordance with their enlarged views on that subject, it is their determined intention to compel gingerbread-bakers to concede Reform in *parliament*.

SHORT AND SWEET.

The Periodical Meteors. What are these? Magazines that make a flash for a time or two, and then suddenly disappear?

"A HORSE! GIVE ME ANOTHER HORSE!"

M



Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As it seems all the rage at present to give what I call Horseman-feeds, I and two or three other fellows have determined to get one up in better style than is usually attempted. We have rescued a venerable cab-horse (*dun* of course) from the knacker's, and named KNAGG Chairman, because of his name; it seems so suitable, don't it? Well, you see, that's just what we mean it to be, symbolical, illustrative, and that sort of thing. I just want you, dear Mr. Punch, to cast your appreciative eye over a rough sketch of a kind of Programme KNAGG and I have been making out, and tell us what you think of it. I think it don't sound bad.

First place, KNAGG issues the invitations for a *feed*, next Saturday, in his dining-room—BLACK, that's another of our fellows, wanted us to call it a "sally manger;" but that's only

to show off his French, because he was at the Paris Exhibition, and we weren't. He says "A horse is far more in its place in a *manger* than in a room." I can't deny there's something in *that*. He says he'll send us a cheval-glass to decorate the sally manger. Of course he can if he likes. We mean to have a band, of course; that's to say we've got SKWEEKER to promise to come with his fiddle, and give us a tune at the proper intervals. He has composed a grand martial air expressly for the occasion, entitled "*To Horse, to Horse!*" This he will play while we seat ourselves at a horse-shoe table, spread with a fair saddle cloth.

First Course.—Saddle of horse, with capers; vegetable—grass.

Second Course.—Curried horse.

Obligato accompaniment from SKWEEKER on one string.

Issh . . . ssh . . . ssh . . . (as like a groom as he can make it.)

This we expect to be very effective, and cause so much emotion that probably no one will eat the curry. *Still hock* is now to be handed round.

Third Course.—*Entrées* of horse's trotters, and other kickshaws.

Air, "*Trab, Trab*," to which they will be sent trotting.

Salad.—Horse-radish.

Towards the close of the banquet there will be a dish of bridal cake handed round, and the *stirrup cup* will be set on the table; but before this KNAGG and I have agreed he's to ask me to sing. Of course I shall say *I'm a little hoarse*, and couldn't get through an air. KNAGG is to reply, he's not particular to a *horse hair* (good, that, isn't it?), and to press me again, and then I'm to say, "*Nay!*" We reckon on some of our guests here rising and saying something good about our *horsepitality*. We can't very well introduce that ourselves, but we shall take care to get up a horse-laugh. Well, then the stirrup-cup is to be sent round, and KNAGG, rising, will give the toast of the evening, Gentlemen, *charge* your glasses, "*The Horse, and Peace to his Mans's!*"

What do you think of it, *Punchey*? I think it'll do.

Yours, admiringly,

JOHN TROTT.

P.S. I can't help thinking something good might be got out of *de-canter*. Canter's plain enough, but what the *d* to do with the *de*. I'm a moral man, and shouldn't wish to swear.

J. T.

MENDING OUR WAYS.

ANY Londoner who chances to be driven about Paris must be struck with the extraordinary smoothness of the streets, and must sigh for French steam-rollers when he returns to England. However, it is never too late to mend. After being bumped, and bruised, and shaken, and driven to distraction in every drive we have taken for many a year past, we are happy to see it stated that:—

"The Commission of Sewers have resolved to substitute asphalt, or gas-pitch, as a cement for the usual granite pavement of the roadway, in place of the ordinary grouting. This plan will prevent the soft bed from passing up between the stones, which will remain firm and level much longer than at present while the formation of mud will be rendered impossible."

Fancy London without mud! What a blessing to look forward to! Certainly, if gas-pitch be of service in keeping the streets clean, we hope that no time will be lost in endeavouring to bring them to such a pitch of excellence. The crossing-sweepers possibly may ask for compensation; but with the saving in our clothes, from having no more muddy streets, we could very well afford to compensate the crossing-sweepers.

'A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Old PAYNTER never neglects any opportunity for advancing Art. Every evening he has the cloth drawn.

BLACK MONDAY.

WHAT means this throng of maidens
With boxes canvas-clad,
Which porters see
Expecting fee
And wait on mothers sad?

Mammas, papas, and brothers
Beside the carriage pace,
So much they try
To check a sigh
And keep a cheerful face.

Ah! Christmas-tide is over,
The holidays are done,
Each ball-room belle
Young lady swell
Is mournful, woe-begone.

For hath not MRS. NIPSKID,
With pedagogical craft
Enclosing bill
That bitter pill
Precursor of a draft,

Sent forth an invitation
To make young ladies tremble
On such a day
She hopes she may
See young friends re-assemble?

The joy of many mansions,
The pride of many a home,
By road and rail,
Express and mail,
Unhappy girls they come.

When manly hearts are failing,
And mothers sit in tears,
Oh! hardest fate
For JANE and KATE
To combat with their fears.

The journey little comfort brings,
Such trials are in store,
They almost drop
When cabbies stop
A-front o' th' hated door.

How kind the Dowager appears
Till the first night's expired,
"The journey's long,
You are not strong,
I'm sure you must be tired.

"Your holidays you have enjoyed,
Your friends are well, I trust;
Now come with me
And have some tea,
Be hungry 'deed you must."

Some five-and-twenty perhaps sit down
Around the smoking toast:
A sorry sight,
No appetite
That any one can boast.

Teetotallers may prattle;
It's very plain to see,
The cup which cheers
These doleful dears,
Is *not* the cup of tea.

When left alone the old ones seem
A little more resigned;
The new girls meek,
Afraid to speak,
But little comfort find.

Now Night, the old Confessor, comes
To listen to their woes:
What tears are shed,
When they're in bed,
He never will disclose.

AN OLD REVOLVER.—The Earth.



SHOWING WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT THE HOLES IN THE RAILWAY CARRIAGES ARE, PARTICULARLY DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

ALL THE WORLD A CRAB.

THERE is an operation
On 'Change called Backwardation.
To human civilisation
That word doth well apply ;
Alas ! we sadly sigh
In better days, gone by,
The world was onwards speeding ;
'Tis now as fast receding.
The news is heavy reading,
And doleful as 'tis dry.
Whilst rumours fly alarming,
The nations go on arming,
The means each other of harming
Is now their chiefest care.
For bloodshed all prepare,
And warn us to beware ;
Though there's small cause to mention,
In Europe, for dissension,
No big bone of contention :
They'd soon fight if there were.
America, confounded,
Into a smash self-pounded,
We look upon astounded ;
And here we are at home,
With parsons aping Rome,
Each Ritualist coxcomb ;
Strikes, in, and out, of season,
Mob meetings without reason,
And frantic Fenian treason,
From o'er Atlantic foam.
Then business from depression
Is making small progression ;
In general retrocession
Our part we have to bear,
But still, as yet, our share,
When cases we compare,
Of troubles and of labours
Is smaller than our neighbours'
On bayonets and sabres
No cost, no lives, who spare.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—A Judge in Court.

A CRY FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

MY DEAR LORD DERBY,

As first Lord of the Treasury and the Premier of England, you have probably a fair amount of work upon your hands, and it is probably as much as ever you can do to look into your *Punch*. However, taking it for granted you do not neglect this duty, I wish to ask you privately what you mean to do for the poor clerks in the Customs, who have appealed to me to get them an increase of their salaries? They tell me that so far back as last March they had the honour to memorialise your Lordships of the Treasury, [with the object of convincing you that they were sadly underpaid; but then, of course, you were too busy with reforming the Commons to pay heed to reforming the poor pay of the Customs. So they repeated their memorial on the 13th of December, doubtless hoping that your Lordships would, with seasonable benevolence, have given them a Christmas-box to help to pay their Christmas bills. My good friend SIR THOMAS FREMANTLE, the Chairman of their Board, would doubtless willingly have joined with me in backing their request had there been any prospect that by doing so he would have profited himself. But SIR THOMAS has a salary of £2000 a year, and I fear could hardly furnish you with grounds for its increase.

With Abyssinia and Ireland and some other things to think of, you may not find the time to think of helping these poor clerks, although I make no doubt you would be glad enough to do so. A Conservative just now is pretty certain to be liberal, and Lancashire well knows you have a big bump of benevolence. Among their various grievances the principal are these :—

"The Customs Department, though one of the most important branches of the Civil Service, collecting upwards of £22,000,000 annually, and furnishing commercial statistics of great value, is the worst paid of the Revenue and other large Government Departments.

"The examination for admission to the Customs Service is identical with that of the Inland Revenue; the members of both departments are drawn from the same class in society, derive their appointments from the same source, and are engaged in the performance of duties of a very similar character; yet the average salary of clerks in the latter department is forty-two per cent. superior to that of clerks in the former."

My good old friend SIR THOMAS has, himself, no grounds for grumbling, for he pockets the same salary as the Chairman who pre-

sides over the Board of Inland Revenue, whose clerks, upon the average, get £235 a year, while the poor Clerks of the Customs are paid upon the average £70 per annum less. Why, if the Boards are paid alike, the clerks' pay should be different, is a riddle which your Lordship perhaps will beg their Lordships of the Treasury to solve, and the best thing they could do would be to say, "We give it up;" and then, by making the pay equal, prevent the question being put to them again.

Another fair cause for a grumble on the part of the poor clerks, who help to pay into the Treasury some two-and-twenty millions sterling every year, is that :—

"While the salaries of clerks in many branches of the Civil Service have of late years been considerably increased, those of clerks in the Customs have remained nearly unchanged, notwithstanding that the educational standard of qualification has been materially raised, and that the difficulty in obtaining admission into the service has been greatly increased by competitive examinations."

Men with a large income, like you and me, my Lord, of course have small occasion to trouble our fine minds by thoughts about the price of bread, and beef and mutton, and other things which poor folk call the "necessaries of life." But a newspaper informs me, in an article which advocates the cause of the poor clerks, that :—

"All the necessaries of life have risen from twenty to twenty-five per cent. within the last seventeen years; but the salaries paid to the officials in the Custom House are almost exactly as they were seventeen years ago. In some respects the prospects of the senior clerks are positively worse."

Surely, then, your Lordship will agree with me in thinking that JOHN BULL, in common justice, ought to give his Customs' clerks an increase of their salaries, to balance the augmented cost of bread and meat. Honesty in such matters is clearly the best policy, for servants who are badly paid are rarely zealous in good work. Men who have the charge of collecting twenty millions every year for Mr. BULL should not be stinted in their salaries, but encouraged by good pay to do the best for him they can. Let a liberal per-centage be added to the income of the poor clerks in the Customs, and, depend on it, the income Mr. BULL gets from the Customs will also be increased. So well-to-do a gentleman should really feel ashamed to be a stingy skin-flint in the payment of his servants; and, as his best adviser, I would beg him in this matter to listen to the voice of justice and of wisdom, as uttered to your Lordship, by your Lordship's servant,

JOHN BULL.



COMMON PRUDENCE.

Snob. "OH, LET'S GET OUT O' THIS MOB, 'ARRY; THEY'LL THINK WE'RE A GOIN' TO CHURCH!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XIII—MY REGRETFUL FRIEND.—A GROUP, "MY COMMISSIONERS."—AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

In turning over the leaves of this Photographic Book, the portrait of my Regretful Friend may strike your eye.

He is the man who is always wishing he hadn't done it, whatever it is.

He regretted having had his likeness taken; having given me this one instead of another; and, as he had parted with it, regretted generally the art of Photography, which had, so to speak, imposed on his trusting nature.

I meet him on my way home from my Portable Friend's. I tell him that I am off for a holiday. He is delighted. "Where?" He should so much like to go.

Being without a companion, and liking WINIAMS, I say, "Come." I describe to him the pleasures of travelling, omitting the sea-voyage. He thinks it an excellent idea. When am I going? he wants to know. "To-morrow morning." Can I make it to-morrow evening? he inquires. For the sake of his company. "Yes," I answer, "decidedly."

"Ah!" he sighs, "I'm very sorry I can't come. I wish I could. If it had been the week before last—"

"No time," I put in, "like the present." A weak observation at the best, and not at all calculated to decide an irresolute man. He points out that there have been many times very like the present; the week before last, for instance, which was so like that it might have been mistaken for it. He regrets not having met me yesterday night: if we'd only met *then*, it would have been all settled. He regrets meeting TUMPSON then instead of me: he explains that this is his peculiar luck.

Finding him so melancholy, I wish him good-bye. He is still so full of regrets, that I am sure there is a chance of his coming. "Will it do," he asks, "if he follows me in a couple of days?"

"Capital," I answer.

He brightens up. "He will, certainly: I may depend upon him." I don't depend upon him in the least, but wish him good-bye, heartily.

I know that within half-an-hour afterwards, or certainly after dinner that evening, he is regretting having even committed himself to so much of a promise.

I'll wait for no one any longer for my holiday.

Having settled (as before explained) my little affairs with *THERESA* and family amicably, I call in, there, to say good-bye.

The Family are at home. All. I say I am going to Zurich, but shall take Paris and Brussels on the way, or return by them. They are all enthusiastic, and it appears that I am about to do something very clever. Perhaps this display of freedom of action before *THERESA* and the Young Officer in the Engineers, who is, metaphorically, tied by the leg, is somewhat galling. Aha! *ainsi soit-il*, as our lively neighbours say in church. Talking of lively neighbours, I ask in a burst of good-nature, Can I be of any use to them in Paris? To *them*, collectively! I saw the pitfall in a minute.

Had I been my Regretful Friend, I could not have been sorrier for the *lapsus*.

They begin, of course, by saying, "No, thank you;" they are much obliged to me all the same.

Whereupon I am bound in courtesy to press my point. "Are they sure, because if I *can* be of any service, &c., &c., they've only to name it, and—&c., &c."

"By Jove, old fellow," cries the Young Artillery Officer, suddenly. "I wish you'd go to *TIRALLER's* for me, will you?"

Will I? I hadn't included him, confound him; but, "Of course I will, with pleasure; only," I add, smiling, "he must tell me exactly where *What's-his-name's* is." I call *TIRALLER's* "*What's-his-name's*" advisedly, to show him how careless I am about names, and how unlikely it is he'll get his commission properly executed at my hands; "also, exactly what you want,"—*exactly* sounds formidable; "and I'll do my best."

"Thanks," he returns, heartily, "I'll write it down."

While the ingenious creature is doing this, the High Church Sister of Mercy asks me if I won't mind kindly going to a small shop near St. Genéviève's, where they sell embroidered prints of a religious character; she wants some for her schools; also what she calls two small chaplets for children, and if I see any inexpensive but effective articles of a devotional character, small candlesticks, for instance (such a frown from old *CHERTON*), "will I get them for her? And oh, if I please, some

painted tapers, and very very small censers." She, too, will write these articles down for me.

MRS. CHERTTON just hints that if I do see anything in the way of reasonable fur cloaks and wrappers, not to trouble myself about buying them there and then, but to write a line to her as to the price.

I make a note of this, and the Artillery Officer gives me his instructions. Two seven-chambered revolvers, pea-bullet size for drawing-room use; a telescope rifle, with cleaner, powder-flask, and everything to match, on the three-times-a-second principle. He adds, that he doesn't know exactly what the price will be, but if I'll kindly settle, he'll square up with me on my return; as if that was a noble and generous action on his part.

I rise to go; I remind myself of the merchant in *Beauty and the Beast* who takes his daughter's commissions.

Beauty, I mean SOPHIA TERESA, comes up last. May she trust me, she says, winningly, to pick her out the newest shape in bonnets?

"In for a penny, in for a pound:" in for devotional candlesticks and three-times-a-second loading revolvers, and in for a bonnet or two, more or less.

I will. Good-bye, all round.

"Oh!" says the eldest daughter married, suddenly recalling a fact; "you'll be there (meaning in Paris), on *le jour de l'an*, the first day of the year."

"I think I shall be," I say; "why?"

"Oh!" she returns, "I shall be so much obliged if you'll go to that shop on the Boulevard des Italiens—the great shop you know, and get me a lot of bonbons for the children: you can't get anything like them in England."

The little boy of twelve is there. By instinct he cries out, "And pop-guns."

I promise pop-guns and bonbons, and begin to think I'd better start with a train like *Blue Beard* used to appear with at Covent Garden, of elephants and camels carrying treasure-boxes as presents for his numerous friends.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" all most heartily.

"I won't forget, will I?" "Oh, no." "It's not too much trouble, is it?" "Not a bit." Of course, delighted.

Old CHERTTON, who has some sense in his head, grasps me warmly by the hand, and says, "My dear fellow, it's too bad of the ladies to bother you in this way."

He is right; but naturally I say, "Oh, dear me, not at all," and "Don't mention it."

Still holding my hand, he says, kindly, "You know Paris well, no doubt?" I see that he is going to give me some paternal advice as to my conduct in that gay metropolis, so I at once tell him (with not perhaps an exact regard for truth, but a great one for expediency), that "I know it almost as well as I know London; and shan't go," I add, smiling knowingly, "very wrong there."

It's just what I oughtn't to have said.

"Then," says he, "what I want you to do won't give you any trouble?"

"Not in the least. What is it?"

"Merely to go to the Private Bureau of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest* (it's on the right-hand side—any porter will tell you—of the Rue d'Amsterdam), and just see the head *employé* (he's there nearly all day), and ask him for the number of the Bordereaux makers, near either the Sainte-Chapelle, or in the direction of the site of the Exposition, in the Champ de Mars. And if you would, in the course of your walks, just look in there—TAPLIN's the fellow's name, I think—and ask when the deuce he's going to finish that leather case for fishing-tackle, same size as for bank-notes and coupons, that I ordered nearly two years ago."

This is old CHERTTON's last request. One sensible thing he does add, which is, that if it bothers me very much, I needn't do it.

Once more, "Good-bye." They continue thanking me over and over again, as if I'd brought all the things back. I tear myself away.

I'd half a mind to ask them for the money for these things. When I get them, how on earth shall I ever pass the Custom-House?

I dine hurriedly with my Regretful Friend, who is wishing he was going (there's nothing to prevent him), and keeps on envying me up to the last. "Then," says he, "if I'd only have packed I'd have come with you."

A late train to Dover. I am rather late even for the late train. The Guard silly wants to know, "Do I want to smoke?" Why is it you always do want to smoke in a train? Why is it that nothing will content the traveller (specially the younger traveller) but a carriage to himself?

"Only one gentleman in, Sir: he's going to have a smoke, too, Sir." One shilling to the Guard not to tell the Company. It is very cold. I don't mind one other gentleman, too, specially if he's going to have a smoke.

The other gentleman is covered with furs and rugs, like an enormous Polar bear. I can't see his face, but this is The Gentleman who is going to have a smoke. There are no signs of the smoke at present,

but he must soon, with naturally generated heat, if he continues enveloped as closely as this.

I light up. I should like, I think, as I open my evening paper, to have a photograph in my book of that creature as he is: name, underneath, "The Gentleman who is going to have a smoke."

I have hardly puffed two puffs when there is a low growl from his corner. I look round; I can't be mistaken; from his corner, undoubtedly. No, he's perfectly still.

I whiff again, trying to read the evening paper.

A lower and a more savage growl.

Not a dog in with the gentleman who is going to have a smoke? No. I hate a row; and before I take the initiative in a case of this sort, I always find it advisable to think once or twice, and reason the matter out thus: "We both having paid, have an equal right to be here. True. I gave the Guard a shilling for the privilege of smoking: why shouldn't he have paid a shilling, or even more, for the privilege of growling. I don't know. Again, smoking is against the regulations: growling isn't. So far, in an argument he would get the best of it. Only, I've been admitted here under false pretences; the Guard ought to have told me that this was not 'the gentleman who was going to have a smoke,' but 'the gentleman who was going to have a growl.'"

What shall I do?

He is—yes, he is rising from his seat gradually: an invalid. I can't see his face. His cape and overwrapper are a perfect bear's skin, with head and paws complete.

Good gracious! has he lost anything under the seat that he descends suddenly on all fours, exactly like a bear?

Where's my umbrella, or tobacco-stopper, or—

"Sir!" I exclaim. "I really—"

I don't know what to do; strike him?

He suddenly rises with a tremendous roar.

I jump up, on the defensive.

The bear-skin drops off.

"Hallo, Cocky! Oh, ain't you in a jolly funk!"

That voice!—My Funny Friend!!! GRRG!!! Bound for Paris!! Oh, dear!

ON A SEASONABLE LETTER.

BY A VICTIM.

HERE it is here—the birth of the year,

And with it my tailor's letter.

If he'd spared his penny, nor sent me any,

For himself he had done much better.

Oh, foolish man, skin a flint who can,

Who shall bleed a stone, I pray you?

With the cash I sank in the Agra Bank

I might very freely pay you.

The fall of stock was an awkward shock,

Most blue looked my bland attorney;

For a precious lot went to hopeless pot

When OVEREND failed (with GURNEY.)

To Egyptian Trade then I turned for aid,

And in WASHOE's Mine I rested;

But they came to grief, or some swindling thief

Ran off with the sums invested.

"You want your due." I've no doubt you do,

And I wish I may live to see it;

But I'm up a tree you may plainly see.

If it must be so—so be it!

That life is brief is some slight relief,

As your bill my last pipe kindles;

And my Snip, my Snip, we'll at least agree,

We hate their shams and their swindles.

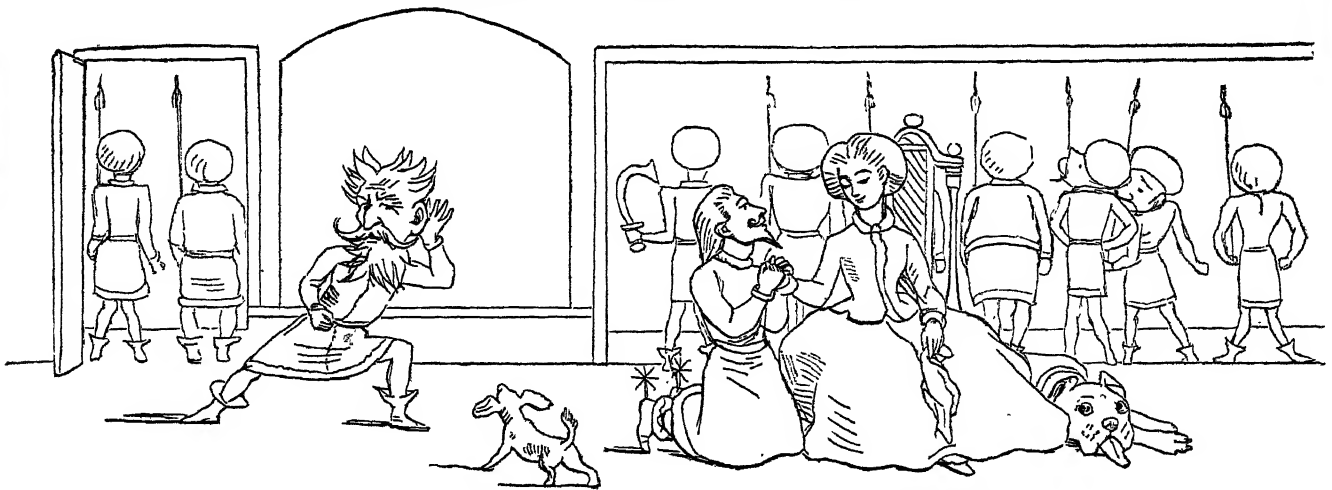
The Complete Letter-Writer.

PUFF preliminary announces that EARL RUSSELL is going, next month, to write a letter (of course) On the State of Ireland. We thought Ireland was not a state, but a kingdom. Clearly, the Earl knows no more about it than he did about Abyssinia or Education, and we have sent him, by book-post, the Geography used in the Irish schools. It is an excellent work, and we will trouble him for the eightpence (trade price) and the postage.

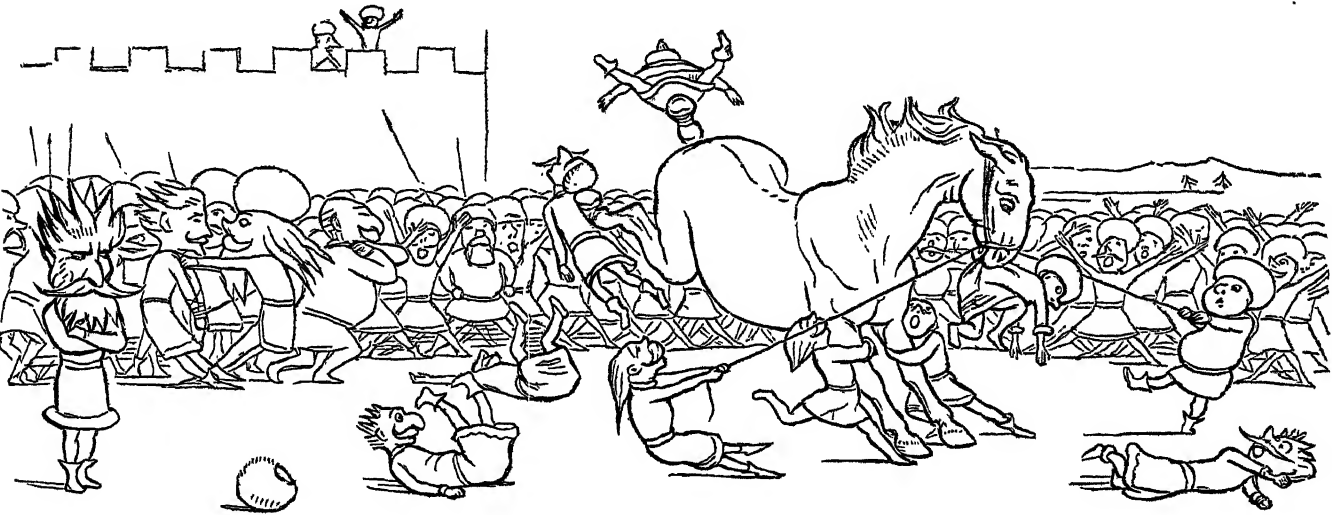
NO FICTION.

THE other day a great disappointment befel LAURA DASHLEIGH. She sent to her Circulating Library for the *Secret of Hegel*, thinking it was a sensational novel. She took it anything but philosophically.

MAZEPPA.—PART THE FIRST.



SCENE I.—THE HALL OF THE CASTLE. MAZEPPA AND OLINSKA ARE SURPRISED IN A TÊTE-À-TÊTE BY THE JEALOUS COUNT AND HIS ATTENDANTS.



SCENE II.—COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE. AFTER SOME SLIGHT RESTIVENESS ON THE PART OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, MAZEPPA IS BOUND UPON IT, AND AWAY THEY GO.



SCENE III.—A DARK AND DREARY FOREST. TIME: SUNSET. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE PURSUED BY WOLVES AND BIRDS OF PREY.



Nurse. "PERHAPS, MA'AM, YOU'D LIKE TO COME AND SMOOTH YOUR HAIR IN MY MISTRESS'S ROOM?"

Little Innocent. "OH NO; DO STAY HERE!—AT LEAST, IF YOU DON'T MIND TAKING OFF YOUR HAIR BEFORE ME."

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

LET cynics scoff and worldlings sneer,
And cold aristocrats condemn;
Their censure weighed not in her ear,
Her counsel was not ta'en with them.

A wiser, womanlier thought
Whispered within her woman's heart:—
"They that my solace would have wrought,
They in my grief shall have their part.

"The love I mourn, for whom I go
In mourning, ever, to the end,
What England lost in him they know,
How sure a guide, how firm a friend;

"But what the loss the wife, and Queen,
Had in that nature, pure and sweet,
That judgment, steady and serene,
That counsel swift all needs to meet,

"That light of joy within the home,
That fount of peace beside the hearth,
That gravity, which ne'er was gloom,
That glee as pure as maiden's mirth—

"All this my people cannot know,
All this I only can make known,
That they may gauge the joy and woe
I knew with him, now know alone.

"So my past life, my walks and ways,
The wife's and mother's, not the Queen's,
My treasured tale of happier days,
My record of love-hallowed scenes,

"I'll open to my people's eyes,
And therein bid them take their part,
That they may weigh the weight that lies
On my lone life and widowed heart.

"Till feeling what my joy has been,
They feel how vast my grief must be:
And, when my treasure they have seen,
May measure what its loss to me."

What Queen like this was ever known,
To take her people to her heart?
When was Queen's household-life so shown
With modest truth and artless art?

The Royal Widow has done well
Thus on her people's love to call,
Her simple wifely tale to tell,
And trust her joys and griefs to all.

Ne'er since VICTORIA felt the Crown
A weight upon her girlish brow,
Have Heaven's best blessings been called down
About her path, as they are now.

A Model Uncle.

A SMART Pawnbroker that, at Ratcliff, who was nevertheless too smart and came to smarting. He takes a poor woman's clock in pawn. Yes, that is his lawful business. But it was not his lawful business, but his unlawful pleasure, to divide the clock into three parts—face, weights, and pendulum, and issue three tickets, for each of which he charged, and each of which bore interest. The Magistrate told him so, and by way of impressing the fact on his memory, fined him heavily. Thus poor wives are cheated, while their husbands go gaping after POTTER and BEALES.



OUR AUSTRALIAN COUSIN.

PRINCE ALFRED. "WELL, MISS AUSTRALIA, I KNEW YOU WERE A *GREAT* GIRL, BUT I'D NO IDEA YOU WERE SO BEAUTIFUL."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



N Another Evening, some way from home. *Au Bal de l'Opéra, Paris. Ascending the stair-case to the foyer.*

Anatole. Du monde ici, n'est-ce pas ?

Ernest (silly). Et sa femme ? *(Elbows a Domino, accidentally.)* Parrr-don, ma petite chatte.

Indignant (?) Domino. Ne me touchez pas, M'sieu ! *(In an audible aside.)* Prenez garde ; v'la, mon ami.

Ernest (mechanically). Mais, . . . après ? . . . Trois heures à la porte d'entrée, n'est-ce pas ?

Domino. Bien entendu. *(Is saluted by son ami.)* Ah ! *[Utters a little scream of pretended surprise, and carries him off, looking back once at ERNEST.]*

English Visitor (who has heard so much of this Bal). It's very hot. *(To his Friend.)* Where does the fun go on ? *(In a disappointed tone.)* I thought it was a regular Carnival.

English Habitué (nodding to Friends). Mon cher, see this once *(nods to more Friends)* and it's always the same. *(Nods again.)* You ought to know a lot of people here. *(Recognises and nods to male Friends.)*

English Friend (who knows nobody, feels the truth of the remark). Yes. *(Sees a French Swell, with a Domino on his arm, coming up to his Friend.)* Who's this ?

[Feels he'd like to be introduced to anyone, and especially when such a pair of eyes shine from beneath the mask.]

Habitué. This ? *(Aside to him)* He's the little MARQUIS DE LONGUEPÉE : fought fifteen duels.

English Friend (feels that he'd rather not be introduced ; or if he is, that he must mind his p's and q's with the Domino). Oh ! indeed !

Marquis. Ah, mon cher ! *(Whispers in his ear.)*

Habitué. Vraiment ?

Marquis. Je l'ai vu. Tenez ! *(Takes his arm.)*

Habitué (to Friend). Excuse me a minute. I'll join you again here by the door of entry.

[Disappears with the Marquis and the Domino in the crowd. English Visitor experiences a dreadful sense of isolation, and wishes he was at home. Thinks how gay he has always heard these balls are. Expects to hear sparkling wit from the Masquers. Listens for it.]

Domino (with very light hair, to Domino brunette). V'la ces petits crevés !

Brunette Domino. Tiens ! *(Stops English isolated stranger.)* Ah ! mon bébé ! te voici !

English Visitor (trying to pump up French lightness and gaiety). Quel bonheur ! On a vous attendu tout le soirée.

Brunette. You speak English, n'est-ce pas ?

English Visitor (slightly disconcerted). Moi !—I—oui—yes.

Light Domino. Il est un Ruski.

English Visitor (catching at the word). Ruski ? bien. *(Thinks he's had enough of this wit.)* Au revoir.

Brunette Domino (giving the whole point of the interview). Nous offres-tu à souper ?

English Visitor. Nous verrons. *(Taking a leaf out of M. ERNEST'S book as recorded above.)* Trois heures à la porte d'entrée.

Both Dominos. Bien.

[They pass on to see if they can get a better engagement.]

English Visitor (to himself). Catch me.

[Thinks he'll see what the merry dancers are doing. Enters the lobby, and stands at the top of the steps leading into the Pit part.]

Superb Official (peremptorily). Il faut que vous descendez, M'sieu !

[English Visitor unwarily goes down, and subsequently finds that once among the gay masquers he cannot return, except by going all round and back again to the other side of the Foyer. Experiencia docet. He comes against a Friend.]

English Visitor (delighted). Hullo ! JENNINGS, old boy ! *[Doesn't care about "JENNINGS, old boy," at home.]*

Jennings. Ah ! you here ? *(With intense enjoyment of La Vie Parisienne Quadrille now being performed.)* Nothing like this in London, eh ?

English Visitor. No, you're right.

Jennings. I say, look there. *(They look there and are much edified).* That's over. Now let's walk round.

[Bows to a veiled Lady in a private box.]

English Visitor. Who's your friend ?

Jennings. English people. I've just been talking to the Lady and her husband. They find it awfully slow.

English Visitor (honestly). This part of the Masque is slow. No real fun. *[They re-enter the Foyer.]*

Habitué (joining them). Oh, here you are ! *(Silly, with an "Ain't-I-a-gay-dog" sort of face.)* Such an intrigue ! Do you see that Domino there ? I hear it's the PRINCESS—But I'd better not say the name. She's coming to speak to me again.

Jennings (who knows Paris). I know her. Elle est pétillante d'esprit.

Habitué (with the pride of a Don Juan). Now, look here. *(Domino approaches.)* Ma petite chère—

Dominos (haughtily). Monsieur ! *(Then abruptly.)* Allez vous en chez votre femme.

[Habitué doesn't like this remark about "sa femme," which happens to be true. The Domino passes on, and is joined by two other ladies.]

Little Domino (aside, nudging Habitué). C'est elle !

Habitué. Elle ?

Little Domino (laughing). La PRINCESSE DE STEINERWITZ, n'est-ce pas ?

Habitué (disgusted, to his Friends). Let's go and sup.

English Visitor. Supper by all means.

[3 30 a.m. Cafés all alight in the upper parts. Discreet waiters moving about with dishes and wines. Paris all alive by night, until breakfast time, when Les Jolis Fumeurs retire, the Church doors open, and the ouvriers go to work as usual.]

English Visitor (to Friend at same hotel). Must go to bed, I suppose. *(Yawning.)* Rather fun, though. *[Wonders where the fun was.]*

His Friend. Yes *(doubtfully).* Rather. *(Gives the moral.)* Wouldn't do every week ; though they do it. *(Thinks over the point.)* Good night.

English Visitor. Bon jour.

[Turns to sleep in the peaceful consciousness of having seen a Bal d'Opéra in Paris, and at all events done the correct thing.]

Habitué (strolling to his apartments). "Votre femme !" Odd. Couldn't have known !—By Jove, I must write home.

[Retires to rest, Dimanche 7 30 a.m. being in Paris "on business of the utmost importance."]

The Wrong Animal.

THE delayed replacement of the Hyde Park railings at Knightsbridge is the fault of somebody. A correspondent of the *Times*, whose letter is signed "WILLIAM LYON," contends that the parties to blame are not the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, nor the Metropolitan Board of Works, but the Government. He concludes his statement by saying that he trusts that it "may have the effect of placing the saddle on the right horse." Ought he not rather to have said, the right donkey ?

SPORT FOR US.

THE favourite game of the Spanish Merchant might be varied for the delectation of the lighthearted—a definition which of course excludes anybody who has trusted Spain. "I am a Spanish Minister, and I have something to sell." "Is it alive ?" "Just." "How many legs ?" "None to stand on." "Is it rational ?" "No." "Give it up." "A creditor."

Sketch from Fashionable Life.

Morning Call : Saturday.

1st Lady. Do you intend going to Church to-morrow, dear ?

2nd Lady. Well, dear, that entirely depends upon my bonnet.

WRECK NEWS.

THE *John Russell*, in Hudson's Bay. Tried hard with Pumps, but in vain. The *Elliot*, going to assist, went to pieces. Assurance large. Men picked up by the *Pall Mall*.

FROM THE ABORIGINAL COURT CIRCULAR.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, while in Australia, is reported to have been present at a "Coroboree." Has this been corroborated ?

THE CLERICAL PARADISE.—PARSONSTOWN.



MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Teetotaler. "DISGRACEFUL! AND AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, TOO, WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH DRINKING GOING ON!"

AN EMPEROR'S LITTLE GAME.

WHAT he wants his Army for
Do you wish me to explain?
That, if needful, he, by war,
May the papal power maintain.
Though an Empire he commands,
And on Freedom's neck doth tread,
Not as yet have priestly hands
Placed a crown upon his head.

SEVENTH PIUS did not stick
Pliantly to knuckle down,
Hold a candle to Old Nick,
And NAPOLEON FIRST to crown.
Principles may scarce be meet
For a Sovereign Pontiff's grub,
But NINTH PIUS, too, may eat
Syllabus like Syllabus.

PIUS NINTH, within his breast,
Cardinals has hatching got,
Eggs, as in a goose's nest,
And a Cousin 'mongst the lot;
Cardinals of Gallic race:
When the present POPE they lose,
In his Holiness's place
Won't they well know whom to choose?

Scheming Uncle could not quite
Get a POPE to be his tool;
Haply, Nephew thinks he might,
Through a papal kinsman, rule,
Getting underneath his thumb
Nations which the French do call
Latin, so as to become
Lord and master of them all.

"Arm!" his word is, therefore, still,
Who declared his Empire peace.
Fighting men it is his will,
Consequently, to increase.
Chassepôt rifles overthrew
Those who fought to set Rome free.
Next what wonders they may do
Will the Germans wait to see?

CAPITAL CURE FOR IRELAND.

SCENE—The Stock Exchange. STUMPEY. DIBBS.

Stumpey. Any more Fenian outrages?

Dibbs. Not that I know of. Am in hopes the panic is subsiding.

Stumpey. But what are we to do with Ireland?

Dibbs. Colonise it. Didn't you read ALIQUIS's letter in the *Times*?

Stumpey. Who's ALIQUIS?

Dibbs. I don't know. But he says he is somebody, and that he knows what's what about Irish affairs. And he says, "Colonise Ireland."

Stumpey. Well, but are not the Irish population emigrating? and isn't that considered a good job?

Dibbs. Why, yes. There are too many Irish in Ireland—but not enough English. At least, that's what "ALIQUIS" thinks. His idea is, that the truth of the matter about Ireland, and the root of the evil is that the Irish people are all crazy.

Stumpey. Oh! but that's a joke.

Dibbs. No, indeed, he is quite serious. He gravely gives it as his opinion that the only way to deal with Ireland is "by spreading over an impracticable, almost a lunatic community, such little colonies as we could of sane men." And he puts it still stronger when he asks the question, "How can you spread a sprinkling of sane men, like wheat, over the insane human chaff of to-day?"

Stumpey. Insane human chaff! Is that what he calls the Irish? No, come; they are not mad—but some of their editors will be at being chaffed like that.

Dibbs. Great wit—who is it says?—to madness nearly is allied. Many Irishmen are men of first-rate ability. But still the Irish are as a race—well—peculiar.

Stumpey. What's the wheat which he proposes to scatter over the chaff?

Dibbs. Well, he says something about English convicts.

Stumpey. That's complimentary. English convicts the wheat to Irish chaff!

Dibbs. He doesn't exactly say that he would colonise Ireland

altogether with convicts. He speaks of the "representatives of the extreme of our social system," and the "rescued scum of the United Kingdom."

Stumpey. Won't he have the Irish hornets about his ears!

Dibbs. But then he would have the scum "helped towards regeneration by men of proved probity and self-restraint from the Army, Navy, and Constabulary of the United Kingdom." He also mentions Deal and Yarmouth boatmen to work the fisheries. "Many and many hundreds of miles of coast swarming with unmolested fish."

Stumpey. The fisheries would pay. But how about the land?

Dibbs. There are millions of acres, he says, that would pay for reclamation. He would plant them with trees and stock them with game. Then, he says, they would rival the Scotch forests.

Stumpey. There's something in what Mr. ALIQUIS, or LORD ALIQUIS, or whoever he is, says: Englishmen and Scotchmen in Ireland would very likely develop its resources. But they'd want English capital.

Dibbs. What do you say to an Improvement of Ireland Company (Limited), to colonise and cultivate Ireland?

Stumpey. Capital idea.

Dibbs. For capitalists—eh?

Stumpey. You don't mean that for a joke?

Dibbs. Quite the reverse.

Stumpey. Then I do think it capital.

Dibbs. Will you go into it?

Stumpey. I'm good for a million.

Dibbs. Ditto.

Stumpey. The money is now all lying idle.

Dibbs. Very well, then. Let's set to work instantly, and draw out a prospectus. Improvement of Ireland Company. Just the thing wanted to bring about revival of confidence and legitimate speculation.

Science Gossip.

TRAVELLERS, on their return from America, have told us, that when watching the wonderful agility of the opossum in its native forests, they could but exclaim, in conscious inferiority—*Non opossumus.*



IGNORANCE; OR "DRAWN BLANK" EXPLAINED.

Cheerful Party (rushing about on pulling brute). "WHAT! HERE STILL, CAPTAIN? WHY, I'VE TAKEN A GALLOP ROUND THE WOOD!"
Disgusted Foxhunter. "AH! AND WHEN YOU TAKE A GALLOP OUT OF THE WOOD, WE MAY FIND A FOX!"

THE POET'S PAGE.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has afforded a proof that a Poet is what the name implies, somebody who can Make. He has made a tribunal do justice, and a tradesman eat humble-pie. A MR. PAGE charged him—sued him—for two bottles of port wine, at four shillings each, bottles included (O lor!), and had the bard before the Marylebone Court. The proof broke down, MR. BROWNING stating that he never drank port wine, and never had ordered any of anybody. That a Jury, notwithstanding, did not instantly find for a brother tradesman is to be accounted for only in one way. The Judge decided for the poet. Then came out the poetical nature—he gave the costs to the poor-box. But he justly complained that he had been obliged to waste a day, because a tradesman did not use proper caution in his business. There was no implication that the charge was intentionally fraudulent, and on the whole PAGE should be proud that his name has been coupled with BROWNING's, unwelcome as may be the lesson which the poet has scrawled on the page. What say the Philistines to a poet teaching caution to a tradesman?

Church News.

DR. GRAY's in his glory,
 He's caught one MACROARIE,
 Who'll go, a Sham Bishop, to drive
 From Natal the wild boar,
 Who says twice two is four,
 And to preach "the Church Truth"—that it's five.

SAME ANOTHER WAY.

SWEET thought, to send to Afric (South)
 One in whose name Succession glows:
 CHRYSOSTOM comes from Golden Mouth,
 MACROARIE comes from Brazen Nose.

HOW TO GET AN ELASTIC REVENUE AGAIN.—Tax India-rubber.

MAKING IT UP.

"WELL said, old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee." So, in Shakespearian phrase, remarks *Mr. Punch* to MR. BEALES. Early in last week the latter statesman was in a great rage with the former, called his remarks by vulgar names, and declared that he did not heed them at all, so long as he had "his praises chanted" (*sic*) by MESSRS. GOLDWIN SMITH and FAWCETT. How far these accomplished gentlemen like MR. BEALES to cry "chant" to them, *à la PAUL BEDFORD in Blueskin*, is their affair. But MR. BEALES made, towards the end of the week, so lofty and aristocratic an apology, at a League Council, that there is an end, until he offends again. We recognise the blue blood, and drop the point of our rapier:—

"MR. BEALES, the Chairman, said if he had anything to tax himself with in conducting the discussions of the League it was that of being too lax. If the meetings had been composed of gentlemen of his own class, he should not have allowed many things that have occurred; but as they were composed mostly of working-men, he did not like," &c., &c.

Just so—and we have done. *Mrs. Candour* could not have let her friends down more agreeably than PRESIDENT BEALES drops his Council. Is the same rule to be adopted when the Council gets into Parliament, and is the SPEAKER to rebuke, say MR. BRIGHT, for characterising distinguished personages as unpopular aliens, while MR. MUDGE is to be smiled on when terming the same personages German cut-throats?

"I go to the Play in a Mask!"—*Lady in Congress.*

ANOTHER bit of French humbug. An athlete in a mask having drawn the Parisians, we read that a lady vocalist (of course, of the highest family, and greatest beauty) is about to appear, "but stipulates that she shall sing in a mask." Only?

PROBLEM FOR MATHEMATICAL BOBBIES.—Find the Centres of the Fenian circles.

BRITANNIA TO AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

YOU have come out. You have been presented to my sailor Prince. You have pleased your old mother vastly by your splendid celebration of this one of the greatest events in your life, and she is eager to offer you her thanks and congratulations.

I hear you are a fine, handsome lass, with a bush of golden hair, blooming and buxom, who have not yet done growing—figure rather fuller than mine, but features much the same. I hope the family likeness will be preserved through many centuries and cycles to come, and that when you are as old as I am you may look as well as I do, and have as few wrinkles and furrows, as after all my years' and trials, my time-beaten visage shows.

So young, too! only four-score! for Sydney will keep her eightieth birthday this very year. I am conscious that when I was your age I was not able to give balls and banquets, or dazzle with transparencies and illuminations (piping times for your gas-fitters), or breed Mayors and Corporations, or erect Exhibition buildings as big as your old friend Westminster Hall. I am afraid I was subsisting on acorns and berries, and painting myself a warm blue, and going and coming nude as your own aborigines. So spread, so developed at 80, what will you not be at 800? You are the superb young beauty, the rose on your cheek, the brilliant in your eye, full of life and expectation, with many squires to hold up your train of cloth of gold, and a long and triumphant career before you. I am the mature matron, with a silver thread here and there in my glossy hair, and a line or two on my ample brow, but handsome and stately still, proud of my bonny daughter, proud to be told that she resembles her mother, wondering whether she will make the great conquests I have made, or stand amidst the affluence of possessions that I can command, and wishing her with heart and voice all the happiness that I have known, without a tithe of my suffering, or a tenth of my sorrow.

My Daughter, do not listen to those who will tell you that I have seen my best days, and that there is no prospect for me but decrepitude and decay. I mean to be the Methuselah of nations, the evergreen of kingdoms. I have no intention, at present, of dismantling London Bridge, or converting St. Paul's into a picturesque ruin. I mean to live to see your future prosperity as far exceed your present, as your present does that forlorn time of COOK and BANKS from which our own is separated by such a scanty handful of years. You, in your turn, will have to colonise and emigrate, and you will bless me with lusty and vigorous grandchildren. Your stride will lengthen, your pace will quicken; but don't make the running too soon, don't go too fast.

You resemble your mother in many things. Like her you have your Ministers, your Parliaments, your Speakers; your Rechabites, your Druids, your Odd Fellows. You would not be a woman if you had not your Opposition; you would not be my child if you were without your jobs and blunders. I doubt not that you have your Usher of the Black Rod, your Beadles, and your Waits. I am sorry that you have no Lord Mayor, but I hope, as some compensation, that you are not Vestry-ridden. I notice that you have what I cannot afford, your "Free Gardeners," and "Free Banquet." Send me the Gardeners' address, and some dinner tickets, will you? and a case or two of your beef (without bone) would not come amiss. Are your Metropolitan streets as dirty as mine? In the bustling thoroughfares of Melbourne, or Sydney, or any other of your several capitals, do you take a human life nearly every other day in the year, as indifference and stupidity do in London? Are you old enough to have vested interests and a National Debt?

In some points I cannot compete with you. I possess no marsupial creatures for an active young Duke to stalk down (partridges at Sandringham, and pheasants at Osborne, will be tame sport after elephants at the Cape, and kangaroos in the Bush); I cannot emulate your emus, except, perhaps, in the enclosures of the Zoological Gardens; the Ornithorhynchus is not one of my domestic animals; there are no auriferous diggings in Regent Street, and at present I have not heard of nuggets being picked up in the Strand by zealous agents of the Goldsmiths' Company; my sheep-walks and cattle-drives are mere toys and playthings compared with yours; you enjoyed a Session of Parliament lasting exactly three-quarters of an hour; and not a single person was put into the lock-up that night for misbehaviour. Bravo, Melbourne! and not a teetotal population either. Hull, and Newcastle, and Nottingham, and other towns of mine of about the same size as Melbourne, mark, learn, and copy. But, my Daughter, we have one necessary of life in common; there is one great banner of which we both hold a pole, and the blazon that sparkles upon it is *Punch*!

I wish your geography was rather simpler. My young men, whose education has been carefully neglected—wealthy foundation schools, wealthy Universities, and so forth—complain that they are perplexed by Victoria, and New South Wales, and Queensland (is not *all* Australia Queensland?), and South Australia, and Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, *alias* (convict-like—I congratulate you on being free from that settlement on you) Tasmania, and New Guinea, always

staunch to the Old Sovereign; and they would be relieved if you could fix on some one city as your capital, and cease to divide your favours between Melbourne, and Sydney, and Adelaide, and Ballarat, and Brisbane, and Perth, and Hobart Town, whose respective geographical positions they find great difficulty in accurately discriminating.

Send me home my young Salt of a Duke, my "Queen piccaninny," when he has had enough of boomerangs and waddies, whoops and coroborees, unless you determine to place him on a throne of your own virgin gold, as Australia's first king, to be, perhaps, the second ALFRED THE GREAT. I don't advise him to exchange his epaulets for a crown.

I must not keep the mail longer waiting. Only a word about those rumours from time to time blown to us over the sea, that when you are a little older you mean to leave me, and set up for yourself in life. I have no wish to part company, I should like to keep you and all the rest of my children by my side all my days. But if there should come to you that aspiration for freedom which dignifies all noble youth, though there may, though there must be sorrow at my heart, there will be no feeling of displeasure at your independence, no thought of resistance to your wishes. *Floreat Australasia!*

Your affectionate Mother-Country,

BRITANNIA.

P.S. (Woman-like.) I have addressed you by your usual name, but properly, you know, you ought to be styled Australasia. So let it be *Floreat Australasia!* Have you any pet name? What say you to Kangarooia?

PUNCH'S EVIDENCES.

THEOLOGICALS (until rich) tell us that the proof of the small value which Providence sets upon Wealth is shown by the sort of persons who get the most of it. We suppose that the same rule applies to Honours, for

Doo is a Baronet.

Doodle is a Baron.

Diddle is a Viscount.

Dawdle is an Earl.

Dunderhead is a Marquis.

Ducksandrakes is a Duke. And

WHEATSTONE, who invented the Electric Telegraph and the Stereoscope, is, after thirty years, to be made—

A Knight.

Ha! ha!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN.

"LISTEN, BROWN," said JONES, reading from a paper:—

"We understand that some native Brazilian *danceuses* are coming to England. They are very handsome, very skilful, and we may add that their costumes are far less scanty than those of the *ballet* in Paris or London."

"Seems to me, JONES," said BROWN, "that what MR. CANNING declared was true—the New World has been called into existence to re-dress the ballets of the Old."

"Seems to me you're tipsy, BROWN," said JONES.

Fenianism versus Ritualism.

(A Knotty Question)

IN our papers each morning a "paradox quite" Has defied our solution too long.

The wrongs of ould Ireland how can we right,
If the *rites* of Old England be wrong?

The Overbold Bismarck.

COUNT VON BISMARCK has been reproved, and obliged to apologise for sticking himself into the same photograph with MADEMOISELLE LUCCA, the delightful singer. It was a liberty, but the Count likes to take liberties. He has explained, and we trust that *la* LUCCA has forgiven him—she is very good-natured. BISMARCK should remember that the overbold are soonest bowled over.

The Newest Publications.

My Lord's Walking Stick. Uniform with BYRON'S *Cain*.
Who's your Hatter? A Romance of the days of "What Tiler?"
The Sentinel; or, *Hugo's There*. By the Author of *Les Misérables*.
"Oakum let us Sing!" A new Hymn for Industrious Prisoners.
Drunk and Disorderly. By the Author of *Fast and Loose*.
The Ocean-Born. Uniform with THOMSON'S *Sea-sons*.

MOTTO FOR THE MARRIED.—Never dis-pair.

DOG DAYS OUT OF DATE.



How very benevolent we are, some of us! How extremely humane! Not only do we relieve the distresses of our fellow-men, but we even minister to the wants of our fellow-creatures on four legs. Witness the ensuing item of recent news:—

"CHRISTMAS TREE FOR STARVING DOGS.—A novelty in the way of raising money to help the Starving Dogs of London—a Christmas Tree, with prizes for all visitors—is in operation this week at the offices of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in New Bond Street."

Out of curiosity, if not charity, many persons will very likely be disposed to go to inspect this

Christmas-tree for the canine species. They may want to know whether or no the tree selected to serve for the benefit of the dogs is, appropriately, dog-wood. It may interest them to examine the boughs of which the fruit is to be devoted to the bow-wows. The bark of every tree is silent, but those who cannot expect to hear this dogs' tree may wish to see it. They, however, who have money to give away had better, before they devote any of it to the succour of starving dogs, wait until they shall have contributed a sufficiency for the rescue of human outcasts from starvation. The destitution at the East End ought to be put an end to first, and it will be soon enough to think of appeasing the hunger of dogs when that of the famishing inhabitants of the Isle of Dogs has been satisfied. We know that hungry dogs are not particular about the puddings they eat, which accordingly cost little, but are still too dear whilst there are poor people who get no pudding at all.

DR. DISRAELI'S ACADEMY.

DR. DISRAELI requests his pupils to take notice that his Academy re-opens on the 13th proximo, after the Christmas holidays, and he hopes to see them all re-assembled on that day in order that their Education may proceed without further delay.

To the friends of young Conservatives who may not yet have been confided to DR. DISRAELI's care he ventures to say that his system of Education, though conducted upon the most gentle principles, produces results which may fairly be described as startling. After a few months of DR. DISRAELI's tuition a pupil who has previously been so neglected as to be unable, without an effort, to follow the simplest argument in favour of improvement, will deliver an eloquent address in advocacy of radical reform, and the most experienced listener will not be able to discover that it has not been the one study and object of the speaker's life.

DR. DISRAELI respectfully invites the friends and guardians of youthful Conservatives to attend the speech-nights at the Academy and judge for themselves. He would particularly request their presence on the nights (of which due notice will be given) when his pupils will debate the subject of Secular Education, and when some of those whose backwardness and stolidity have been the grief of their acquaintances are expected to manifest a most remarkable advance.

References kindly permitted to JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., Birmingham, to VISCOUNT CRANBORNE, office of the *Quarterly Review*, to ROBERT LOWE, Esq., Calne, and to any of her Majesty's Ministers. Terms may be known by application to COLONEL TAYLOR, Carlton Club.

The Correct Thing in Luggage.

If the Astronomer-Royal is thinking of going to some foreign country to observe the total obscuration of the Sun announced for this year, he may perhaps be glad to know that there is such a thing as an "Eclipse Portmanteau."

HORTICULTURE.—In winter your quiet Flower garden is soon changed into a *Bare-garden*.

MAJOR BROWN;

OR, A SHORT CUT TO GLORY.

To the land of the gorilla
Went the dauntless MAJOR BROW;
Took he neither scrip nor siller
When he left his native town.
Nothing took he when he started,
Saving leave of Mrs. B.;
Nothing said he when they parted,
Only "You 'll remember me!"

Crossed he then the stormy ocean
In the A. L. packet "*Punch*;"
Gave he to the sea a notion
Of the things he 'd had for lunch.
Called himself a wretched sinner
When the vessel heaved the most;
Fancied giving up his dinner
Worse than giving up his ghost.

"Land at last," and all the wonders
That are Africa's soon he knew:
Africa's native black who plunders,
Kills, and cooks, and eats you too!
All the man-and-beastly dangers,
Bird and fish, a fearful host—
Such as welcome little strangers
Like the Major to its coast.

When at first the king of monkeys
Met him with an ugly grin,
Being somewhat in a funk, his
Bullet barely raised the skin;
But instead it raised the dander
Of that most malignant ape,
Who, with one adroit left-hander,
Knocked the Major out of shape.

After this he got on better;
Killed gorillas by the score:
And an extract from a letter
Dated April, sixty-four,
Says, "herewith, my dearest cousin,
My return of game I send:
Full-grown monkeys—fifteen dozen;
Smaller animals—no end."

Years elapsed, and then to London
Homeward travelled MAJOR BROWN,
And his great deeds—done and undone—
Soon were common talk in town.
All the Leo Hunter party
Took the Major by the hand;
Read his journal, bought his Carte-de-
Visite, and a banquet planned.

So, my friends and fellow-flunkys,
See how easily fame is won;
Pay your passage, pot your monkeys,
Presto, fly! the deed is done!
Bag the beasts, as once Orion
Did in Chios—southward roam:
Go abroad, and be a "lion"—
You're an ass to stop at home!

A BOB'S-WORTH OF EDUCATION.

No Greek!
No Latin!!
No Grammar!!!
No Moral Philosophy!!!!
No Logic!!!!!!
No History!!!!!!

But instead—

English Language (Miscellaneous).
French and German (*ad lib.*).
Practical Science (as much as you can get).
Synthetical Mathematics (as little as you please).—

Isn't either of these, without the other, rather a *Low* view of education, after all?

AN EVENT.—A Sporting Gentleman lately ran his Head against a Door-post. We have not heard which won.



CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Lizzy. "OH, PAPA, WHAT DO YOU THINK GEORGE HAS CAUGHT?"

Naturalistic Papa. "WHAT, DEAR?"

Lizzy. "WHY, A RING-WORM!"

A WORD FOR THE NEW OPERA.

SPEAKING as a musical, a risible and a sensible man, *Mr. Punch* has not enjoyed any public entertainment so much for many weeks past as that which is now given at the New St. George's Opera House. To say that what is seen and heard there is "as good as a play" is not to speak the truth exactly, for—as plays go now-a-days—it is a great deal better. Sprightly, pleasant singing is added to fair acting; and though both fall short at present of what one may expect at the French Opéra Comique, it may be hoped that further practice may lead to French perfection. The band indeed are quite as good as need be wished; and, if all the singers acted as well as MR. SHAW, their songs would tell far better. Unlike most so-called comic singers, MR. SHAW is really funny: nor is there any whit of coarseness or vulgarity about him. A comic English tenor is more difficult to catch, and the tenor is at present a weak point at the New Opera House. English singers as a rule have not a notion how to act, and might learn a useful lesson from quiet MR. SHAW and noisy MR. AYNLEY COOK, who, it may be from the contrast, seems a trifle over boisterous. MADAME (why not MRS.?) FINLAYSON has also a fair notion with what gestures to accompany her voice, and can sing gay, sprightly songs without destroying their effect by looking glum and solemn, as most English singers do.

That the songs are gay, and sprightly, which one heard at this new Opera House, nobody can doubt when he sees the names of OFFENBACH and SULLIVAN on the play-bill, and knows what gay and sprightly music they can write. That the latter can write music which is good as well as gay, will be horribly stale news to all who know his works. There is plenty of good music in the pleasant little opera which he has last composed, and the more of his new operas we hear at the New Opera House the more we shall be pleased.

It has been stated that "the British Public is an Ass," and in the matter of its amusements there is truth in the remark. Only people having ears as long as those of *Bottom*, when *Titania* fell in love with him, would listen to the vulgar, stupid, singing at a music-hall, when such pretty, lively music as that at the new opera-house is rightly to be heard. Support is what this opera now needs for its success; and if the British Public foolishly lets slip this opportunity of seeing Comic Opera established here in England, *Mr. Punch* will but repeat "the British Public is an Ass."

SERVANTS' HALL IN THE STREET.

See "*Morning Post*."

TUNE:—*Parochial Psalm.*

KIND Christian friends and brethren dear,
Before you here this day,
We are ashamed thus to appear,
In this disgraceful way,
Which we, that better days have known,
Do now declare to you
It is necessity alone
Occasions us to do.

We once were servants at a 'Squire's
In happier days gone by;
Though then our meals did our desires
Not fully satisfy:
But yet the victuals weren't so bad
But what we all did thrive:
The number every day we had
Amounted unto five.

For breakfast, bread-and-butter, toast,
Eggs, tea and coffee too,
With bacon, which may be almost
Too much for some of you.
For lunch we oft had bread and meat
And never did we fail
Of bread-and-cheese, enough to eat,
To drink, of ample ale.

For dinner joints we did obtain,
Pastry likewise had we,
And bread-and-butter had again,
And buttered toast for tea.
On bread-and-cheese, or meat or ce more,
At supper we were fed,
And also had our ale before
We went, each night, to bed.

But, oh, we couldn't rest content,
But more must need require,
And in a body so we went
Complaining to the 'Squire.
Our wants he couldn't understand,
And him we had to tell,
We steaks for breakfast did demand,
Besides, and chops as well.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, well we knew,
Was coming there to stay:
A threat of striking out we threw,
And master then gave way;
Which, when his Royal Highness left,
He straightway did recall.
We grumbled, of the boon bereft;
Then he dismissed us all.

So here we are, all out of place,
From holding out for board,
Which everywhere we found the case
No master would afford.
Of those five meals a day we had,
When we were in employ,
Oh, now we should be very glad
One only to enjoy!

We feel, at this inclement time,
And season of the year,
Accustomed to abundance prime,
Privation is severe.
On us poor souls, who didn't know
When we were too well fed,
Kind Christian friends, your help bestow
To buy a bit of bread.

A Still-born Bishop.

LONDON warns Cape Town that any attempt to consecrate his anti-Colenso Bishop in this country will be illegal. POOR MAC-RORIE! (not a bad equivalent, by the way, for Boanerges, is it? "Son of Thunder = MAC-RORIE," you twig?) to be thus knocked on the head before he gets to his berth. It is literally a case of *ante-Natal* dissolution.



"PARTICULAR!"

Young Mumford (airily, having learnt that the Lady comes from his part of the country). "DESSAY YOU KNOW THE CADGEBYS OF BILCHESTER?—AWFULLY JOLLY PEOPLE! I—"

Haughty Beauty. "OH NO, WE ONLY VISIT THE COUNTY FAMILIES, AND WE WEED THEM!!!"

[Her partner wishes this "First Set" was "The Lancers."]

THE ARISTOCRACY OF TO-MORROW.

SOME short-sighted people, observing that the landed property of the kingdom is passing into the hands of modern money-makers, thence predict the extinction of the British Aristocracy. But those who are able to see into the future, discern that an Aristocracy will still exist in these dominions, only it will be one which will have replaced another. In the *Morning Post* of hereafter, they have read the following announcements:—

The DUKE OF COTTON, from his Grace's Factory, at Manchester, has arrived at the Clarendon.

The EARL OF GASWORKS has quitted the Plant, Victoria Park, for his seat in Derbyshire.

The MARQUIS OF CHIMNEYS is entertaining a distinguished circle at Falconbridge Hall, the venerable and once hereditary mansion of the MOWBRAYS, lately purchased by the noble Marquis.

The coming of age of the HON. MR. MAX, the eldest son of LORD JUNIPER, was celebrated yesterday with great festivities at the great Distillery of MAX & Co., Lambeth, which establishment bears the family name of the noble Lord who is the head of the firm. This auspicious event afforded occasion for a *r  union* of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy.

A grand battue took place on the 29th instant at Ravenstone Castle, the recently acquired property of LORD VISCOUNT FITZ GUANO, the wealthy owner of the extensive Dry Earth Artificial Manure Manufactory at Roseville. The company included several leading members of the peerage, and they bagged, on an average, each 248 head of game.

The marriage which we some time ago had the honour of announcing was on the *tapis* between LORD FRIBBINS, son and heir of the Most Honourable the MARQUIS OF MUSLIN (chief partner in the house of FRIBBINS & Co.), and the LADY ADELIZA EMMELINE PENDRAGON, eldest daughter of the EARL OF SNOWDON, was celebrated yesterday at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the BISHOP OF LONDON, assisted

by the HON. and REV. MR. MERLIN, uncle of the bride. The wedding breakfast was held at the extensive establishment in Regent Street, and the happy pair left town for Cairngorm Castle, the Highland residence of LORD INVERBOGIE.

When the landed property of the United Kingdom shall have changed hands, the new territorial proprietors, doubtless, will come to enjoy the same honours as those which the old ones did. Worthiness to be ennobled, heretofore deemed exclusively peculiar to distinction in arms or statesmanship, will hereafter be considered to accrue from success in commerce; and the aristocracy which that will have created will take a natural pride in being contradistinguished from their feudal predecessors by having their titles derived from the mills, warehouses, and other premises, or appurtenances to premises and places of business where they made their money, or from commodities which they grew rich by dealing in.

A Good Hearing for Erin.

THE *Standard* says:—

"A Dublin paper announces that the PRINCE OF WALES is to visit Ireland in April next, to be present at the Funchestown races."

If this is true—and we hope it is—the PRINCE could not have determined on any excursion more gratifying to Ireland, or more complimentary to *Mr. Punch*, who will make a point of visiting his ancestral home at the time named, and receiving his ROYAL HIGHNESS with appropriate splendour. He will also, as a sporting man, give a plate, one of his best, in honour of the happy occasion.

A LITERARY STATESMAN.

An advertisement announces a letter from EARL RUSSELL to the RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE on the state of Ireland. Who is England's most notorious man of letters? Surely EARL RUSSELL.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XIII.—CONTINUED.

"You here!"

"What's left of me," replies GRIGG. As if he couldn't say, simply, "Yes." But that comes of being a Funny Friend.

"Going to Dover?" I ask. He nods. If he's going on to Paris, I think to myself, we shall be together the whole way. "Perhaps he'll stop at Dover?" I ask.

"No," he returns, "The sea! The sea! The blue, the fresh—"

By the way, I hope it's not *too* fresh.

I hope not, too. I picture to myself being wretchedly unwell on board the packet, and GRIGG funnier than ever. He'd mislead the Steward; he'd tell me funny stories, or talk about things I don't like for dinner.

My Funny Friend on board a steamboat will be an infliction. I think I'll stop at Dover. Then I shall waste a day, and I can't afford to waste a day. As it is, I shouldn't be surprised if the authorities sent me orders to inspect French factories, for the sake of information, during my vacation.

GRIGG begins talking about Paris. He knows it well. I don't. He says he can speak French fluently, but is somewhat out of practice at present.

Question to myself. Shouldn't one look over, or try to put up with, his eccentricities, because he will be undoubtedly useful to me abroad, if I am with him. He knows the place and the language thoroughly.

He tells me about everything there is to be seen in the gay capital. I've been to Paris before, but it strikes me that either I've never been out of one street, or I've not ventured beyond a certain point, for I seem to have missed more than three-quarters of the amusements that GRIGG knows all about. Skating fêtes, midnight illuminations, opera balls, masked balls at the Châtelet, casino dances, the Students' costume balls—on all these subjects his information is immense. The theatres, the actors, the actresses, he knows all about these too, and his stories of past times fire my imagination until, on my word, I rather think I was in luck when I accidentally tumbled on my Funny Friend going to Dover.

"Got a passport?" he asks, suddenly.

"No," I reply; "None is required."

"True," is his answer to this, "so they say. But just now it is as well to have one. For instance, how could you prove you weren't STEPHENS in disguise?"

I think for a moment. I confess I don't see at this moment how I could prove it satisfactorily, even to myself.

"You'd send for your Great Aunt, perhaps," suggests GRIGG.

I look at him narrowly to see if he's begun joking. No, he is serious. Well, he's right. I suppose I *should* send for my Great Aunt.

"That doesn't get you out of the difficulty," he continues. "I suppose *she* hasn't got a passport? And if they won't believe her? And suppose that they insist upon her being an accomplice of STEPHENS's, eh?"

"Well, but, my dear GRIGG," I say; "the French Government can't do anything, even if I was STEPHENS." If I go on talking in this train I shall begin to identify myself with the escaped Head Centre.

GRIGG is surprised at me: at me, he says, "who are so mixed up with the authorities." Did I never hear, he wants to know, of the September Convention and the Treaty of Utrecht?

I say of course I've heard of the September Convention. But that was about the PORE, and—

GRIGG laughs sarcastically, and charges me with trying to humbug him. He says if I *want* to joke, say so, and he'll be the first to enjoy it, but there are times for talking seriously, and this is one of them.

I own I am glad to hear him speak in this manner, and I suppose his performance as a bear was only a temporary burst of animal spirits. But seriously, then, about a passport.

"Well, seriously," says he, "as you haven't got one—I have—" and he shows me the edge of a green leather book, labelled "Passport," but which, being among a lot of papers, pipes, and odds-and-ends in his travelling-bag, he can't pull out entirely—"and it is as well to be guarded. Besides, if you were short of cash in Paris, it's useful then, and in many other cases. Take my advice, and get one."

"I will. How?"

"Well," he says, deliberating, "don't stop before Paris, but when you get there, get the waiter at your hotel (or I'll show you) to take you to the *Mont-de-Piété*—you know what that means—"

"Yes," I say; but, as an afterthought, thinking it better to be candid, I confess that I don't know exactly, having, indeed, a general sort of notion that it's a monastery.

"No, not a monastery," explains GRIGG, who evidently *does* know Paris very well, "but a religious house for decayed Relations. As in the monasteries you call the monks *Pères*, or fathers, so here you call

them *Oncles*, or uncles; and in some places, like convents, *Tantes*, or aunts. The idea is French, of course."

"Very French," I say, knowingly.

My Funny Friend informs me that all I have to do there is to enter the place, see the chief, swear I have an Aunt in England, and then register myself in a book kept for the purpose, name, age, weight, and so forth.

"But," I object with a lurking suspicion of my Funny Friend's truthfulness, "why not go to the Embassy?"

"All right," says GRIGG, shrugging his shoulders, "try the Embassy. Do, oh, do. Try it. Be sent off from one clerk to another, be perpetually told that the Ambassador's out, or that his Chief Secretary's not in, or that his Under Secretary has just gone home, and in fact be kept hanging about the place for two weeks, until at length the police begin to suspect you, and you actually incur what you are taking the greatest care to avoid. Oh, yes, try the Embassy, do!"

He is so energetically sarcastic about it that he must be serious. Do—ver!

Nearly ten o'clock. Dark and cold. Wind roaring out at sea.

We are taken down to the embarking place, and descend dank, dark steps, as if we were secretly escaping from England, instead of going boldly for a pleasure trip.

GRIGG says he was born to be a sailor, and whistles a hornpipe.

He asks the mariner who has us in charge, whether he is sure the three-quarter maintop's deck is all taut, whereat the mariner grunts surlily.

GRIGG does make me laugh sometimes.

He does now; but I am glad to laugh at anything under such miserably depressing circumstances.

At last they allow us to cross a shaky plank, and go on board.

In a second GRIGG has disappeared suddenly down somewhere. I don't know where to. I am carrying so many things that I can't do anything suddenly, except drop them.

GRIGG reappears. He has collared a berth, he says. He adds, always do that first when you get on board, so as to have a place to stow your things safely.

"I'll go and do it. He points out that I'm too late to get one; but if I can find any room in his, without tambling his things about too much, I may make use of it. In travelling my Funny Friend becomes my Selfish Friend.

When I come on deck again, I find him comfortably seated, that is, as comfortably as can be under the circumstances, about the centre of the vessel.

"You're all settled, I see," I observe, envying him.

"Yes," he answers. "You ought always to do that at once on board a steamer." He makes no offer to me of a seat, though if he took his legs down, there'd be lots of room.

The Captain, I think it's the Captain, comes up and observes the train's a little late.

I say "Yes it is," taking his word for it, and then inquire as gaily as I can, with about as much of a dare-devil and cheery nautical air as would suit the *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*, "What sort of a passage do you think we shall have?"

"Well," says the Captain, looking up at where the sky is supposed to be—"Well, I think it'll be a dusty passage."

"Oh, you think it'll be dusty?" asks GRIGG, who has been whistling "*Rule Britannia*."

"Yes," answers the Captain, in a decided tone this time, "it'll be dusty." And walks away.

This information appears to depress even GRIGG. For myself, I prepare myself for the worst. I find a narrow strip of a seat round the corner of where GRIGG is lying, and sit down, thoughtfully. I am not often troubled with presentiments; but I do *not* like the Captain's words.

We are in for "a dusty passage."

A Rude Russian.

THE Russian official organ says—and rudely is it said,—

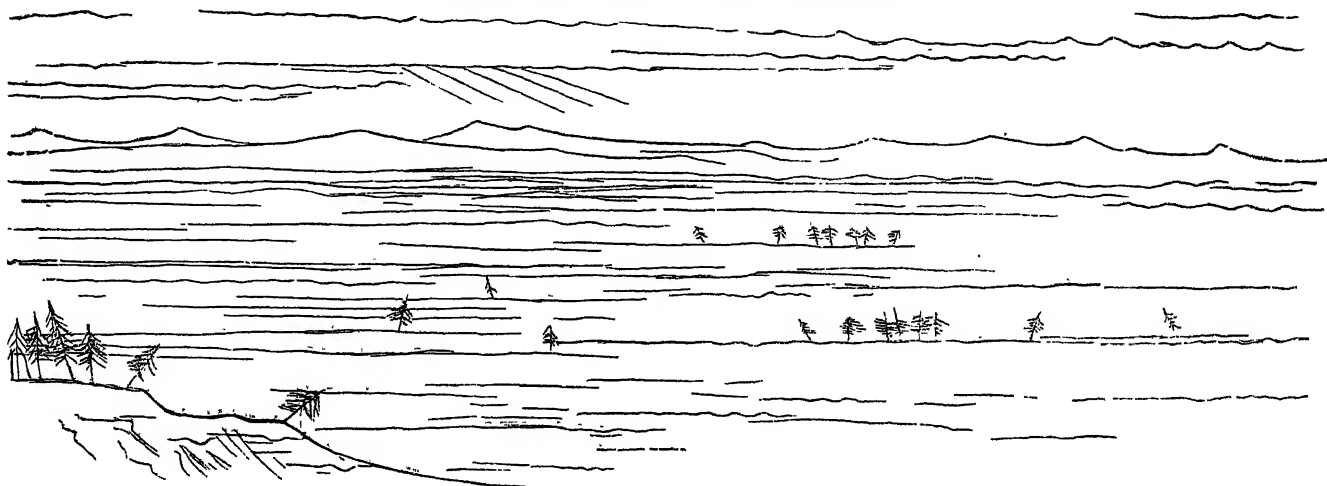
"The ARCHBISHOP of KAMTSCHATKA, INNOCENT, well known as a convert of the *heathen*, has been appointed to the Metropolitan See of Moscow."

We have always been told that the Moscow folks were the most pious in Holy Russia, and we do not approve of the above implication. It would have been proper enough had the writer been referring to the appointment of the BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

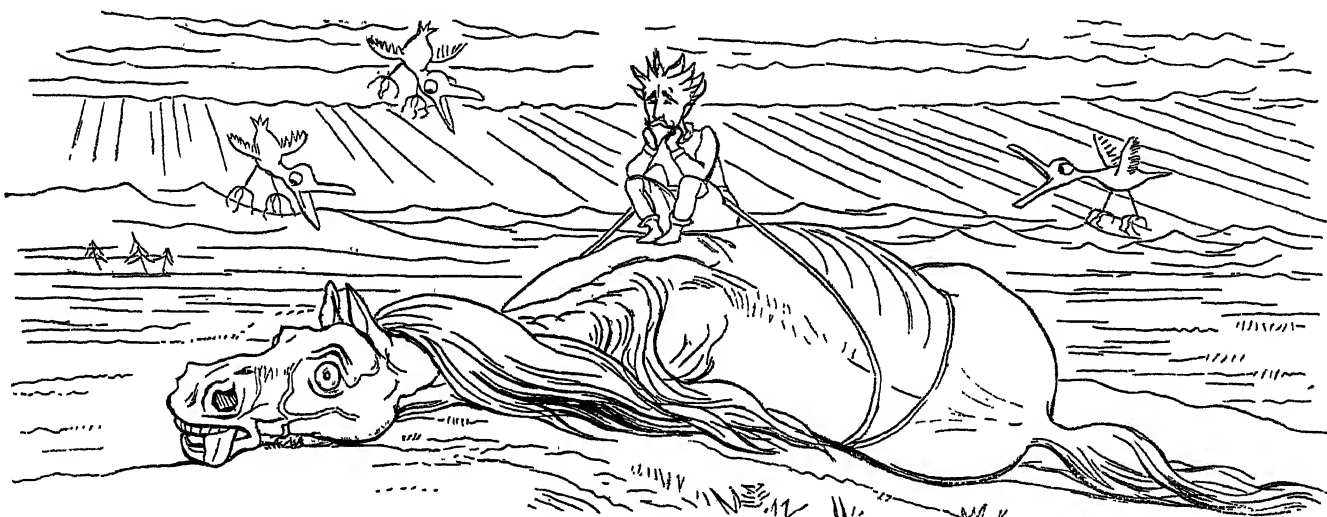
LITERARY GOSSIP.

It will not be surprising if the Americans, justly proud of the writer of *The History of the Netherlands*, assert that there is no other living historian worth reading, and quote SHAKESPEARE on their side, because he says—"MOTLEY's the only wear."

MAZEPPA.—PART THE SECOND.



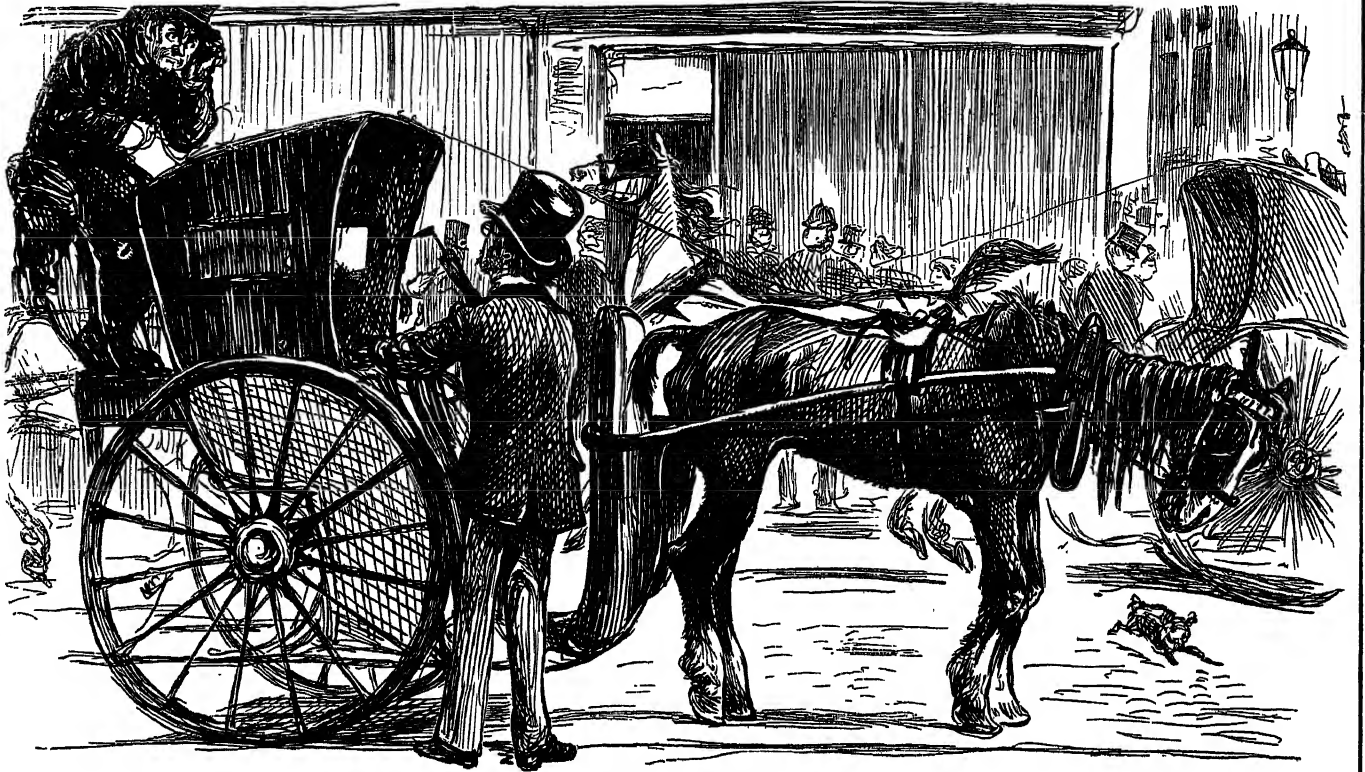
SCENE I.—A WIDE PLAIN. SOUND OF HOOFES HEARD IN THE DISTANCE. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE HAVING JUST PASSED BY.



SCENE II.—A DREARY WASTE. IN THE FOREGROUND LIES THE DEAD BODY OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, WITH MAZEPPA SITTING UPON IT. AROUND THEM HOVER THE RAVENS.



SCENE III.—GRAND TABLEAU. ENTRANCE OF A BAND OF COSSACKS, WHO ARE SO FASCINATED BY THE HANDSOME FORM AND ANIMATED APPEARANCE OF MAZEPPA, THAT THEY OFFER HIM THE CROWN OF THE COSSACKS, AND MAKE HIM THEIR HETMAN.



DON'T LOOK TOO MUCH BEFORE YOU LEAP.

JENKINS IS TIMID, AND NEVER RIDES IN HANSON CABS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE WELL-KNOWN TENDENCY THE HORSES THEREOF HAVE TO BOLT, KICK, AND OTHERWISE MISCONDUCT THEMSELVES. BUT ONE DAY HE SEES A HORSE WITH A CERTAIN "JE NE SAIS QUOI" ABOUT IT THAT INSPIRES HIM WITH CONFIDENCE; AND HAVING ASCERTAINED FROM THE DRIVER THAT SAID HORSE IS NOT TOO FRESH, AND MADE HIM PROMISE NOT TO LET IT GALLOP, HE ENTERS THE VEHICLE—



THE RESULT!



“HOITY-TOITY!!!”

MRS. BRITANNIA. “HOITY-TOITY! WHAT’S ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT?”

JOHNNY BULL. “IT’S COUSIN COLUMBIA, MA, AND SHE SAYS I BROKE HER SHIPS, AND I DIDN’T—AND I WANT TO BE FRIENDS—AND SHE’S A CROSS THING—AND WANTS TO HAVE IT ALL HER OWN WAY!”

WRONG IN THE MAYNE.



IB.—Permit me through your columns to ask the following questions:—

Where is the humble ratepayer to take his daily exercise, and may he deduct the expense of his revolver from the police rate?

The circumstances are as follows:—We all know how admirable are our police arrangements, and what a debt of gratitude we owe to SIR RICHARD MAYNE for perfecting them; but there remains the uncomfortable fact that, even before the Fenians took to blowing us up, it was unsafe to walk through the streets of London,

owing to the thieves, roughs, and garotters.

The only secure promenade for the ratepayer was the sewers. Alas, Sir, these are now closed to him; every passage and hole is guarded or locked, I am informed, on account of the Fenians.

What with powder barrels below, and garotters above, this metropolis is reduced to a pretty pass.

Turned out of the peaceful slush below, I have bought a revolver, which I can ill afford, and must get on, I suppose, as I can, until by SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S retirement, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," he and the Londoners gain their well-earned repose.

There is a rumour (I don't know how far it is true) that the plucky Colonel of the Havelock Volunteers is to take command of the police; that the force are to wear breast-plates, and to be permanently encamped at Aldershot. Anyhow we cannot be worse off than we are at present; but I think it is hard that JEMIMA and I, who are both getting fat, should have no place for that daily walk we so much require.

I am, Sir, yours,

A SEMI-OBESE RATEPAYER.

GROANS FOR THE GROCER.

PUNCH will not beg pardon of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for borrowing the following bit of thunder, because between potentates such freedoms go for nothing. But he will explain why he takes it. Between himself and the *P. M. G.* he has cause to believe that Materfamilias has a suspicion that the latter is not quite sound and orthodox on the doctrine of the divine right of Beadles, and it stands to reason (at least woman's reason) that if a writer does not like a beadle he must be an enemy of all religion, and therefore cannot be trusted to check a grocer's bill. Now Mr. Punch's orthodoxy is unquestionless. He believes everything, and a great deal more. And therefore he proposes to endorse the following document. Materfamilias, Madam, be pleased to see how your Grocer treats you. Here are lists of the prices of household articles as furnished by your Grocer, and by a City House. And yes, M'm, you are quite right in asking—the articles are of exactly the same goodness in each case, there is no accusation of fraud, the only complaint is that your Grocer charges you £9 2s. 1d. for goods which you ought to have for £4 15s. 0½d. If you like to pay the difference, there is no harm, only do not say that your ever faithful and affectionate Punch did not warn you. Says a most respectable and trustworthy (not reliable) authority:—

"I have drawn up the following list of stores, as supplied to me within the last month by 'our grocer,' and I have annexed for comparison MESSRS. FORSTER & SON'S prices for the selfsame articles:—

Our Grocer.			Messrs. Forster.			Our Grocer.			Messrs. Forster.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.		£	s. d.		£	s. d.
7 lb. Castor sugar..	0	5	10	0	3	9½	5 lb. box ditto ver-				
7 lb. Demerara do.	0	4	8	0	2	11	micelli.....	0	6	8	0
7 lb. Carolina rice..	0	4	1	0	2	8	12 lb. Sultana rais-				
7 lb. ground rice ..	0	4	8	0	2	6	sins	0	10	0	0
7 lb. Patna rice ..	0	2	11	0	1	6	4 bottles fine oil ..	0	12	0	0
7 lb. best tapioca ..	0	7	0	0	4	8	2 doz. hearthstones	0	4	0	0
7 lb. black pepper..	0	14	0	0	4	8	2 doz. Bath bricks	0	8	0	0
7 lb. white pepper.	1	1	0	0	8	2	1 lb. bitter almonds	0	3	0	0
7 qts. best vinegar	1	8	0	0	14	0	12 yards house flannel.....	0	9	0	0
1 cwt. soda	0	14	0	0	8	6					
7 lb. best currants .	0	4	1	0	8	6					
2 lb. best arrowroot	0	6	0	0	3	0					
6 lb. pearl barley ..	0	3	0	0	1	6					
5 lb. box Genoa macaroni.....	0	6	8	0	3	2					

£8 18 7 £4 17 6½
Packing 0 3 6 dis. 0 2 6
£9 2 1 £4 15 0½

HOITY! TOITY!

An Original Poem for the Infant Minds of MASTER JOHN and MISS COLUMBIA.

How now, my dear children, it's always the way,
You can't be contented with innocent play;
But you wrangle and squabble, with tempers too high,
And then there's a scold, and a sulk, and a cry.

What, are there no games you can take a delight in,
But sneering, and jibing, and scoffing, and fighting?
I'm weary of telling you, time after time,
That you're cousins, and therefore each quarrel's a crime.

JOHN, do what she asks you, no angry replies,
You're older than she, and you should be more wise;
And COLUMBIA, my dear, don't speak pettish and tart,
If he's surly sometimes, you've a place in his heart.

You two, well descended, well fed, and well taught,
You should set an example, yes, that's what you ought,
Remember how much on your conduct depends,
You're Christians and cousins—there, kiss and be friends.

LYRA INELEGANTIARUM.

MR. BOOSEY, the eminent music-publisher, has been defending himself, or rather his ballad concerts, in the *Musical World*. We are not going into the controversy—we think the concerts excessively pleasant ones—and the gentleman on the other side is perfectly capable of conducting his own case. But we are going to assure MR. BOOSEY that our experience of song-composing is not in this wise:—

"The truth is that verses are rarely read by the publisher, and the way in which they escape his scrutiny is easy to explain. The poet gets hold of a popular composer in a weak moment (perhaps over a cigar) and asks him to set some words to music. The composer, wishing to do his friend a turn, finds a tune for the words and plays it over to a publisher. The tune is liked and the song published. It afterwards leaks out that there is a poet hiding himself behind the composer. Then comes the publisher's grief. The poet, who is of as much importance to the composer as the frame-maker to the painter, gives himself airs, and takes all the credit of the song to himself."

Now this, we repeat, is not our experience. Extraordinarily brilliant and popular composers come to us (whether we are smoking or not is nothing to the purpose—most likely we are, we generally are) and say, "O, my dear boy, do sit down for a quarter of an hour, and knock us off some verses one isn't ashamed to set. The batches of bosh which the publishers send me are enough to make a fellow tear his hair. Just look here." And then he pulls out a lot of MS., and reads first lines:—

"The stars are smiling on the beans."
"I knew thee by that gay perfume."
"Pop your dear letter inside the old tree."
"Tears along my brow may trickle."
"Come where crocus-berries glisten."
"Jump, little heart, for Johnny comes."

And a dozen more of the same beauty; and then in a plaintive way he demands something else. Perhaps he gets it, perhaps he doesn't. But we never hide ourselves behind him, for reasons, and we never take all the credit of the song, or any of it, inasmuch as provided song-words have plenty of open vowels, and no elisions, and mean as little as possible, they answer the composer's purpose, and there's no question about credit. The comparison between the frame-maker and the words-writer is not quite apposite. A picture can exist without a frame, but a song can't exist without words, except when a MENDELSSOHN writes it, and we are not likely to have MENDELSSOHN while the music-publishers are not ashamed to push the songs of the music-halls.

But, as the late MR. STRICKLAND used to say in *Uncle Fozzie*, "Lor', after all, what does it matter?"

A Warning.

THOUGH Hampstead's the place to ruralise, it labours under the disadvantage of being sadly inaccessible from London. A friend of Mr. Punch, who lives there, says that there are two lines of omnibuses which will convey him to the Bank; that from the Swiss Cottage, known as the City *Atlas* line; and that *via* Camden Town and Tottenham Court Road, which may be called, from its tardiness, the City *at last* line. He has hit the difference to a "t."

HUMANITY FORBIDS.—We are not a cruel people, and yet we have no scruples about using poor Gold Beaters' skin!

SET YOUR HEADS TO WORK.—How do you account for the fact that the hat is worn lower and lower, when it is raised every day?



"AMANTIUM IRÆ."

Belle of the Juveniles. "MA, DEAR, ISN'T IT CROSS OF GEORGE? HE SAYS IF I DANCE WITH CLARA'S BROTHER ANY MORE, IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US, AND HE'LL HAVE ALL HIS PRESENTS BACK!!"

STARVATION IN THE MIDST OF TURTLE.

DIED on Sunday the 19th instant, in Holloway Prison, MICHAEL LYONS, aged twenty-seven, from previous starvation. According to a contemporary:—

"It is stated that 51 persons, men, women, and children, were committed to the City prison at Holloway in three days by one Alderman last week. They had been found destitute in the streets of the City by the police, and they had been taken into custody on the charge of begging. For this they were sentenced to an average punishment of from 14 to 21 days' imprisonment, with hard labour, on a diet of dry bread and gruel."

Were they, then, a set of impostors? Not so:—

"Of the whole 51 the money found in their pockets amounted, it is said upon authority which there is no reason to doubt, to the sum of 1d. That coin was found on the person of a blind man. They contained amongst their number representatives, not only of every form of misery, but almost of every class. One was a stockbroker who at one time had been possessed of a fortune of more than £100,000. He came to grief through having invested too confidently in Spanish bonds. . . . One little child of two years of age was locked up with its mother. The whole fifty-one were more or less suffering from starvation; thirty-four of them were in a state of physical exhaustion from want of food. Young women were seen to stagger from weakness when entering the prison."

The refinement of some readers would be outraged by the publication of the sequel to the foregoing description. It goes into surgical and entomological details.

The deceased MICHAEL LYONS was one of those twenty-one miserable creatures committed, for begging, to imprisonment and hard labour in Holloway Prison. "He was fairly exhausted from want," deposed MR. WEATHERHEAD, the governor of the prison. "He got six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel one hour after he came in." It was not a savoury meal, but "when he got his food he ate it ravenously, like a man suffering from want." He got bread and gruel; but he did not get a glass of brandy, which might have saved his life; and he died of serous effusion on the brain. So, according to medical evidence, decided a coroner's jury, adding that they considered "it would be advisable that the governor of the prison should have the power of altering the diet of prisoners whenever he sees a necessity for doing so." As capital punishment has ceased to be the punishment of robbery, the jury probably thought that even a thief had better not be suffered to perish like MICHAEL LYONS.

In a letter in the *Times* MR. OKE denies that any persons were committed from

the Mansion House for begging; but seven, he says, were brought there. The Alderman, therefore, whoever he was, that sentenced 51 to imprisonment, hard labour, and meagre diet, may, in so doing, be presumed to have been a free agent, unbound by law. So the law, in this case, need not be called barbarous and unchristian. Does the Alderman, however, who administered it, think that, had DIVES had the option of sending LAZARUS to the House of Correction, instead of suffering him to lie at his gate—in the state of some of the poor companions of LYONS—and if DIVES had accordingly punished LAZARUS with imprisonment and hard labour DIVES would precisely have done his duty instead of neglecting it, and that this would have made the whole difference in the ultimate lot of DIVES? If the story of DIVES and LAZARUS is a myth, if it has no moral at all, well and good, or, as some will say, ill and evil. Then, maintain a Workhouse System, which drives the destitute to starve in the streets. Then abolish the law which makes suicide a crime: let everybody who is miserable go and hang himself. Then, no poor rates; no expenditure on paupers! Also, no church-rates, and no waste of money in the payment, to the amount of one single farthing, of any clergyman!

A TRAIN—OFF THE LINE.

Oh reductio ad absurdum
Of Justice and her rein!
Who but Hibernian peelers
Had ever stopped this Train?

Would you lay hands on BARNUM,
If BARNUM crossed the main?
Why from all trains of humbug
Pick out this special Train?

E'en Ireland's wildest frenzy
Would scorn this scatter-brain:
Not Munster at its maddest
Would light at such a Train.

When he had stumped the Union,
And couldn't stump again,
To stump benighted Britain
Came this ill-guided Train.

Three parts Bedlamite in essence,
And one part knave in grain,
Who cares to know what "notions"
Were freight of such a Train?

Out-at-elbows tram-projector,
Kansas she-suffrage swain,
Omaha's brazen Hector,
Packed in a single Train!

He wished to be a Lion,
Have his tale and boast his MAYNE,
And with both of these we've furnished
(More fools we!) high-pressure Train.

By arresting him and caging him
As if the man was sane,
And not a wretched wind-bag,
And loose excursion Train.

We've given him the importance
Of which he was so fain,
And contrived, like brother Asses,
A Lion's skin for Train.

Found him matter for dispatches,
Claims, puff and bounce inane,
In short, like willing stokers,
Have got up steam for Train.

Clap oblivion's stopper on him,
And o'er his Erles vein
Put the kindly seal of silence—
And so upset this Train.

CHARADE FOR COSTERMONGERS.

My first is unfathomable, my second odoriferous, and my whole is a people of Africa.—*Abyssinians.*



ANOTHER COUNTRY-HOUSE STUDY.

"TAME CATS" AT AFTERNOON TEA.—(DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF A SECOND CUP.)

HYMNS OF HATE.

A CURIOUS little controversy is going on in Shropshire, as we learn from the *Oswestry Advertiser*, upon a feature in hymnology, and as this is a typical quarrel, likely to be repeated in many a county, *Mr. Punch*, the great Arbiter, steps in to "stint the strife."

The question is whether a Christian ought to feel comfortable in singing a hymn in honour of his own religion, when he does not include in his singing some abuse of other creeds.

Those who take the affirmative side, urge that the cause of religion is not likely to be much served by congregations joining in this sort of thing—a verse from a hymn of JOHN WESLEY. Appeal is made to Providence to

"Let Mahomet's imposture end;
Break superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain."

Those who take the negative side insist that a religionist who is in earnest, and who knows what the POPE and MAHOMET teach, must rejoice to shout out the above as loudly as he can.

It appears to us that it can be of very little consequence what anybody sings who can open his mouth to sing such nonsense. It is worse than BRADY and TATE. We say this at the risk of being considered as the anonymous Proud Scoffer, at whom the dark dig is aimed. But we submit to Christian gentlemen who have the selection of hymns, whether they ever heard of a Mahometan or a Roman Catholic being induced to abandon his faith by hearing it called bad names. We advise the expurgation of the two objectionable lines, and the confining the malediction to the case of the Proud Scoffer, who, not being otherwise named, will perhaps not mind the onslaught. Judgment for plaintiff.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, editor of *The Book of Praise*, concurred.

The Thistle for Erin.

It is said that we have scotched the snake of Fenianism, not killed it. What a pity that we cannot Scotch Ireland rather more, and then there would be no such snake as the Fenian to want killing.

BALLAD BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

AIR—"John Anderson my Jo."

SIR, you and I, by Jove, Sir,
Are getting on in years,
We neither of us throve, Sir,
Like some of our compeers.
And now our means are small, Sir,
Our social status low;
Yet we are better off than some,
Sir, fellows whom we know.

Though we're grown grey, by Jove, Sir,
We're free from nuptial tether,
And though we never throve, Sir,
We're childless altogether,
Have no one to provide for,
Supposing we should go:
We'll dine together at the Club;
Sir, those men can't do so.

SPIRITUALISM AND STRETCHING.

THE writer of a letter in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January accuses *Punch* of gross misrepresentation, perpetrated in a notice of certain "Spirit-Poetry." He—if not she—omits to mention the number of *Punch* in which that notice appeared. It was the number for November 23, 1867. So now, any intelligent reader of the *Spiritual Magazine* is enabled to compare the notice with the accusation.

The *Spiritual Magazine* also contains a statement by an eye-witness, who doubtless believes he saw what he says he saw, that MR. HOME, the Medium, was, at certain *séances*, elongated and shortened—elongated on one occasion to the height of from six to seven feet. Many people are satisfied that MR. HOME stretched a good deal in his autobiography; but few will credit him with the capability of stretching like a piece of india-rubber.

AND THIS IS THE WAY HISTORY IS WRITTEN !

THE *Mark Lane Express* says that LORD HILL's fat Eland, which attracted so much attention at the Islington Christmas Cattle Show, has been slaughtered and eaten; that a sirloin of the beef was placed on the table of the Farmers' Club dinner at the Salisbury Hotel, when those who partook of it pronounced it to be capital beef; that the Eland was slaughtered by MESSRS. BANNISTER, who bought it, at a low price, there being no competition for such strange meat.

Within a day or two after this paragraph was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, MR. BANNISTER writes to say that no Eland sirloin appeared at the dinner in question; that the Eland was not purchased or slaughtered by him; and that the Eland, to the best of his belief, has never been purchased, slaughtered, or eaten at all.

If the best history be the newspaper, as CORBEN used to say it was, what are we to think of this specimen of historical material? No wonder LOWE would banish History from education, as being made up of contradictions, if our "best possible instructors" are to be made to give themselves the lie—the lie circumstantial, too—thus, from one day to the next. And if we can be thus crammed *à propos* of meat, what may we not expect *à propos* of measures and men?

MR. LOWE IN "TOM AND JERRY."

ILLUSTRATING the error of hasty generalisation, MR. LOWE said, in his instructive speech at Liverpool:—

"If a man rode his horse against a wheelbarrow, and it tumbled down, that horse would be frightened at every wheelbarrow it saw—because it had generalised too hastily."

As the horse generalises too hastily, so does the ass. What a blessing to society it would be if MR. LOWE could make every donkey see the absurdity of so doing. What a bore for all the impostors and charlatans, and especially the medical quacks, who thrive on the donkeys only because they are prone to hasty generalisation! A donkey has been persuaded to take MORISON'S or HOLLOWAY'S pills, and, after having taken them, has felt himself relieved of the complaint for which he took them. So, whenever he feels unwell, he always has recourse to those particular pills, believing that they will be sure to relieve him again. This too hasty generalisation is at last, perhaps, the death of the donkey.

MR. ROBERT LOWE has exposed illogical reasoning so well, that although he repudiates the logic of the schools, instead of being commonly called BOB LOWE, he might be called BOB LOGIC.

PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

The *Post's* correspondent at Paris says:—

"The military mania is a contagious malady, not confined to Europe alone. The EMPEROR OF MOROCCO has just decreed the formation of a regular army, to be commanded for the most part by European officers, more especially Spanish."

Christian Sovereigns having set the example of "bloated armaments," a Mahometan Potentate is now "at it" too—but for what purpose? Whom does the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO want to leather?

Sporting Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

Consecration of New Bishop for Natal.—This merry little affair will come off shortly. Can't manage it on the old ground on account of the Authorities being too downy—the tip will be given to the knowing ones at the Mitre, Lambeth. Information as to the time and place to be obtained by the fancy from the editor of the *Guardian*, the *Church Times*, and other high ecclesiastical sporting journals. The colours of the day can be now purchased. *Church Times* Office. Dark's the word.

Dignity and Dignior.

AFTER weighing DIGNY's budget
Our advice to you, Signori,
Is "let DIGNY's place be taken,
Et detur digniori."

SAYING AND DOING.

"The *Speaker on Education.*" Such is the heading of a paragraph in Friday's *Times*. Haven't we had quite enough of "the speaker" on Education, and isn't it time for "the doer"?

ON SEEING A POSTER.

In consequence of the high price of provisions, Paternoster contends that there is something *Dearer than Life*—Living.

THE FENIAN RUFFIAN.

"Oh, 'tis rare sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard!"—SHAKESPEARE.

THANK God, 'twas from o'er the Atlantic,
This wickedness came to our shore:
Erin might be illogical, frantic,
Break heads, and shoot landlords, *galore*;
But ne'er, in her maddest of "ructions,"
When with whiskey and wrath the most wild,
Did she better the foul fiend's instructions,
On innocent woman and child.

With the Saxon whatever her quarrel,
Quick to fret, slow to heal, long endure,
She ne'er set the death-dealing barrel
Midst the close-crowded hives of the poor.
Ne'er laughed to see workmen's homes scattered,
And bread-winners' tools flung in air;
Their little ones bleeding and shattered,
Their wives stricken dumb with despair:

That fiendish delight in fiends' doing,
Had its roots in accurs'd civil strife,
Was fed in the foray's red ruin,
And the camp-harpy's war of the knife.
The ranks of the Great Western nation
Such scum, when detected, disgorged,
But while brand and noose it evaded,
A soldier's credentials it forged.

What of it escaped from the gallows,
Or the bullet, that noose should have been,
Brazen-browed, bloody-handed and callous,
Took the Fenian mask for its screen;
Found poor Irish pockets to plunder,
When the Camp-vulture's quarry was gone,
And mimicked the patriot's thunder,
As the soldier's garb erst it put on.

In one point alone they're Milesian,
These blots on the brave Celtic race:
To the cause that deplores their adhesion,
Destruction they bring with disgrace.
When their hate to the Saxon they'd show men,
At the Fenians, it is, they strike hard,
And seeking to blow up their foemen,
Hoist themselves with their murderous petard.

TO ALL GIRLS ROUND "ST. PAUL'S."

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE made an excellent speech the other night, and in it he said the following thing:—

"A man who does not take an interest in politics is only half a man, and I think no girl ought to marry him."

Now, MR. TROLLOPE is the recognised authority as to what girls ought to do in the way of marriage—he is the Judge in the Marriage Court, a SIR J. P. WILDE reversed—and his decisions have the weight of law, and Mr. *Punch* commends the above (which he heartily endorses) to all the *Lily Dales* and other darlings. Why, the fellow who does not take an interest in politics, cannot enjoy *Punch*, and what girl would marry an idiotic ass who does not do that? No girl worth having.

Salisbury to Cape Town.

DEAR BROTHER GRAY,

You want to find a place in which to consecrate a Sham Bishop. I believe that there is still a Nag's Head, in Cheapside. I beat the Papists out of that hostelry, so it is quite at your service, and very proper for it.

Yours affectionately,

Elysium.

THE GHOST OF BISHOP BURNET.

P.S. SWIFT and I are inseparable friends.

Chromotheology.

THAT an Acetate changes the colour of grey,
We really don't know, so we'd rather not say:
But it's perfectly clear to Pan-Anglican view
That A. C. TAIT has set BISHOP GRAY looking blue.

SHOOTING STARS.—Crack Shots.



THIS IS MR. PUNCH'S LATEST SUGGESTION

FOR A VERY SWEET THING IN SHORT DRESSES.

PERSONS WHO PLEASE THEMSELVES.

OF course, *Mr. Punch*, you have read a letter, pleading the cause of certain outcasts, which the distinguished surgeon, MR. SKEE, the other day wrote to the *Times*. If any of your readers happen to be acquainted with any prigs and any prudes, endowed, however, with some share of good feeling and good sense, I hope they will try and induce them to attend to the appeal put forth, for their enlightenment, by MR. SKEE.

But, Sir, there is one little argument in MR. SKEE's above-mentioned letter, to which I must demur. He asks:—

“Can it be supposed that the society of their own sex is a sufficient incentive to extravagance in dress?”

The answer to this question expected by MR. SKEE of course is—No. But my reply is Yes. More than that, I say that not only can it be supposed that the society of their own sex is a sufficient incentive to extravagance of dress on the part of most Persons of the sex referred to by MR. SKEE, but also that such is in general actually the case. The great majority of them, I am sure, dress solely with a view to the effect which their clothes will produce on others who are naturally qualified to wear similar clothes. I don't imagine that effect to be intended to be always, or even usually, admiration or pleasure. Astonishment, I should rather think. Perhaps it does not disappoint expectation when it is envy.

MR. SKEE represents “the love of finery and dress” characteristic of Persons, as “a taste implanted in them by nature for purposes that make them attractive to our sex, for whom they live and move.” Yes; but it has been diverted, or perverted, from those purposes. Why did Persons persist so long in wearing crinoline? It was detested, it was ridiculed by all mankind. Why is their evening dress generally so low as to be grotesque, and so long as to be apparently intended to conceal splay feet? as it probably was by the Person, whoever she was, who invented it, or for whom it was invented. We, Sir—I trust I may say we—like to see the Person decorated and adorned in such wise as to set off every one of her personal advantages, and enhance them, all and sundry, in the highest possible degree. A quantity of fine clothes, which might, for aught we can discern, drape a stake or a pole, excites no

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

A New Version, respectfully recommended to Sundry whom it concerns.

MORE luck to honest poverty,
It claims respect, and a' that;
But honest wealth's a better thing,
We dare be rich, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And spoony cant and a' that,
A man may have a ten-pun note,
And be a brick for a' that.

What though on soup and fish we dine,
Wear evening togs, and a' that,
A man may like good meat and wine,
Nor be a knave for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fustian talk and a' that,
A gentleman, however clean,
May have a heart for a' that.

You see yon prater called a BEALES,
Who bawls and brays and a' that,
Tho' hundreds cheer his blatant bosh,
He's but a goose for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His Bubblyjocks, and a' that,
A man with twenty grains of sense,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
And if the title's earned, all right,
Old England's fond of a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Beales balderdash, and a' that,
A name that tells of service done
Is worth the wear, for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
And come it will for a' that,
That common sense may take the place
Of common cant and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Who cackles trash and a' that,
Or be he lord, or be he low,
The man's an ass for a' that.

emotion in our minds but pity for the wearer, and more pity for the man who will have to pay for it all. The majority of Persons dress as Fashion bids them, and would not on any account dress otherwise to make themselves ever so attractive to any one of the sex which is MR. SKEE's, and yours, and mine. Why do they still wear those pigtails? I mean chignons.

However, Fashion has certainly done one graceful thing for Persons, in giving them their present walking-dresses, at once elegant and sensible. Too pretty and too reasonable to last, I am afraid, *Mr. Punch*. It is too probable that we shall soon see distended skirts again obstructing the pavement, or flowing trains once more sweeping it. Some vulgar Persons continue to go about with hoops under their gowns. They are accustomed, as you have observed, to cram omnibuses, and make them stuffy, and wipe their muddy skirts as they go in and out on people's knees. A true lady, if hoops were fashionable for a private carriage-dress, would relinquish them if she had to ride in a public vehicle.

The remarks in MR. SKEE's excellent letter about female extravagance in dress—*obiter dicta*—are quite true for their purpose, only the cause of that extravagance is not that which he fondly assigns. Such, at least, is the opinion of your old friend,

SILENUS.

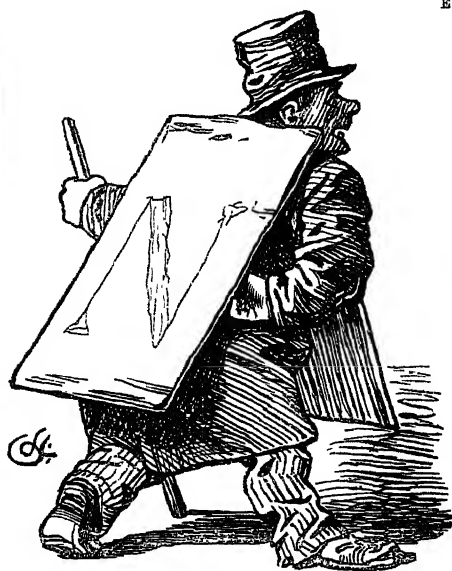
P.S. I am stopping at the Graces.

A Graphic Symphony.

TRANSCENDENTALISM in ideas of the power of sound has been supposed to be represented as pushed to absurdity in the notion of “music descriptive of a man's going abroad, and changing his religion.” What, then, do you say to a composition performed the other evening at MR. BARNBY's Concert, namely MENDELSSOHN's “*Reformation Symphony*?” For that describes people staying at home and changing their religion, which it is not easier to conceive capable of being musically described than going abroad and doing so.

A POOR RELATION.—Telling an anecdote badly.

BEFORE THE SCENES.



EVER WAS I behind the scenes in my life, except once, in dim and distant youth, at the Theatre Royal and Sole Magnustown, long since transformed, without the magic touch of *Harlequin's* wand, into a Pickle Warehouse. If I were to meet, in my walk down the Strand to-morrow, all the actors and actresses, all the lessees and managers of the various Metropolitan Theatres, there is not one of them who would know me. I have never written, or adapted, or translated, or edited anything for the Stage. I am merely an occasional playgoer, easy to please, mostly a Pittite, not hope-

lessly inconsolable if the piece I pay to see is of foreign extraction, with a fanciful idea that I can tell pretty well by the title of a play whether it will have a long run or soon drop, with no tantalising recollections of the great performers of gone-by days, with a memory which does not punctiliously remind me that I have seen this situation or discovered that plot twenty times before, with entire ignorance of the French stage, saving me from contrast and comparison; and with intermittent resolves to cease being even an occasional playgoer, and become a total playforegoer for the following (amongst other) reasons, which I shall set out with all the solemnity of a Tory Peer's protest:—

Because I object to crowds and crushes, gloomy vaults and passages, and constricted entrances and exits.

Because I object to narrow and hard seats, alternate benches without backs, bad ventilation, and itinerant vendors of lemonade and stout—stout and lemonade.

Because I object, when I take ELEANOR and ELEANOR's sister to the superior parts of the house, and secure seats, to be fined (fee for booking) for paying ready money; and consider that my butcher and baker might as reasonably increase the price of their goods when my dealings with them are for cash.

Because I object, after I have paid a stiffish sum for my seats, with the booking-fee in addition, to be further plundered for the benefit of the functionary who shows me to my box; and feel that if this is right, I ought, the next time I accompany my wife to MESSRS. WINCEY AND POPLING'S, to give a gratuity to the young man who hands us chairs, and tempts ELEANOR with the new *Abyssinian* jacket.

Because I object to be charged twopence or more for a playbill, and am simple enough to think I ought to have one for nothing, as at the *Adelphi*.

Because I object to pay for the temporary custody of my overcoat.

All which objections I put on record, with a sturdy conviction that any Manager who would abolish these grievances and abate these nuisances, might realise a swift and substantial fortune.

This is the prelude—the overture—now for the performance. One moment more before you ring the bell. What capital have I to start with as a critic? Have I studied the history of the Greek theatre? Do I know anything about the unities of the Drama? Can I speak of mysteries and miracle-plays, masques, and pageants? Am I versed in the annals of the English Stage, from the *Globe* to the *Alhambra*, from SHAKESPEARE and BURBAGE to BULWER-LYTTON and KEAN, with ready references to BETTERTON, MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, QUEEN ELIZABETH, MASTER BETTY, and the O. P. riots? Do I even know the meaning of the commonest stage directions? Can I, who am going to say something about *Clown* and *Columbine*, *Harlequin* and *Pantaloon*, reveal the origin of Pantomime, and follow its chequered (and spangled) career, from RICH to GRIMALDI, and downwards to FLEXMORE and BOLENO? Any answer to these interrogatories? No; at least none that would satisfy a Court of Equity. Then run the risk, and ring the bell, and let us get as near as we can to the front of the pit of Drury-Lane.

I have great advantages as a seer of Pantomimes. All mechanical forces are unknown wonders to me. I cannot tell how any of the tricks

are done, and I don't want to be told. Even the resounding smacks and slaps *Clown* and *Pantaloon* deal each other, are in my eyes so many savage and dangerous assaults. I may get rather tired, but then *Jack the Giant-killer* or *The Babes in the Wood* was not prepared for my amusement (forty last birthday), but for the entertainment of these two young gentlemen sitting by my side, who laugh and clap, and roll and writhe with delight, the more *Clown & Co.* cuff and whack and thump and thrust each other. (I declare there are grown-up people in the auditory laughing immoderately, but only, of course, as an example to the children.)

If I were writing beautiful poetry, and not plain prose, I should make "cleverly" chime with BEVERLEY (I shall not be surprised to hear that it has been done already), not merely as a rhymical convenience, but as a just and sincere compliment to the scenic artist of Drury Lane. If any wayfarers will adopt me as their theatrical MURRAY, I should advise them to explore the *Giant's Causeway* and the *Cornish Coast*, and the *Road to St. Ives*, which it may surprise them to hear are nearer home than is generally supposed—in fact, no farther off than Drury Lane! If an excursion into Fairy Land, to which country no Handbook has at present been published, be preferred, the *Golden Garden of the Peerless Pool* will be found a delightful promenade, and the *Fairy Boudoir* prove a bower of bliss. If I may indulge myself in a good hearty wish, it will be that the "Fruit Fairies" may get their deserts for their picturesque dancing; and although old Pater Christmas is defunct, and not particularly lamented by me, I should not rebel against a second visit to a *Christmas Kermess during a Frost*, or be put to torture by re-seeing the *Grand Flambeaux Dance*.

From Drury Lane to Covent Garden is not a far cry. The Fates, should I not rather say the *Fata Morgana*? have been propitious to Covent Garden. MR. MATT MORGAN'S *Realms of White Diamond* is a brilliant success, and his enchanting *Seasons* as good as THOMSON'S. They may be "fleeing," but they will certainly not be short-lived. Those who are of opinion that *The Merry Greenwood* is a glade of gladness will signify the same in the usual manner. MR. HAWES CRAVEN, you need have no fears; a forest of hands would, I am sure, be gladly raised in your favour.

Whatever hesitation you may have, MR. FRED PAYNE, I can have none in pronouncing MR. W. H. PAYNE and yourself to be the Premier Pantomimists, and Prime Ministers of fun and frolic, notably in *The State Bedroom in the Baron's Castle*, which with its romantic four-poster ought to be on a poster all over London, surrounded by little robins, and merry men in Lincoln green under the command of CAPTAIN SHERIDAN of the "Robin Hoods." And, MR. HARRY, you are certainly the pleasantest of Clowns, being as neat as a new pin, and never offending by vulgarity.

I venture on one final word of remonstrance to the two Sovereign Houses. Set a good example to your minor brethren. Bring out next year, pantomimes as good as, or if possible, better than the two now being performed, but do not pervert them into an "excellent advertising medium."

THE GREAT CONVERT.

THE Catholic papers intimate that Rome is about to gain another convert of so much influence and importance as to make the operation a grander success than any of the recent manipulations.

Who is it? ask the Protestant papers.

Answers are given at random. Among the suggestions are—

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

MR. BUCKSTONE.

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

BERNAL OSBORNE.

CHANG.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

W. H. PAYNE with his Son, *Harlequin*, thrown in.

EARL RUSSELL.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

MACE.

BEALES.

But it is left to *Mr. Punch* to reveal the mystery. The fatal blow has been struck at last. The work of the Reformation is undone. Protestantism is moribund. The Papists have been and done it. They have got

WHALLEY!

We shall come out in black next week.

Quite as Likely.

THE increase of the French army to 1,200,000 men by the new Bill, will, according to the Imperial organs, conduce to peace, by leaving France to enjoy her "*otium cum dignitate*." But how if it converts her *otium* into *braggadocium*?

ARMADILLO.

A SONG OF BLOATED ARMAMENTS.

A QUEER little animal there's to be seen
In the Regent's Park Gardens, where you have all been :
Armadillo, Armadillo, he's arm'd like good fellows,
In mere self-defence from the wild beast that bellows.

His back is protected with armour of scale,
And he runs about safe clad in that coat of mail.
Armadillo, &c.

O rare Armadillo, how well it would be,
Were all of our neighbours armed only like thee !
Armadillo, &c.

If they would but just leave one another alone,
They'd want safeguard not even so much as thine own.
Armadillo, &c.

There's Italy, fain her own business to mind,
And Prussia, with Germany, likewise inclined.
Armadillo, &c.

And for the same reason in quiet remain,
By all means would Austria, Russia, and Spain.
Armadillo, &c.

In the whole world there's no one that wants to advance
One step in the way of encroachment on France,
Armadillo, &c.

France will arm to the teeth, not with rivals to cope,
But to fight, if required, for the crown of the POPE.
Armadillo, &c.

So poor France with taxation must sheep-like be shorn,
And her sons from their homes by Conscription see torn.
Armadillo, &c.

France must pay, France must bleed, that her Ruler Elect
May the Romans keep under the yoke they'd reject.
Armadillo, &c.

If the POPE were but left his own rule to enforce,
France herself could relieve, and us all, too, of course.
Armadillo, &c.

The example by France set would act like a charm,
By disarming herself she'd all Europe disarm.
Armadillo, &c.

DOING THE CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

MY LORD CHAMBERLAIN,

YOUR Lordship cannot be much of a playgoer, or else you have very liberal ideas of public decency. If you erase improprieties of the pen from the authors' MSS., you allow pruriency of dress to make amends for your excisions. If the *no* dressing of actresses increases as it has done for the last two or three years, the Pantomimes and Burlesques of next season will become exceedingly costless, so far as the *costume* of the ladies is concerned, and our fruiterer, MR. LEWIS SOLOMON, of Covent Garden Market, will no doubt be appointed *costumier en chef* to all the principal theatres in London. No modest woman will be able to take her daughters to the theatre, if this and some other French innovations are permitted to extend; and the beautiful scenery of MR. BEVERLEY and MR. MATT MORGAN will hardly compensate for the indecent exposure of poor, wretched ballet girls, balanced on *stotes*, or dangled from wires, and who are compelled to submit to such indignities for the sake of an engagement. My LORD CHAMBERLAIN, you are not doing your duty. Should HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY again honour the theatres with her presence, she will certainly give your Lordship a wiggling.

FOOZLE.

Bettering the Instruction.

"WHEN your sons ask for bread do you give them a stone?"

Was a question once asked of the Jews.

Would Bumble's mouth shut, if that question were put,

And the querist an answer refuse?

No; by way of reply, with a wink of his eye,

"To the yard," he would say, "stir your bones:

There we gives the unfed, when they asks us for bread,

Not one stone, but a whole heap of stones."

A RIDDLE FROM ABYSSINIA.—What is the difference between the WAGSHUM GOBAZIE and Mr. Punch? The former is the "Prince of Wag," the latter the Prince of Wags.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

KELLY's Post Office Directory for 1868.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS has caused some delay in the appearance of this Review, for, unlike many of his critical brethren, Mr. Punch invariably peruses the whole of a work before judging it. We have now read the *Post Office Directory* through, from beginning to end, and unhesitatingly pronounce a verdict of approval. There is a lucidity of style, which at once enables the reader to grasp the author's full meaning; and if the language be epigrammatic almost to a fault, that is not a fault on which Mr. Punch can be severe. The amount of information which the volume contains is colossal; indeed MR. KELLY may be called the Colossus of Roads, also of streets, squares, terraces, avenues, lanes, broadways, alleys, circuses, paragon, ovals, parades, fields, villas, buildings, gardens, courts, places, chambers, crescents, vales, gates, hills, parks, inns, rows, walks, houses, flats, cottages, clubs, and all other localities in which the population of the Province of London is to be found—and it will be found if MR. KELLY be taken as a guide. It does not occur to us to add anything more to this puff, except that the ponderous yet handy volume seems just the thing to shy at a Fenian if he comes within reach, and it is our fixed intention to launch it at the head of the first who shall approach the Presence—the rest will be for the coroner, and his address will certainly be found in the book.

NO BISHOP OF EXETER HALL.

We fear that the new BISHOP OF LICHFIELD will not be popular in Exeter Hall. Read this:—

"BISHOP SELWYN does not like 'missionary meeting anecdotes.' At a meeting at Coventry the other day, he said, 'After more than twenty-five years spent upon the islands of the Pacific, he could give them plenty of anecdotes if he thought well. He especially hated anecdotes which were called 'interesting.' People wanted to hear interesting anecdotes from the same maudlin sentimentality which induced them to read sensation novels.'"

"Interesting anecdotes about the dear heathen." That phrase, the darling of the *Dames de la Halle d'Exeter*, proscribed, and by a Bishop! We do not think that DR. SELWYN will get an engagement for the May entertainments. What, not a single story? Not one about a dear New Zealander, who, a year ago, proposed to eat his grandmother, and now, through tracts, carries her about on his shoulders, singing hymns? Nothing to bring out those curious noises alternating between a sympathetic murmur and indignant groan, which used to accompany tales of negroes, flogged to death in thousands for keeping the Sabbath, and which now proceed when there is talk of Jamaica? No, and the Bishop may do very well for the Black Country, but evidently is not the man for Philadelphia.

SAD NEWS FROM ROME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT do you think has happened! Such a *frightful* piece of news! I read it in the *Times*, so of course it must be true:—

"I shall conclude my Roman report with the last sapient act of the Government, which has been to prohibit chignons, and regulate the toilette of ladies in church."

"Sapient act!" Only fancy calling *this* a sapient act! Imagine if the British Government were to imitate the Roman, and were to forbid our wearing chignons when we go to Church! But LORD DERBY is a gentleman, besides being so clever, and I'm sure would never dream of doing such a stupid thing. I've heard that his Reform Act is not thought a very wise one, but surely it would be the very height of sapience compared with such a "sapient act" as that described above.

My feelings are too strong for me to say much more about it, and so I will remain,

Yours, most indignantly,

GEORGIANA GUSH.

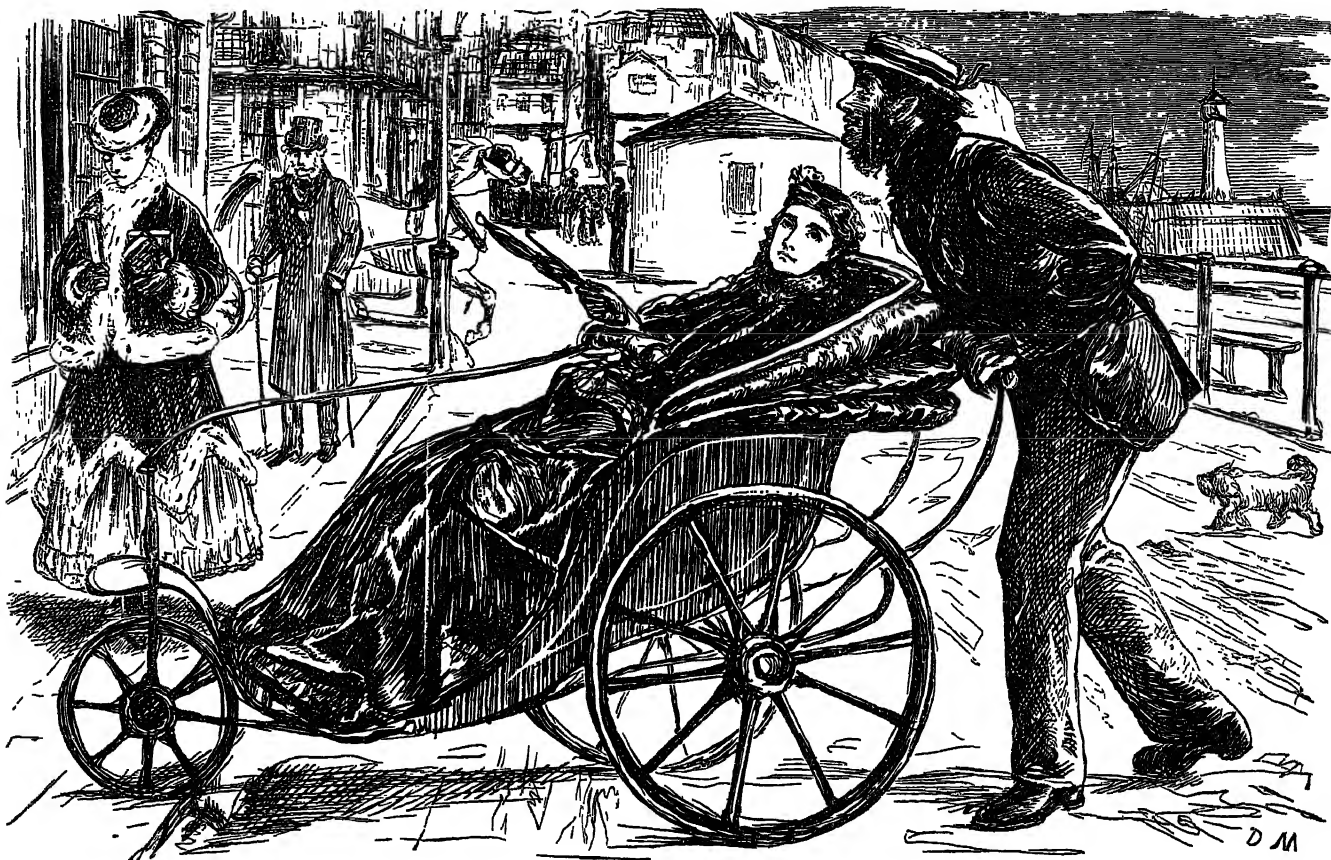
P.S. I suppose we next shall hear that ladies are obliged to go to Church in their *old bonnets*.

P.P.S. Sad news for the dear Ritualists, this information must have been! No lady now will dream of going over to Rome, if she is to take her chignon off before she goes to Church.

Freedom in France.

"*L'Empire c'est la paix*," we were once told. It hath not appeared. What France has got by the Empire, besides the restriction of the Press, is the Army Organisation Bill. France, whatever may be said by her Emperor, may now, for her own part, say, "*L'Empire c'est la Conscription*."

DEFINITION.—The Mansion House—A Mayor's Nest.



Nearsighted Invalid Lady. "PATRICK, CAN YOU READ THE NAME ON THE SHOP JUST OPPOSITE, FOR ME?"

Patrick. "SURE, MISS, IT'S AS IGNORANT AS YOURSELF I AM! THEY NIVER TAUGHT ME TO READ, EITHER!"

MAC-RORIE O'MORE.

MAC-RORIE O'MORE had an itching for lawn,
He was offered Natal *vice* BUTLER withdrawn;
He wished from his see tough COLENSO to squeeze,
And at CAPETOWN's proposal thought best not to sneeze.

"MAC-RORIE, be aisy!" the PRIMATE might cry,
(Reproof on his lip, but a wink in his eye.)
"TWIXT NATAL and CAPETOWN I am so put about,
Faith, they've teased till I don't know who's in and who's out."
"Och, then," says MAC-RORIE, "it ain't every day
That a man to a seat on the Bench sees his way:
At GRAY's offer I'll jump, though your Grace mayn't be sure
If it's legal or not," says MAC-RORIE O'MORE.

"Oh, please," said mild LONGLEY, "don't think of the like;
At your Primate's authority thus would you strike?
The ground I object on, GRAY grants, I'll be bound"—
Says MAC-RORIE, "He neither minds you nor your ground!"
"But, MAC-RORIE, unconsecrate out you can't go,
And each Bishop in England GRAY asked has said 'No!'"
Says MAC-RORIE, "That same I'm delighted to hear.
Scotch and English still go by contraries, my dear.
If England won't consecrate, Scotland we'll try,
And, in name of the Church, Church and Law we'll defy.
The defects in my title possession will cure,
That's nine points of the law," says MAC-RORIE O'MORE.

Says the PRIMATE, "I grant you that that's clear enough;
And that makes COLENSO's resistance so tough;
He's in, and in spite of the mark of the beast,
Draws his pay, laughs at bell, book, and candle and priest."
Then, RORY, the rogue, put his tongue in his cheek,
And winked at the PRIMATE so courteous and meek,
As who'd say, "Of your Bench if COLENSO makes light,
Why mayn't I do the same?"—Don't you think he was right?

"MAC-RORIE, leave off, Sir,—GRAY, blunder no more;
"Twice you messed it with LONG and COLENSO before;"
"And I'm game for another," says GRAY, "to make sure.
"Here's for mess third and worst with MAC-RORIE O'MORE."

HOW IS IT DONE?

WRITING on distress in London a competent authority says, "There are no Jews suffering. A Jew mendicant is as rare as a black swan or a white elephant. The Hebrews relieve their own poor."

Just so. We were thinking of advising all distressed persons to become Jews, only that the Hebrews do not care about proselytes. However, it may come to that. Meantime, would DR. ADLER, or some other eminent Jew, tell us how the relief is managed? The Christian way, we should tell him, is to establish twenty or thirty separate associations, which by the natural laws of rivalry, become antagonistic, will not work together, and relieve one street a dozen times while they neglect the next altogether. Moreover, they preach to the hungry. How are things managed in Jewry?

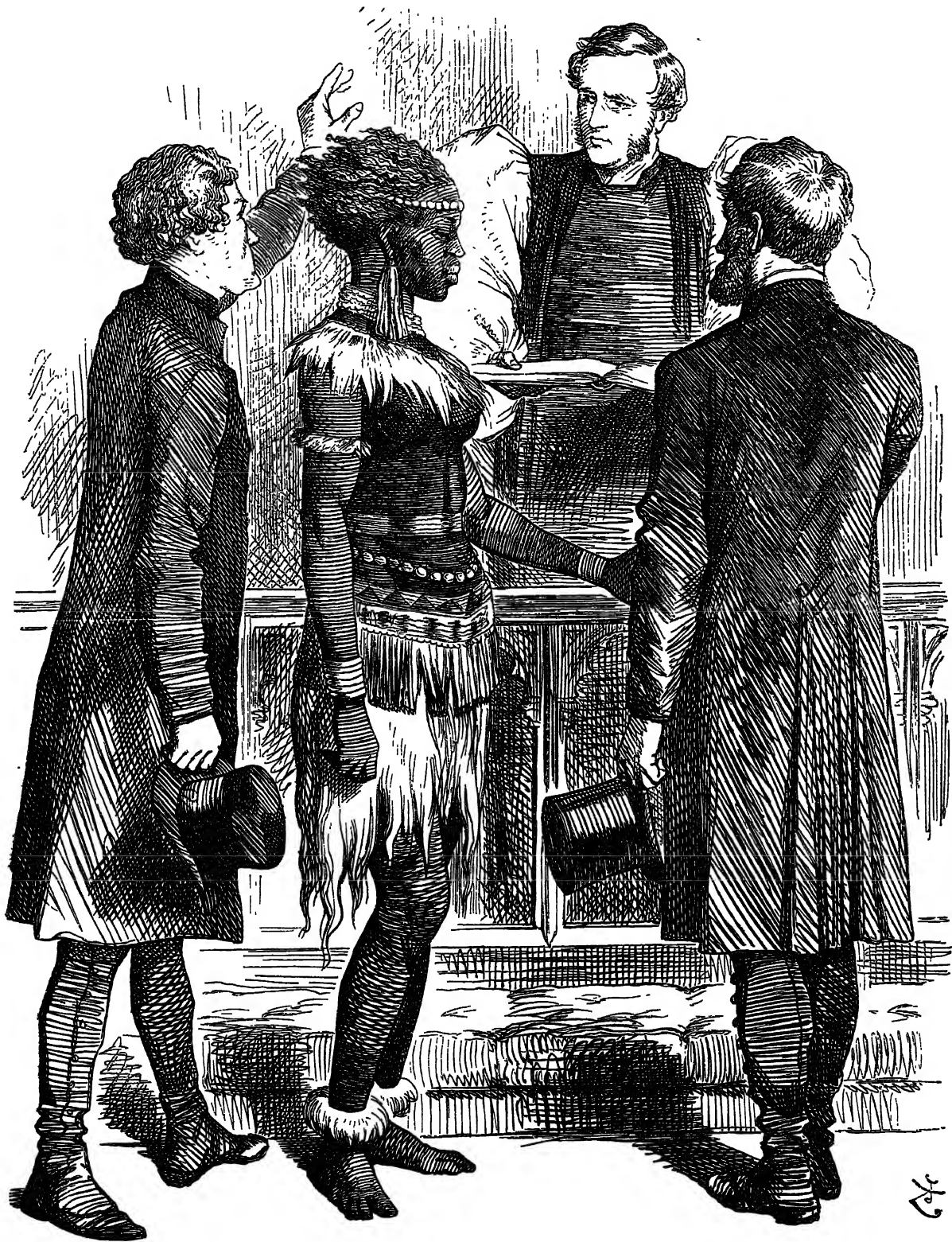
Since the above was written, there is news of a Reform. The Societies, weary of impostors and blundering, amalgamate, and adopt a system. Good. They have learned something from Judæa. One recalcitrant East End Mission stands out for the right of giving tracts as well as money to hungry beggars. We recommend the public to save the Mission the second trouble.

The Last.

If a tall man held a most responsible situation in a Bank, why would his description, given by a Scotchman, be the name of an English County? Because the Scotchman would describe him as "*Lam-cashier*."

A RITUALISTIC PLEA.

WHY should the Ritualists be allowed the use of the Censer?
Because they are so evidently wanting in-sense!



THE ZULU BRIDE.

BISHOP TAIT. "STAY!—I PROTEST!—"

BISHOP GRAY. "UPON WHAT GROUNDS, MY LORD?"

BISHOP TAIT. "BIGAMY!—SHE'S MARRIED ALREADY."

FEARFUL WARNING.



PUNCH is never savage, but he owns that he looks forward with grim satisfaction to a terrible scene which may be nearer than the despotic THWAITES supposes. Has THWAITES ever read the history of CHARLES THE FIRST, and does THWAITES know how the quarrel began that ended when the Ragman of Rosemary Lane did his office? For his information, let us mention that it was by the King's levying taxes illegally. Ha! No, it is of no use for THWAITES to start and frown in that melodramatic manner; *Punch* is as heroic as HAMPTON, as pertinacious as PYM, and as odacious as OLIVER C., and cares nothing for starts or frowns. KING THWAITES in council, with locked doors, has decided on getting £350,000 over and above the sum authorised by Parliament. Well, we won't have it done. We raise the banner of rebellion. We impeach THWAITES of treason to the State. We demand the head of THWAITES. We ask him, as a man, how he will like to be led out at a window of his new office, and be decapitated? Because that's what will happen. He is not an ill-looking gentleman, but is nothing to compare to KING CHARLES THE FIRST for melancholy beauty, and if the latter King's looks did not save him, assuredly the former's will not. He is luckier than CHARLES, for he has a fearless adviser to warn him of his impending doom; but if he neglects counsel he will have only himself to thank when he tries to comb his hair some morning, and finds that he has no head.

HOW TO CHECK POACHING.

BEING a good sportsman, and not a mere game-butcher, *Mr. Punch* is pleased to see that the Farmers' Club at Hexham have passed a resolution that big battues are a nuisance which ought to be abated. If every farmers' club in England had the sense to do the same, no doubt a good effect might be produced upon the game butchers. What is sport to them is death, not merely to the birds and animals they slaughter, but to the crops which these same birds and animals consume, and for which no compensation really compensates the farmer. Great game preservation leads to wicked waste of food, and so far from making sport to a true sportsman, it destroys it. To shoot tame pheasants as they rise by dozens, scores, or hundreds, at "warm corners" of a covert, needs neither nerve nor skill, nor any quality of sportsmanship, and only lazy, idle fools can fancy that there is any pleasure in it. Then think at what a cost this pleasure is enjoyed. Not merely waste of crops, but waste of life is caused by it. Where hares and rabbits swarm, there poachers, too, abound; and labourers are tempted to leave their ploughs and hurdles to look after their snares, and so are led to worse than waste of time in prison.

Game preservers surely might help somewhat to check poaching, if they only sold their pheasants, let us say at sixpence each, and thus made them so cheap as to be hardly worth the taking. But so long as game is sold as dearly as it is, and so long as game preservers let their keepers purchase eggs and live birds from the poachers, there is very little hope that we shall see our prisons emptied of them.

Mother Church's Nursery Rhymes.

I'll tell you a Story
'Bout MR. MAC-RORIE,
Who'd be Bishop of Natal or none:
I'll tell you another
'Bout LONDON, his brother,
By whom poor MAC-RORIE was done.

Subterranean Spelling.

WE heartily approve of the teaching bestowed upon the men employed on the Underground Railway, but are not quite so certain about the accuracy of the Directors' spelling. At a dinner the other day, the *employes* were told to remember the three S's,—Signals, Safety, Sivilty. But the intention was good.

POLICE! POLICE!

WE English have been taunted with instinctive reverence for a policeman. We acknowledge it—we profess it. Some of our neighbours have as much reverence for a soldier. They are aggressive, predatory foreigners. Whilst they reverence the soldier, they respect not, though they may fear, the policeman. We revere our soldiers too; but simply because they defend us and our property. Due, indeed, is our veneration to those who are prepared to lay down life, and even limb, that we may be enabled to eat, drink, sleep, and otherwise enjoy ourselves in ease and comfort. The veneration thus due to the soldier is at least equally due to the policeman. Your soldier has only to fight in war-time; your policeman is daily on active service against ruffians, and then his skull, and all his bones, are in jeopardy every hour. Let us extol the policeman, therefore, let us honour him—let us pay him. For distinguished services let us suitably reward him and his superior officers. Give him the Victoria Cross when he has earned it; ennoble them: decorate their breasts with stars and their legs with garters. Let their names be given to boots.

It is conceivable that we might contrive to do without soldiers. Very likely we should be able to dispense altogether with an army, and with naval armaments also, by utterly renouncing all intervention in foreign affairs, and by steadily submitting to be wronged, imposed upon, and diplomatically and metaphysically kicked; which doesn't hurt—does it BRIGHT? But, unless by absolute surrender of life and property to the dangerous classes, we could never do without policemen.

The efficiency of the police requires that they should be duly organised. For this purpose it must be borne in mind that though policemen are combatants, they are not such combatants as soldiers. They have to act not against masses of enemies, but against single foemen; their warfare is battle with individual villains—the swell-mobman, the thief, the footpad, the garrotter. The organisation which they require is such as would qualify them not only to encounter such antagonists, but to keep them out of the field. Of late this object has been imperfectly accomplished. The malefactors have had things very much their own way. To be sure the police are not nearly numerous enough. The gallant fellows have not had their numbers augmented in any adequate ratio to the increase of population. But also there appears to have been more military drilling of them than was necessary, and not enough of that special training which is necessary to render them sufficiently sharp in looking after those "characters" who ought to be known to them. Hence not only have very many of Her Majesty's subjects been plundered, throttled and stunned by an unmolested felon, but a monstrous outrage has been committed, which ought to have been prevented. Had the police force been in a proper state of efficiency, the prison and the houses in Clerkenwell would probably not have been blown up the other day by the Fenians, whilst the Fenians' own plot would.

The activity needful for bringing the police up to the mark cannot be expected at this date of an official career so long as their present Chief's. It is time that career should close, with adequate acknowledgment of merits past. The day will doubtless come when the nobleness of the constabulary profession will have been so well recognised that the Sovereign will be advised to elevate a veteran Chief Commissioner of Police, for distinguished services, to the Peerage. That is to say, if the country have no war to carry on, like the Abyssinian, so that Parliament will not refuse to vote him the means which he will require to sustain the dignity of a nobleman. In the mean time SIR RICHARD MAYNE might be invited to retire on a pension, the full amount of his salary.

A Catch for the Orange Clubs.

SING her dirge, our Irish Church!
DERBY leaves her in the lurch,
Dizzy's Educating birch
Waves no saving sign:
Down she'll go, the poor old sham,
Beaver's tail may save her? Bam!
They'll have beaver, tail, and dam,
Who'll hunt in Sixty Nine.

Melancholy, but True.

John Bull (the paper) takes the liberty of lecturing the QUEEN for the patronage HER MAJESTY bestows on the Kirk of Scotland, and it intimates that the Sovereign is little better than a Dissenter. That charge is too awful to be spoken about. But *Punch* may be allowed to remind the *John Bull* that if the QUEEN did not when in Scotland patronise the Kirk, she would be not only almost, but quite a Dissenter. We wonder whether JOHN BULL can realise the fact that in Paris he would be a Foreigner. It may be very humiliating, but England isn't Everywhere. English persons would make fewer mistakes if they could manage to acquire this idea.



A CERTAIN CURE.

Trio of Pretty Cousins. "YOU POOR DEAR OLD FRED! I WONDER WHEN YOU WILL BE STRONG AGAIN?"

[Fred has no idea, but under present circumstances feels the Bath-chairs are doing wonders for him!]

A PLEA FOR TIGHT LACING.

IN *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* a controversy has* for some time been going on about tight lacing, as if the good or harm, the taste or barbarism of that practice were an open question. "TIGHT LACING," indeed, is given as the signature of a writer who affects to advocate it. Our readers will perhaps be of opinion that he ought to be invited to contribute to *Punch*. It is necessary to observe that among the defenders of tight lacing in the above-named magazine there are some who actually represent themselves as men. This one writes in the character of a lady, and is evidently a humorist. She says:—

"Most of your correspondents advocate the early use of the corset as the best means to secure a slender waist. No doubt this is the best and most easy mode, but still I think there are many young ladies who have never worn tight stays who might have small waists even now if they would only give themselves the trouble."

Only! Mark the satire that is compressed into that little word of two syllables. "TIGHT LACING," or, for brevity, let us say T. L., proceeds:—

"I did not commence to lace tightly until I was married, nor should I have done so then had not my husband been so particularly fond of a small waist, but I was determined not to lose one atom of his affection for the sake of a little trouble. I could not bear to think of him liking any one else's figure better than mine, consequently, although my waist measured twenty-three inches, I went and ordered a pair of stays, made very strong and filled with stiff bone, measuring only fourteen inches round the waist."

The foregoing passage will be seen to be a capital imitation of the habitual phraseology of uneducated women of the lower middle class. "Consequently . . . I went and ordered a pair of stays" is an admirable example of vulgar colloquialism. T. L. continues, with reference to the stays:—

"These, with the assistance of my maid, I put on, and managed the first day to lace my waist in eighteen inches. At night I slept in the corset without loosening the lace in the least. The next day my maid got my waist to seventeen inches, and so on an inch smaller every day until she got them to meet."

In the specimen, above quoted, of familiar narrative, there is a combination of touches that remind us of both SWIFT and DEFOE, and very much, also, that resembles the autobiography of BARON MUN-

CHAUSEN. We seem to fancy we have read something like it in that wonderful relation, as well as in *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*. One declaration in particular savours strongly of the last named work of creative genius:—"All night I slept in my corset without loosening the lace in the least." There is an obvious mistake in it, but it is characteristic, and the Dean of St. Patrick's all over. So is the concluding bit of inferior female grammar. So, pre-eminently, is what follows:—

"I wore them regularly without ever taking them off, having them tightened afresh every day, as the lace might stretch a little."

The fact stated, and the reason assigned for it, are both very like SWIFT, especially the fact, which was not nice, and of all of his writings may be said least to suggest the *Tale of a Tub*. But now to conclude T. L.'s tale:—

"They did not open in front, so that I could not undo them if I had wanted. For the first day the pain was very great, but as soon as the stays were laced close, and I had worn them so for a few days, I began to care nothing about it, and in a month or so I would not have taken them off on any account, for I quite enjoyed the sensation, and when I let my husband see me with a dress to fit I was amply repaid for my trouble; and although I am now grown older, and the fresh bloom of youth is gone from my cheek, still my figure remains the same, which is a charm age will not rob me of. I have never had cause to regret the step I took."

The grave representation of a figure like an egg-glass as a charm which age would not rob the possessor of, is highly ludicrous. Immensely so, likewise, is the serious assertion on the part of a woman that her waist was reduced from twenty-three to fourteen inches by mere compression without ever giving any cause for regret to the subject of that process. It is a parallel to the allegation in SWIFT's mock advertisement, about the juggler, who allowed any gentleman to drive forty twelve-penny nails up to the head in a porter's back, and drew them out again by putting him in a loadstone chair, the said porter feeling no pain.

It is gratifying to find *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* instructing its readers by satire. They must be very intelligent. Let us hope that none of them are so much the reverse as to take the irony of a wise and clever man for the credible communication of a vain, silly, and disgusting woman.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XIV.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—THE CAPTAIN.—THE STEWARD.—SAILORS.

A RIDDLE suggests itself while we are at sea:—
When is my Funny Friend *not* my Funny Friend? *Answer.* When he's on board the packet between Dover and Calais, and the passage is what the Captain has already prophesied it would be—"dusty."
Limp, huddled up on a bench, prostrated helplessly under a tarpaulin, lay GRIGG.

Lifeless, *un*-beautiful he lay, or staggering to the side of the vessel without his sea legs on, he leans o'er the bulwarks, and communes mysteriously with the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

But now a GRIGG, now thus. I say this to him, and feel very unwell immediately afterwards. I feel unwell, but am not in the least ill; so that my Funny Friend has the best of me after all, though, for the time, he has all the practical joking taken out of him.

He asks me from under a rug and a tarpaulin to fetch the Steward: I can't. Not from a want of will, but from a modest mistrust of my own powers of locomotion, and a dread of the consequences if I once move. I utter the word "Steward!" feebly, and flatter myself that I've been as kind and charitable as the good Samaritan himself would have been under similar circumstances; unless, indeed, that excellent person should have happened to have been a first-rate sailor, which would of course alter the case entirely. The Steward only comes once near us. I am glad he doesn't appear again, as the sight of him, surrounded as he is by such uncomfortable traditions, makes me qualmish and irritable.

The sailors, too, are so careless, and exhibit such shocking taste. If I was the best sailor in the world, I really think that I couldn't stand this.

The Captain comes up to me. He reminds me that he said "it would be dusty." He is cheerful and talkative, and apparently always on the look-out for something in the dark. I murmur, "Yes, he was right," and intend to show no disposition for entering into further conversation. He tells me, without my asking for the information, that he's known such nights on board on this very passage, short as it is (thank Heavens!), sailors, bred and born sailors, who couldn't keep their legs, and had to be lashed to the something or other—a nautical term meaning what I don't know. I reply, "Ah!" I don't know that it interests me, I don't know that I am glad to hear it, I don't know that I am sorry to hear it, I don't know anything: I wish he wouldn't talk, that's all. I prefer being left alone with my misery. I don't say so, because it's unsociable, specially to a Captain; but I am unsociable, and I mean to be. I begin to regret leaving England. Perhaps I may never see it again. I am beginning to be envious of GRIGG, who is in a *decidedly* bad state, while I am still in an *undecidedly* bad state: which is worse. The Captain asks me why I don't go down into the cabin? The cabin!! With all the people—I only say, "No," shortly, but I *do* wish he wouldn't come bothering here. The cabin! Oh, confound him! I try for a moment to comfort myself with the notion that GRIGG, my Funny Friend—ha! ha!—(I can't laugh in this state, but it's the idea) is more wretched than I am. Only I can't imagine any one more wretched than I am.

Miserable Thoughts on board.—Wonder who invented these confounded steamships? (*By the way*, the one thing I was careful to explain to the Captain at first was, that "I was always all right on a sailing-vessel," so that he might not be taken by surprise on seeing me all wrong on his steam one.) Why the deuce don't they make a tunnel from Dover to Calais? Or a bridge? I'd take a season-ticket, and walk over. There's the Thames Tunnel. What's that doing? Why can't that be utilised? * * * Raining, I think. Dusty passage, indeed. I wish it was dusty. Oh, how I prefer travelling by coach to this infernal thing! * * * That *was* a wave that time. If another comes like that, I shall be knocked off my seat. Shall I be able to get back again? A man might be blown overboard, and no one be any the wiser until they got to Calais, and then they'd only find he was lost when they asked for his ticket. No, that's not right: I can't put it right now. * * * Rain or spray; or both. I won't put my hands out to dry my face, or I shall open the waterproof. * * * There's another: we seem to be going right up to the sky, and then down again with a scooping movement.

Is life worth having on these terms? Is the game of going to Paris for a holiday worth the trouble? * * Oh, dear! * * Oh, dear! * * This time I *do* think I'm * * * A sailor is speaking to me; he says we're nearly in. I say "Are we?" I don't doubt him; I don't care. He repeats it, and requests a trifle for the loan of his waterproof. I really can't. I mean I can't get at my pockets. I won't undo the waterproof, because one wave may thoroughly wet me before we arrive at Calais. I say I'll give it him presently, and beg him not to bother. He puts it forcibly to me that he won't be able to see me presently, as during the landing he's wanted to do something (something nautical that I

don't understand) with the ropes. The same application I overhear being made to GRIGG. GRIGG is too feeble to move. He can't give anything: he will presently: the man mustn't speak to him now: he swears he will reward him liberally hereafter. I repeat this. Both sailors are incredulous. The Steward comes, and wants a fee. GRIGG treats him very curtsy. He tells him he hasn't attended to him during the passage, and in a general way charges all his sufferings on this official. The Steward comes to me. I hate him. In the words of the song (some song about "My Mother"), He is "the cause of this anguish," *i.e.*, Thou art the cause of this anguish, my Steward!

The sailors are summoned away to their ropes. The sea becomes calmer; there is a steadiness about the water now, which is reassuring. GRIGG rouses himself; so do I; feeling that I am pretty certain of making my legs take the direction I wish.

I say with melancholy triumph to GRIGG, "Well, I've been all right." GRIGG, who is plucking up, replies that he is getting all right now. Will I, as he can't trust his legs yet, mind descending the companion, and bringing up the parcels in his berth? I will. I descend the companion.

Is it the cabin or a casual ward? or a hospital? Let me get the packages, and out of this as quickly as possible; or I, the sailor, who have weathered the storm, who have been so well * * * Ah, here is the berth at the end! A foreigner, an extinguished foreigner in a nightcap, has turned our boxes out, and is lying in GRIGG's berth. Oh, he is *so* unwell! I find him there instead of the packages. He moans and groans. Worse: he thinks I'm the Steward. * * * It's all over with me. * * * And just at our journey's end!

GRIGG up above, quite himself again.

"Now, then," he cries; "come up, will you? Don't be all day amusing yourself down there."

Amusing myself! Did I say this to GRIGG?

* * Of course, the Captain and his officials didn't give us their photographs; but they are in my memory's photograph-book.

A SONG OF THE SHAMROCK.

THE particular tint of Old Ireland is green;
By the Emerald Isle that's the thing Poets mean.
And the wide world all over, as everyone knows,
By the name of Green Erin Hibernia goes.

There's a Paddy that's one of the best of his kind;
PADDY GREEN is the boy that occurs to your mind.
Though the closest observer could never yet spy
Any green in his aspect or green in his eye.

Paddy Greens and Green Paddies don't fancy the same—
Some by nature are green, others only in name;
But among simple Paddies that green we may call,
Sure the Fenians by far are the greenest of all.

'Tis with verdure they're clad from the top to the toe,
Like the banks of Killarney where evergreens grow;
So they plot and conspire in their poor verdant way,
And they still find that traitors will traitors betray.

Oh, how green were O' Guy Fawkes and all of his band
Who the Gunpowder Treason in Clerkenwell planned,
The accomplice that was an approver behold!
It was so with conspirators ever of old.

So "The Green," then, "above the Red!" shout Fenian boys,
'Tis a mighty fine banner, and mighty great noise;
But the green of Green Erin is not such a hue
That she'll e'er be done brown by such blackguards as you!

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

AFTER all, there is Tolerance in England. There is a Book, by the precepts of which the people called Christians profess to be guided. Certain folks, calling themselves by a name derived from that Book, have been practising a method of cure which is therein expressly ordained in the plainest language, as a remedy. They have not been successful. They have been sent for trial, placed in the dock, but acquitted. It is satisfactory to add that in a Christian country persons have not been hanged for obedience to the New Testament. There—so a Voltairean might sum up and leave that affair of the "Peculiar People." But he is a sham philosopher who can get nothing out of a curious incident but the cue for a sneer. Suppose we go a little further, and ask what the Spiritual Police, who are paid to direct wandering theologians, have been about in the district of the Peculiar People. These poor folks had to be told by mere lawyers that though they had read the Book right, they had read but a bit of it. It seems hard that simple people should have to be tried for their lives in order to get a little teaching.



THE SPECIALS.

Short Special (to himself). "WONDER WHAT THAT LANKY FOOL'S LOAFING ABOUT HERE FOR?"

Long Ditto. "HULLO! HERE'S LITTLE KECKYWIGS! NOW, WHAT THE DEUCE IS HE DOING ON THIS BEAT?"

BRIGANDS IN LONDON.

THE drama of *The Streets of London*, which for some weeks past has been performed at the Princess's, might be made somewhat more life-like if a scene were introduced to show how brutal robberies are done in open daylight now in many London streets. Either a lady might be knocked down, and violently trampled on, while her pocket was ripped open; and her purse and watch and chain and jewels were purloined; or a gentleman might be tripped up, or surrounded and garrotted, and left senseless on the pavement, robbed of all he had about him. The business of the scene should be well-rehearsed beforehand, and a score of real footpads taken, say, from Endell Street, might be specially engaged; so that the robbing and maltreating might be done with all professional correctness and despatch.



THE CAUSE IN BOTH CASES!

This would clearly make a good sensation scene, to the benefit no doubt, of MR. VINING'S treasury. Some profit to the public too would probably accrue, for public notice would be drawn to the unsafe state of the streets. Perhaps SIR RICHARD MAYNE might be tempted by the scene, and might take a stall to see how brutal robberies are done beneath the eyes of the police. And perhaps when he had thus acquired a knowledge of this fact, he might take measures to prevent the *Streets of London* and the *Brigand* being played in open daylight within three miles of Saint Paul's.

Drisheen.

WITH a delicate sense of the fitness of things, the "young ladies" of Cork presented MR. TRAIN (late of the gaol) with a testimonial. It consisted of blood puddings. Fact. The darlings!—we mean the "young ladies."

A Clerical Error.

A MEETING of eminent mercantile gentlemen was held the other day at Liverpool for the promotion of commercial credit and morality. From thousands of British pulpits every Sunday denunciations, as the *Fall Mall Gazette* observes, are launched at the typical "moral man." We can only wish that he were anything like so common a character as the persons complain.

Paying our Way in Abyssinia.

THE Abyssinian Expedition forms a case wherein the usual relation between invaders and invaded, the latter being the weaker, are reversed. The Abyssinians will sell us nothing for any sum under a dollar. They thus stick it into us instead of our sticking it into them, and it is we and not they who are plundered. These things are managed contrarily in countries invaded by France.



EDUCATION !

Papa (improving the occasion at Luncheon). "Now, LOOK, HARRY, THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THIS CAKE IS EQUAL TO ABOUT THREE TIMES THE DIAMETER, AND—"

Harry. "OH, THEN, PA', LET ME HAVE THE C'UMF'RENCE FOR MY SHARE!!"

COMMON SENSE ON WHEELS.

THEY still "manage some things better in France," and among them may be mentioned road-making and cookery. In these respects we might with profit take a lesson from our neighbours, and perhaps the time may come when French rollers here will be as common as French rolls, and a *vol au vent* be served as well as a Welsh rarebit. What fools the French must think us, when they see us strewing lumps of granite loosely in our roadways, and wearing out our carriage-wheels in grinding it to slush. A road so formed is never firm, but quickly becomes rotten; and the saving of steam-rollers is a short-sighted economy, for narrow carriage-wheels make ruts and cannot bind the stones together. Thus they are kicked aside and wasted, and, as the road is not rolled evenly, holes are very quickly made in it, and carriage-springs are broken, and horses are tripped up, and are broken-kneed or lamed.

We Britons continually boast that we are a "practical people," and this is ever our excuse when charged with being inartistic. Our buildings may be clumsy, our statues hideous burlesques, but we don't profess, you know, to be an ornamental nation; our talent is for business, and all sorts of useful works. Yet few things are more useful than good thoroughfares and roads, and with these we either are too stingy or too stupid to provide ourselves. If every business man would calculate the time he loses daily, to say nothing of the temper, by reason of the roughness and the badness of our roadways, there would surely before long be held a public meeting somewhere, and somebody would propose that somebody should do something which somehow should help somewhat towards the mending of our ways.

NEW VERSION.

It was the reflection of a thoughtful hall-porter that the self-denying man must be the man who says he is not at home when he is.

DOD'S BEAUTIES OF PARLIAMENT.

O Dod !

That heading may seem odd,
But PUNCH, unlike to HOMER, doth not nod.
Again in thy Black Book,
Certain of truth, we look

For the twin rolls
Of those whom graceful CHELMSFORD now controls,
Helped by the bearer of the Sable Rod :
And those whom gentle DENISON
Invites to hear the benison
Pronounced upon his venison,
Likewise his salmon, turbot, soles, and cod.

For six-and-thirty Sessions
The large and stout professions,
Also the sad transgressions
Of our law-making Swells hast thou enshrined,
Again thy handy tome
(Wanted in every home
Where Politics are talked) we gladly find.

Thy namesake—with two D's—
Whose exit, pendulous, seems cruel now,
Victim to him who taught us how to bow,
Lie, flatter, fawn, and please,
"Beauties of Shakspeare" in one volume placed,
And though the luckless parson showed some taste,
'Twas thought he more deserved his fate
For leaving out the other eight,
Than for the deed that brought to grief his neck,
The counterfeit of Chesterfieldian cheque.

Into no kindred error thou dost fall :
Thou givest All.
All Beauties of the Parliament are here,
Temporal and Spiritual Peer,
From the vice-royal ABERCORN, L.L.,
To ZETLAND, darling of the Mystic Cell :
And all who in the Nether House give tongue,
From T. DYKE ACLAND unto RICHARD YOUNG,
All now preparing for The Talk. O dear !
Punch thanks thee, Dod,

And, tying up a rod
Which down on sundry he will shortly bring,
Looks to thy pregnant print
For many a valued hint
How that well-pickled birch may smartest sting.

SUPERNATURAL IMPUDENCE.

THESE are awful times, *Mr. Punch*. Strange spirits are abroad. J. W. K. writes to the *Times* an account of a street robbery, with brutal violence, of which he was the victim. Having stunned him, the ruffians who had knocked him down made off with his watch. He says :—

"I afterwards saw two policemen, who treated the matter very calmly, saying, 'I was not the first who had been robbed on the same road this week.'"

Not the first ! Why this is the very language of the mocking fiend. "She is not the first." Your readers are also, many of them, readers of GOETHE, and know who said that. Two British policemen were never capable of such a sneer. It was the chaff of *Mephistopheles*, and his companion—*Asmodeus*, perhaps ; possibly *Modo* and *Mahu* himself—who knows ? Strange spirits, I say, *Mr. Punch*, are abroad, to say nothing of those spirits which seem to be so intimate with spiritual "circles" that they may be called familiar. None of them have told us, however, where to find the REV. MR. SPEKE.

But I say, Sir, what a pass we have come to when robbery is so rampant, for want of policemen, that we have *Mephistopheles* and another roaming the streets in the disguise of two of those deficient Guardian Angels, and saying to a man who has been plundered and maltreated, "You are not the first." For never could that jocular but unfeeling observation have proceeded from the mouth of a beneficent creature whose popular name is the fond and playful diminutive of

ROBERT.

Suggestions for Hippophagists.

The best horses for the Hippophagist's table would be "Coursers;" arranged in the bill of fare as First Coursers, Second Coursers, &c. Why was horse-radish omitted in the *menu* at the Langham ? And horse-chestnuts were wanting. Where, too, among the sweets was the *Pie-bald* ?

CABINET VALENTINES.

TO LORD DERBY.



RE the trumpet sounds "De-
bate,"

May thy gout be mitigate;
'Tis a grief to me to know
RUPERT taken thus in toe.
And when once more fierce
and fleet,

Πόδας ὄκνος, swift of feet,
Mettle up and all agog,
Thou art going the whole
hog,

Dashing on through thick
and thin,
Scorning purls, so 'tist to win,
Mayst thou come, swift-
footed chief,

Seldom as may be to grief,
Since it needs must be that
some—

Nay, often—times to grief
thou 'lt come.

What can *Punch*, thy Valen-
tine,

Wish thee, not already thine?
Wealth, wit, work to
sweeten leisure?

Man's brain, and boy's zest
of pleasure?

Strength of stroke and length of reach
In the fisticuffs of speech?
Mastery of thy mother-tongue,
And that wherein HOMER sung?
But one thing is left to wish thee
(Though some may declare 'twould dish thee)
That's a dash of STANLEY's ichor
To allay the hotter liquor,
That sets boiling the grey pate
Of our RUPERT of Debate.
Who can tell what chastening
A sedative like this might bring,
What a wholesome revolution
In Council and in Constitution?
Frozen out the gout would go
From cooled vein, and tempered toe;
No "ten-minutes' Bills" we'd see;
"Leaps in the Dark" would cease to be.
Try this cooling mixture fine,—
So says *Punch*, thy Valentine.

TO LORD STANLEY.

STANLEY, I have wished thy sire,
To control his youthful fire,
And his pulses' fervid flood,
Dash of thy more sober blood.
So I can but wish for thee,—
That the dry bones stirred may be,—
Of thy sire's hot blood a flush;
Try for once a Derby rush;
Tory backers turn upon,
To the cry "On, STANLEY, on!"
And fling off old party trammels,
Nor strain at gnats, to swallow camels;
What thy gumption, well we know,
Prove at need that thou hast "go,"
With thy prudence pluck combine,
So prays *Punch*, thy Valentine!

TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

I'll wish thee a pleasanter Session than last
And success to thy scheme educational;
Be its subject a party to wean from the past,
Or the schools, called, but only called, "national."
The Tory un-guidables still may'st thou scrunch,
The Tory unteachables smother:
And treasure this Valentine sent thee by *Punch*—
One *Jeu d'esprit* sent to another.

BY A FASHIONABLE YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.—The latest thing
out—My husband.

A TRADE REFORM BILL WANTED.

DEAR LORD DERBY,

Now that Parliament is assembling, you will have little time
to spare for reading any thing but Blue Books; and foreseeing this,
you doubtless took good care to read, during the holidays, whatever
was worth reading in reviews and magazines. Of course you read the
famous article in the October *Quarterly*—not that upon the Talmud,
though perhaps it was the famous one, but the one upon Trades'
Unions, wherein these words occur:—

"This then is our case against the Trades' Unions. . . . We say that they injure
in the most vital manner the interest of the very working class whom they are
meant to aid, that they threaten some branches of manufactures with extinction,
and seriously limit the diffusion of others, that they are carried on by means fatal
to every right that a free country respects, that they are ruinous to the legitimate
ambition of industry and merit, that they can only be conducted by a systematic
breach of the law, and that they run through the whole gamut of crime, from a
mere conspiracy in restraint of trade, to robbery, arson, mutilation, and murder."

That every word of this is thoroughly well founded there is in the
article put forth abundant proof.

That Trades' Unions are becoming a curse to the whole country,
and, if not utterly extinguished, should be sweepingly reformed, surely
no one in his senses will venture to deny. How we may reform them
the *Quarterly* points out:—

"A Friendly or Provident Society, which cannot obtain registration for its rules,
should be absolutely prohibited, and the attempt to establish or carry on such a
society should be treated as a fraud, and punished as a criminal act. By this simple
means an effectual bar would be interposed to that conjunction, out of which the
power of Trades' Unions mainly arises—the union of a fraudulent Provident Society
with a society formed for the purpose of restraining trade."

My Lord, as you are now at the head of the Reformers, and were
fortunate last Session in passing a Reform Bill, let me beg of you this
year to try and pass another. Amend the law by which conspiracy
and fraudulence, beneath the mask of providence, are suffered to com-
bine: forbid the banns of marriage—the crime besetting Trades' Union
—of conspirators and cheats; and thus annihilate the trade of "loath-
some miscreants," like BROADHEAD, and gain the thanks of honest,
free-born Englishmen, like

PUNCH.

BRIGHT ON THE FLOWING BOWL.

MR. BRIGHT has been speaking on a new theme. The Brummagem
Publicans have been at him to know his opinion about MR. ABEL
SMITH's Bill for restraining Sunday tipple. He has poked some fun
at them. He tells them that their present organisation for what they
consider protection is admirable; but that a Reform Act has passed,
and the representation will be Doubled, Trebled, and in some places
Quadrupled (lights on the Leap in the Dark); the political influence
of the Publicans will diminish in that proportion, and will in many places
be extinguished; therefore, they cannot expect in future "to force
men in the House of Commons to vote against their Convictions" for
the sake of the public-house. He therefore suggests that they make
reasonable concessions, instead of howling and shrieking against every
kind of regulation that is suggested for the prevention of drunken-
ness. *Mr. Punch's* sentiments on Liquor are too well known to make
it needful for him to say, that any effort in the Puritan direction will
meet with his bitterest enmity. But regulation is one thing, and sup-
pression is another. And there is, perhaps no calling (except law) in
which there are better fellows at one end, and greater blackguards at
the other, than in the "public line." It cannot be quite right that the
decent licensed victualler, whose well-conducted house is a conveni-
ence and a benefit, should be ranged under the same flag as the vulgar
"Pub" whose bar is a roaring scandal, and who stands gloating over the
drunkard until he has spent all his money, and is only good to be
hustled into the street. MR. BRIGHT said some things which Mine
Host may read quietly, and apart from the parasites who toady him.
Now for a cup of sack—that's a long screed. *Beviam.*

Diomedes on the Hippophagi.

"I FED my mares with men. 'Tis not a myth,
For 'tis endorsed by DR. WILLIAM SMITH.
To mares ALCIDES flung me. Things are changed.
I and my victims are alike avenged."

Langham Hotel.

A Remarkable Proper Name.

THE new ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES was solemnly enthroned, the
other day, in the Cathedral of that city. His name is DECHAMPS.
The predecessor of MONSIEUR DECHAMPS was Cardinal STERCKS.
What a strangely sounding name for a Cardinal! It might be taken
for a nickname. One would think that, on being called STERCKS, the
late CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES was maligned.

TAX THE SUN.

MY DEAR DISRAELI,

You told me the other night, at LADY DERBY'S party, that you were cutting some pretty figures for exhibition on the Budget night.

I should like to help you.

Why, in the name of common sense, and Philistinism, and everything that is practical, don't you clap a penny tax on PHOTOGRAPHS?

I have mentioned it before, but as our friend BRIGHT said last week, it is necessary in England to repeat a thing a great many times before it obtains attention.

There are about five millions of photographs made every year.

Do you know how much five millions of pennies make? Of course you don't, nor do I, nor does either of us know how to calculate it. Thank Fate, we were educated like gentlemen. But there must be some way of finding out, with decimals, or cubes, or hyperbolic logger-heads, or circular arks, or something.

Let us try at the problem. One hundred pence is eight-and-four-pence. I know that—you may take it from me. My little boy got an arithmetic prize (by the way, he will be a big boy one of these days, and then I shall be glad to talk to you about his future, should you be in office), and he assures me, positively, of this. I never knew him tell a story (excuse a fond parental pride), and we may start upon that hypothenuse.

Let us multiply that by ten. Ten times eight and fourpence is 24 3s. 4d., and that is a thousand pence. Well, a million is ten hundred thousand. O, bother, we shall never do it so. There must be some shorter way. Let us divide five millions by a penny, that seems simple. One in five—stop, that only brings us where we were before, like the American pig that thought it was getting out of the field through the pipe, only the pipe was crooked, and brought him in again.

Well, details are beneath great minds. I suppose you will allow that five million pence make a very large sum of money, which would look well among your pretty figures?

Get it, then, by enacting that no photograph shall be sold unless it bears an impressed stamp of one penny.

A photograph is surely a Luxury. At least, people think it so, though the process of sitting for one is anything else.

Also, no one is obliged to buy one. Therefore, there is no hardship.

Also, the Tax is so small that no one who can afford a photograph can feel the addition.

Also, the work of collection will be very easy. Let the Post Offices sell the stamped cards.

It is possible that a few of the touting blackguards who infest the streets, haul in customers and fight for them, may be discouraged by the tax; but this, instead of being an evil, will be a very good thing. Humble and honest artists will buy their photograph stamps day by day as they do their letter stamps.

And you will, as aforesaid, get a very large sum in aid of your Abyssinian War and your other expenses.

Look to it, my dear DISRAELI, and believe me

Your affectionate friend,

PUNCH.

P.S. This will be taxing the Sun. He won't mind. He was very much hurt about the Window Tax, which shut out his light; but that is done away and forgotten. I—his moral Representative—answer for him.

THE MAINE LAW A MULL.

In a lecture delivered the other evening at Exeter Hall on America, the REV. NEWMAN HALL, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, made the following important statement:—

"Touching the position of the temperance cause in the States, he said that the Maine Law had, he was sorry to state, proved inoperative, and would, he believed, shortly be repealed, and a strict excise law, such as was in force in New York, substituted for it."

The United Kingdom Alliance, and the promoters of Liquor Bills in the Legislature may be congratulated on the fact above announced. It will save them trouble, if they will only be so reasonable as to learn the lesson which it ought to teach them; namely, that moderation in the use of exhilarating drinks is not to be effected by Maine force, and that the only means of getting people to practise it is moral suasion.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT LAST DISCOVERED.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "MR. TRAIN is now 'lecturing' on the 'True Laws of Health' at a Water-cure establishment, St. Anne's Hill, Blarney, near Cork."

POACHERS, BEWARE!

GAME butchers are more plentiful in England than in France, for most of the French landholders have fortunes far too small to allow of big battues. There cannot be much game preserved where everybody shoots; and as their guns well-nigh outnumber their partridges and pheasants, it is not very surprising that French sportsmen condescend to shoot at smaller game. By universal pot-hunting such havoc has been made, that fears are entertained lest there be nothing left to shoot: and recently an outcry has been raised against the poachers, and it is said more stringent game laws are shortly to be passed. More than half-a-million chasseurs yearly pay for a certificate, and doubtless count themselves quite numerous enough to kill the scanty game there is now left for them to shoot. So we cannot wonder they feel savage with the poachers. Still, they must be well-nigh savages to dream of doing things like this:—

"One proposition is, that all the rural guards should be well armed with revolvers, and provided with mastiffs of English breed, with acute noses for ferreting out poachers; these dogs to be previously trained to the attack by exercising them upon puppets dressed up in dark-coloured clothes, such as night poachers commonly wear, and in which they might find *une sanglante nourriture*."

Our French friends may not know that mastiffs are not used in England to hunt poachers, and considerable training would doubtless be required before their noses were acute enough to be of any use. Perhaps, bloodhounds would be better, but we fear, for want of practice, they would hardly do much good, for it is not an English custom now to hunt down men with dogs. Nor do gamekeepers in England go "well armed with revolvers," as it is pleasantly suggested, should be now the case in France. Fancy mastiffs and revolvers, to protect a few tame pheasants! We shall next hear of canaries being guarded by artillery, or of a company of lancers being stationed near a hen-roost, to prevent the little chickens being eaten by the rats!

DANGERS OF BRIGHTON.

THOSE Brighton belles, those Brighton belles,
Bewitching shoals of chignon'd swells!

At every turn, in every street

A pretty face I'm doomed to meet.

Those Brighton belles, those Brighton belles!

My bosom with their memory swells—

Why *can't* they leave a little span

Not dangerous for the reading man?

Spell-bound the classman's ardour cools

To sweet forgetfulness of "Schools;"

And many a "plough" full dismal tells

The prowess of those Brighton belles.

FASHIONABLE HALF DRESS.

THE subjoined piece of an advertising paragraph is cut out of the *Post*:—

"NUDA VERITAS.—This valuable specific changes grey hair to its original shade, after which the hair grows out the natural colour, and not grey. As a dressing, it is superior to pomades."

Indeed! *Nuda Veritas*, no doubt. The bare truth, neither less; the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—not the bare-faced reverse of the truth, by any means. Certainly not.

But what are we to make of *Nuda Veritas* "as a dressing"? The time may come when fashionable young ladies will go in the character of Truth to a Fancy Ball—not, observe, a Fancy Dress Ball. They only half do it now—in a costume corresponding to that of a pugilist prepared for the ring. So perhaps are they—but can they expect to get one?

Short clothes and long clothes—that seems to be the definition of Evening Fashions for February. Imagination suggests that its wearers are mermaids:—

"ut turpiter atram
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superba."

You seem to suspect that, if the whole Truth were visible, you would see a reproduction of that direful monster who:—

"seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended, foul, in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting."

So that if masquerading VERITAS were entirely *nuda*, Truth would turn out to be no prettier than Sin. Full dress used to be the fashion of evenings; now it is half dress; but how should it be otherwise when it is copied from the *demi-monde*?

WHERE BAD HIPPOPHAGISTS EXPECT TO GO—Horsemonger Gaol.



EVER SINCE POOR JENKINS MET WITH THAT ACCIDENT IN THE HANSON CAB LAST FORTNIGHT, HIS NOCTURNAL SLUMBERS HAVE BEEN AGITATED BY A CONSTANTLY RECURRING NIGHTMARE. HE DREAMS THAT A MORE THAN USUALLY APPALLING CAB-HORSE BOLTS WITH HIM IN HANWAY PASSAGE (OXFORD STREET); AND CANNOT QUITE MAKE OUT WHETHER HE IS RIDING IN THE CAB, OR WHETHER IT IS HE WHO STANDS, POWERLESS TO MOVE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE INFURIATED ANIMAL.

THE DRUMMED-OUT FENIAN.

JOHN QUIN, late Private of the 1st Battalion, 7th Royal Fusiliers.

'Twas the drum you heard, 'twas the fife's piercing note,
As our corps, that a Fenian had slurrèd,
Did that soldier discharge who had been its blot,
And the doom of a felon incurrèd.

We made him a shabby and shameful sight,
Inside out his coat by turning,
In the open glare of the broad daylight,
Where no other light was burning.

No badge or medal adorned his breast,
Off his buttons we tore, confound him!
And his good conduct stripe we removed with the rest,
Having formed a square around him.

Few and short were the words we said,
For the scoundrel we felt no sorrow,
And we thought, in a nightcap that covered his head,
It were well if he died on the morrow.

We thought, as we heard out his sentence read,
Whilst he stood like a drooping willow,
Of the barber that soon would be shaving his head,
And his friends far away o'er the billow.

Much will they make of the blackguard that's gone
To gaol; as a martyr parade him:
But little he'll know of all their goings on,
In the cell where his treason has laid him.

Thus much of our morning's work was done
In the face of his comrades admiring,
For the sake of example that all should shun;
And with Fenians avoid conspiring.

To the gate of the barracks we led him down,
As he went, to conclude a long story,
The Rogue's March being played to proclaim his renown,
Then in handcuffs he went to his glory.

A RUFFLED PROPHET.

DR. CUMMING is getting irritable, for which we are sorry, inasmuch as he is tolerable only because of the fun he causes. He must really not be angry because the universe does not explode at the exact time he fixes for that event. He is not everybody, and if his sapient congregation is content with him, and the public is as good-natured to him as to ZADKIEL, RAPHAEL, and the other Vaticinators, it is as much as the Seraphic Doctor ought to expect.

He writes petulantly to say that he never prophesied anything. Now this is only squabbling over words, for he distinctly says that "about 1868" is pointed to by those who have studied the subject as a date at which the end may be expected. Theologians are proverbially slippery, but if that is not prophesying, what is?

We are never angry—except when people richly deserve it—but if we were habitually furious, we should be soothed into smiles by the Seraphic Doctor's desperate attempt to wrap up his "three frogs" in an old flag. And we expect the like good-humour from him. Especially to us, his fellow augurs, because he will remember that the Greek poet LIVY expresses his wonder that augurs can ever meet without laughing. We assure him that we always laugh when we even think of him. Come, he must not be angry, or, to adopt MR. THOMAS MOORE'S neat phrase, the Doctor will be at once augur and bore.

Nuts for Hippophagists.

AMONG the accompaniments to the late Horse Banquet at the Langham Hotel was *divide aux châtaignes*. Should it not have been *aux marrons d'Inde*? Were not the chestnuts horse-chestnuts? Or was the turkey garnished with preparations of chestnut horse?



DR. BULL'S WAITING-ROOM.

BENJAMIN (TO HIBERNIA), "PLEASE M, THE DOCTOR'LL TAKE YOUR CASE PUST. M."

VALENTINE'S DAY.



MR. PUNCH has received his first instalment of Valentines from the young ladies at MR. RIMMEL'S. The Valentines are as pretty as their donors, and so odorous, that *Mr. Punch* exclaimed, "Ah! Yes!

'Sweetness from the sweet.'

THE MOST POPULAR SAINT IN THE CALENDAR.—Evidently Saint Valentine. Even in this Protestant Empire, it seems, he had as many as 1,199,142 worshippers on last 14th of February!

INARTICULATE INFORMATION.

It is highly requisite that the Directors of the Underground Railway should cause those servants of theirs whose duty it is to call out the names of the stations to be taught to speak intelligibly. The eye often misses the station's name as the train passes it. You hear a fellow shouting "Oosh! 'Ooosh!" for example, or "N'il! N'il!" What can you make out of Nil, but nothing; and what more can you understand from 'Oosh? He means "Shepherd's Bush," and "Notting Hill." It would be good of MR. MACREA DY to come out of his retirement and give those inarticulate railway men lessons on elocution.

Whilst on this subject we may also observe that the conductors of certain omnibuses are in the habit of uttering a cry which may sometimes occasion gross misapprehension. As they go, or halt, on their journey westward, they keep continually calling out "EMMA SMITH! EMMA SMITH!" Who is EMMA SMITH? a country gentleman might ask. They are supposed to mean Hammersmith.

EPIGRAM

IN reply to an application to subscribe to the proposed testimonial to DR. JELF of King's College:—

Who was it raised a holy shout,
And all for conscience sake, no doubt,
Turned dear PROFESSOR MAURICE out?
My Jelf!

Who is it that has only jibe
And scorn for all the Bigot-tribe,
And to this fund will not subscribe?
My self!

As Active as Ever.

A WRITER in a Neapolitan newspaper begins an account of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius with the remark, that "Vesuvius has been said on several occasions to be dying out; if so it must be confessed that it dies very hard." He might have said even more than that. Vesuvius exhibits nothing of the exhaustion which denotes old age; but on the contrary, remains apparently actuated by all its youthful fire.

A PROVERB AND A PEER.

Is noblesse oblige counted a rule to judge Peers by?
Not a word about that to LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY!

LONG ODDS.—Tall Husband and Short Wife.

"HAT AND SWORD."

THE Hat and Sword presented in old times to Monarchs who successfully defended the Papacy will not be given this year to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. We are sorry to hear this, as at the forthcoming theatricals at the Tuileries there was to have been an adaptation from MM. MEILHAC and HALÉVY's *La Grande Duchesse*, set to the now well known music by M. OFFENBACH. CARDINAL BONNECHOSE (in for a good thing) would have played the donor of the venerable weapon, while that versatile actor, LOUIS, would have filled the rôle of Corporal, then General, FRITZ.

The couplets were arranged to run as in the Opera. The Cardinal, to address the Eldest Son of the Church, commencing with,

Voici le sabre de ton Père.
Tu vas le mettre à ton côté:
Après la victoire, j'espère,
Te revoir en bonne santé:
Car si tu mourais à la guerre
Ton Papa a peur, en vérité,
De n'avoir plus jamais sur terre
Un moment de félicité.

After which a slight extract from MR. SULLIVAN'S *Contrabandista*, (libretto by a very excellent young jingler,) sung by the EMPEROR.

Louis (*chantant*). Hail to the Sacred Hat,
'Tis my Papa sends that,
'Neath it some chiefs have sat,
Vive PRO NONO.

Whenever this pretty little piece is produced, there is a Correspondent in Paris who will tell you all about it, and what a diplomat said to him on the subject, what was, also, the opinion of the lovely COUNTESS DE * * *, and why he was obliged to cut *l'Impératrice* on this occasion, all in large print, for the small sum of one penny.

LAW NEWS IN LITTLE.

"FROM this bench I shall bolt,"
Says the LORD JUSTICE ROFT.
"I'm deaf to the charmer,"
Says SIR BOOK-OF-PRAISE PALMER.
"Then the place I may well win,"
Says SOLICITOR SELWYN.
"And yours I shall get,"
Says the Helston man, BRETT.
"If you get re-elected,"
Says —, dejected.

(The Profession will fill up this blank.)

A Fiddle in Danger.

SUPPOSE that *Mr. Punch* had a daughter, who was (as such a being's daughter would be likely to be) a splendid musician, and who sang in public. Suppose, that an Irish fiddler wrote to *Mr. Punch* and said, "If you will give me a good notice of my fiddling, I will engage MISS PUNCH for my London Concerts." What do you think, dear musical and critical friends, that *Mr. Punch* would do? Don't you think that he would act in the spirit of *Valentine* when he comes upon the musical *Faust*—only with better luck? Well, you shall see what you shall see.

Inquire Within.

(Friday, February 7th.)

OH, give me back my Arab steed,
My pet! I've never beaten him.
A voice comes from the Langham: "We'd
With pleasure, but we've eaten him."

Ignorance of the Upper Classes.

"A READER of the *Blue Book*" is informed that the letters P. C. after the names of such distinguished personages as LORD DERRY, MR. DISRAELI, MR. GLADSTONE, &c., do not mean Police Constable, but Privy Councillor. The same benighted inquirer should also know that "*Ibid.*" was never the name of a newspaper, although he (or she?), as he (or she?) says, may have frequently seen it at the end of puffs.

PUZZLING EPIGRAPH ON A SUCCESSFUL RACE-HORSE.—Often flogged, but never beaten.



DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

Hunting Man (to town friend, arrived on a visit). "LOOK, OLD FELLOW! THAT'S THE MARE I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON TO-MORROW. SHE'S QUITE FRESH, YOU SEE; HAD TWO OF MY MEN OFF YESTERDAY, AT EXERCISE!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU XV.—MY FUNNY FRIEND IN PARIS.

THE last photograph of My Funny Friend GRIGG in Paris. Done at Paris in a French hat, a French winter-coat trimmed with fur, with a large fur cape, usually and only worn by coachmen, and a white "hide-nose" (as he will insist upon calling his wrapper—the *cache-nez* of our lively neighbours) round his throat. GRIGG abroad is perhaps rather a greater nuisance than GRIGG at home. The climate, he says, raises his animal spirits, and makes him joyous and lively as a little bird on a fine spring morning.

I am pleased to see GRIGG adopting, as it were, the national costume for the time of year. It argues, I say to myself, that he is going to try and assimilate himself to the people about him, and behave like an ordinary Parisian, for whom, in his present dress, he could easily be mistaken; that is, if he wouldn't talk.

My great desire when at Rome is to do as the Romans do, and be taken for a Roman by my travelling fellow-countrymen; this, I confess, is flattering. As it would be one of my pleasures in Turkey to be regarded as one of the Turks, so in Paris I derive a real pleasure from being mistaken for a Parisian. If I don't speak, the deception is perfect, and I defy any one at a *table-d'hôte* to detect my nationality.

The waiters, who are Prussians or Russians, can't tell, and I never lift the mask.

GRIGG lifts the mask; he's always doing it, and annoying me. I try to shirk him, but it's no good. Where I go, he goes; where I dine he will dine too, and no amount of hat, sealskin wrapper, hide-nose, or great-coat, can make my Funny Friend anything but a regular downright Englishman, and so half the charm of Paris is to me gone. GRIGG thinks it necessary to protest against the very French garments he has on: he finds fault with everything; while, I own, being here for pleasure, I am inclined to praise anything. In the streets and all public places he is of opinion that he is "having a lark with the

foreign coves," as he expresses it, by assuming the tone and bearing of the traditional JOHN BULL.

We walk up the *Boulevard des Italiens*. I like looking in at the shop windows, dawdling my day away.

GRIGG lets me alone, and walks on for a short distance. There is a young and very pretty French lady inspecting the same window as myself. I feel that I am one of a gallant nation, and settle my shirt-collar, which is a trifle too stiff this morning. I know I can't talk to her, even if I had the pleasure of her acquaintance. But *she* isn't aware of this fact, and, from her manner, I suspect she thinks me a gay young Count,—a MONSIEUR JUAN; and her mamma or aunt, who has just caught sight of me through her spectacles, will immediately take her away. This flatters me; I don't mind confessing it; and I feel the French language flowing into my veins. The pretty girl accidentally drops her tortoise-shell purse. Accidental? Glowing with a new sensation, and with the French language and spirit rushing into me (so to speak, like the water in a house when it's "turned on"), I step forward, pick up the purse, and am about to present it to the lady with the politest bow I can make by raising my hat several inches above my head, when that infernal GRIGG comes up suddenly and loudly, with "Hallo, MR. ROASTBEEF!" he always *will* call me ROASTBEEF, or SMITH, or BROWN, or some such name, in Paris; it *does* make me so angry. I try to ignore him, and in presenting the purse, am preparing a few French words, commencing with "*Permettez*," but what I'm going to say after that I don't know; when my Funny Friend, regardless of everything and everyone except himself and his confounded "fun," continues in a sort of robust, farmer-like voice, "I say, come and see my bull-dog kill rats, and have a lot of plum-pudding!"

Plum-pudding! Bull-dog! Favouring the most mistaken French notions about us.

I should like to explain to the pretty young French lady and her mamma or aunt that my name is not MISTER ROASTBEEF, and that I am not in the habit of seeing bull-dogs kill rats and eating plum-pudding at twelve o'clock in the middle of the day. There is no sort of opportunity: hearing GRIGG, they acknowledge my civility curtly, and are off.

I am annoyed: justly.

"I beg," I say to GRIGG, remonstrating firmly. "I do beg you won't call out MISTER ROASTBEEF to me again."

He says he's very sorry—he's always ready to say this—but he thought I'd like to keep up our national character. I am afraid that on this occasion I exclaimed Dash the national character. ("Dash" is not the word.)

Whenever he is near a sentinel he invariably comes out with the word Waterloo; such execrable taste as I pointed out to him, and might lead to something serious,—with a bayonet perhaps.

His language in Paris, too, becomes so dreadfully strong. On every possible occasion, even when he is merely hiring a *voiture*, he will use what is supposed by the French to be our national compound oath.

"Combien?" for instance, I ask a *voiturier*, politely.

GRIGG, standing at my elbow, immediately exclaims, pronouncing what French words he does use with a most execrably English accent, "Wee, Godam Rosbif, oh my eye! Combeang—how much, my eye!" If I remonstrate, I know he will call me MISTER PLUMPUDDING. But for this I might pass peaceably among Parisians as one of themselves.

My Funny Friend tells me he knows Paris: certainly, Paris will soon know him. On pretence of taking me straight to the Panthéon by a short cut, he walks me about for two hours, until at last I charge him with not knowing the way. To this he invariably has one excuse, "that Paris has been so altered since he was last here." I suggest that we'd better ask a *sergent de ville* the way. GRIGG bows politely to a stern-looking sergent. I am glad to see that he does bow.

"Monsieur," says GRIGG, "*J'ai quelque chose à vous demander.*" The sergent listens officially.

"Permettez-moi," continues GRIGG. "*Une porte, Monsieur—vous savez?*" The sergent inclines his head, and gives all his mind to it. I am interested, being under the impression that this is some French idiom for asking your way to the Panthéon.

He continues, "*Une porte, quand est-ce qu'il n'est pas une porte?*" The sergent looks from GRIGG to me. I confess I did not catch what he said, so unfortunately beg him to repeat it, which he immediately does, adding pleasantly, "*Le donnez-vous en haut?*" Before the official has time to decide whether he has been insulted or not, I take GRIGG forcibly away, and hurry him down the first turning to the right. I tell him plainly I won't go about with him any more: whereupon he sets up a howl, and pretends to weep bitterly. If I knew my way home, or could see a *voiture*, I'd leave him; but believing that he really does know his road back, it's better to stop. When he is quiet again, a difficult matter, as he will keep on bursting into tears whenever I speak to him, as if deeply hurt by my unkindness, one question occurs to me, what the dickens he meant by "*Le donnez-vous en haut?*"

He explains that he meant to ask the sergent, "Do you give it up?" and considered that that was its best form in French.

I do not mind owing to my Funny Friend confidentially that I have been only once before this to Paris, and am not very well acquainted with its highways and bye-ways. I told him this in a weak moment, and wish I hadn't.

I propose the Theatre in the evening. GRIGG says, By all means; will I take places? I will. Where? "Well," says GRIGG, after carefully looking over a newspaper ("pon my word, the trouble he takes to do these sort of things!"), "the great success seems to be at the Morgue." Being in a good-humour, and glad to find him serious (serious?) for once, I assent (for the name of the Theatre is new to me), and offer to go to the bureau which he points out to me on the boulevard, and take places.

We enter together. There are plans of the theatres all round the bureau. I look from one to the other. The shopkeeper, or librarian, or whatever he is, civilly accosts me. "What am I in search of?" which inquiry he repeats in broken English. Sharp fellows, these; wonder how he knew I was an Englishman? I make up my mind to answer him in French, intending to say that "I want to see a plan of the Morgue;" but, foreseeing difficulties after the first two words, I condescend to reply in English.

The man stares, and doesn't understand me.

I repeat, with a dash of French in it this time to help him. He smiles. I do not like this familiarity on the part of the Librarian, and say, somewhat sternly, "*Je désire deux places à la Morgue, deux places à la Morgue to-night, pour moi et mon ami, ce n'est pas possible? can't I have them?*" I turn to GRIGG, to indicate him as my friend, and to ask him to speak to this idiot of a Librarian. (By the way, "The Idiot Librarian," good name for a novel.)

My Funny Friend is not in the shop, but looking from outside through the glass door, and grinning fiendishly from ear to ear.

The Librarian, who is really a civil fellow, sees how the matter stands, and so do I now: GRIGG at the window. The Librarian presents me with a Guide to Paris, and points out to me the description of the Morgue.

There are plenty of people in the bureau who have heard the conversation: GRIGG in fits of laughter at the window. Every one laughing; I do, too. In a hot and uncomfortable state I take two places at the Gymnase, and then join GRIGG. I tell him that this shall

be his last joke with me; that to-night ends our travelling companionship; that I consider myself insulted, and that his fun is beyond the limits of a joke; that—that—I have so much to say, that, as it won't come out coherently, I sum up with that it's too bad, and if I wasn't a deuced good-natured fellow, I should—

Here prudence warns me to break off. For after all, what is the good of apologising for not kicking a man, on the ground of your imperturbable good nature, when the expressed intention might lead him to consider it as done, and then return it? Besides, a fight between two Englishmen in the streets of Paris would be too great a scandal; and more than that, the French would find out that there was one Englishman who could not "box," a discovery which I am sure would injure our national character in their eyes.

But my Funny Friend sees his advantage, "Sir," says he, quoting in a serious tone from a celebrated farce, "can you fight?"

I tell him not to be a donkey; I say this because I know that the proper answer in *Box and Cox* is "No," which would lead to exactly the reply that I don't want. In a second he throws himself into a pugilistic attitude, and proceeding with the dialogue says, "Come on!"

We are at the corner of a street; I turn down it sharply, and gain our hotel. I go to my room, and meditate packing up and returning. My Funny Friend enters shortly after, penitent; he is very sorry; it was only his fun; he thought I liked that sort of thing; and if he had had any idea that he was annoying me, he wouldn't have done it for the world. Finally, he asks me to put off leaving this evening, and to come and dine with him at the *Café Anglais*: he will stand the dinner.

I don't know why it is, but I like GRIGG; he is, really, a very good fellow. So we shake hands, and he goes to order the dinner. He returns for an instant, to ask me if I mind there being a third party present, a Frenchman, a friend of his? I say, "Oh, no; he is the host." I emphasise this, so that there may be no mistake when the bill comes. "By all means; as many as he pleases."

And this brings us to one very near the end of my book—my French Friend.

NURSERY-SONGS FOR LITTLE HORSE-EATERS.

(Sung with great Applause at the Great Langham Hotel Horse Feed.)

Sing a song of horse-flesh,
Or "Hippo-pha-gy"—
Three "screws" served up
In boil, roast, and fry!
When the "screws" were eaten,
The guests began to sing,
"Isn't this a dainty dish,
To set before a king?"

Ride a stock-horse
To the kitchen, of course,
To see him stewed down into *purée* perforce:
Use his liver for patties, for jelly his toes,
And eat him up clean from the tail to the nose.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Horse makes capital stock.
A horse-steak fall on
And you'll eat till it's gone,
Hickory, dickory dock!

Hey diddle, diddle!
Horse-loin in the middle,
Horse-soup at each end for the spoon:
The little dogs fear their supply may run short,
And the knackers may shut up shop soon.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In the *Times* article on the fresh legal arrangements I find the following passage:—

"If, however, we are rightly informed, the opinion of Lincoln's Inn does not place the new LORD JUSTICE in the first rank of legal authority."

It is not for me to say whether the writer is rightly informed or not, but it is only due to myself to say that if the former be the case, the opinion of Lincoln's Inn is diametrically opposed to that of

Your obedient Servant,

The Carlton Club.

CHARLES JASPER SELWYN.

NOT HIS FORTE.—The most unlikely person to meet at a Monday Popular Concert is MR. LOWE, because he would object to encouraging Classical Music.



RATHER AWKWARD.

MR. MCPHAISSON (FROM SCOTLAND) BEING IN LONDON LATELY, CALLS ON AN ARTIST WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE HE HAD MADE IN THE HIGHLANDS A YEAR OR TWO AGO, AND SENDS HIS NAME UP BY THE SERVANT. FANCY HIS ASTONISHMENT AND "INDEIGNATION" WHEN SHE RETURNS WITH THE MESSAGE THAT "MASTER'S GOT YER ADDRESS, AN' HE WON'T FORGET YER, BUT HE'S VERY BUSY NOW, AN' DON'T WANT YER, AN' WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL SEND FOR YER!!" HE RETURNS HOME TO GLEN-SLUSHY. N.B. MORE PREJUDICED THAN EVER AGAINST THE "SOUTHERN."

Explanation.—THERE HAPPENED TO BE A PERTINACIOUS OLD MODEL OF THE SAME NAME WHO WAS CONSTANTLY CALLING AND BOTHERING.

SERENADE ADDRESSES.

"SERENADE ADDRESSES" are a fashion in America. How fervently we long to see them fashionable here!—that is, supposing them to be what we in fairness may suppose. What good fun it would be to see a Mayor and Corporation delivering to Royalty a serenade address! Of course, we may presume that, like other serenaders, they would have their faces blacked, and would accompany themselves upon the tambourine and bones. How funny it would be, too, if lovers took to paying serenade addresses, and EDWIN were to snigger in the costume of a nigger, when he courted ANGELINA with his banjo on his knee! For our own part, our addresses have long ago been paid, and we have obtained a stamped receipt for them—stamped upon our lips. We therefore have no need to make a serenade address to the lady of our love, and we are willing to present our excellent suggestion of the blacked face and the banjo to any one who fancies it may aid him in his suit.

Old Joke from the Old School.

IN days when novels, (mostly female,) treat
Of crimes whose names one scarcely dares repeat,
GLADSTONE rings out the praise of WALTER SCOTT.
Well spoken, GLADSTONE. Dash the Income-Tax,
But you say well, my son, that mangy hacks
In the "long run" will die behind "Scott's lot."

NEW LEGAL MAXIM.—MRS. BLAXTON LITTLETON avers that a husband's word may be law, but it certainly is not always equity.

THE true "Fenian Bonds."—A good pair of handcuffs.

IRELAND'S QUACK DOCTORS.

THE case of Ireland is just now attracting the attention of the Faculty. The doctors differ about it, and empirics propose to step in with their suggestions for a perfect cure, recommending chiefly tonics, stimulants, and alteratives. We shall soon, perhaps, see some of these remedies advertised in the usual style of patent medicine-vendors. As:—

Try the Endowment of Irish Roman Catholic Priests in grants and glebes taken from the Established Church.

For the Certain Cure of Irish Disorders have immediate recourse to the Subdivision of Landed Property. No capital required.

The Only Safe and Effectual Remedy for the Diseases of Ireland is Periodical Confiscation.

There is one thing that seems so capable of possibly doing Ireland some little good that it is a wonder no one has yet announced it as a panacea for her ailments. The soil that grows the *Solanum tuberosum* so well, is said to be also favourable to the growth of another member of the Nightshade family equally popular, the *Nicotiana Tabacum*. Perhaps a herb doctor will next come forward with his simple specific for putting Ireland to-rights, and his advice will be:—

TRY TOBACCO.

To the Passionate Cabbies.

CABBIES, Cabbies, take advice,
Keep your cabs clean, whole, and nice,
Nor along the roadways crawl,
Or public wrath will smash you all.

THE MUSICAL VALENTINE.—In The *Huguenots*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



pleasant little place in Cornwall, not far from

"The great Vision of the Guarded Mount,"

and whence you can go with much comfort and joy to the lovely sea bays, and especially to the Lizard, where the inhabitants used to crawl about on all fours till somebody came and informed them that was not the way to use their hands, so they put them into their pockets, and have kept them there ever since—according to their satiric neighbours. Mr. BRETT is promised a fight for his seat, which is attacked by Mr. ROGERS, a Liberal lawyer, and it is a question whether Solicitor or Solicitor-General wins.

Heaps of petitions in favour of the Bill for Restricting the Sale of Liquor on Sunday. Some of them from the most unheard-of places. We should like the House to have held a competition examination, and given a prize to the man who stated, off-hand, where to look for Puddynytton, Shipton Sollars, Corsenside and Kettleboston. *Punch* will not be answerable for the spelling. Also, the guardians of some Union begged the House to lay a tax on all lucifer matches except those which will ignite only on their own box.

Caledonia, stern and wild, was informed that her Reform Bill would be presented on the following Monday.

Mortification and Disappointment. *Absit omen*, but these be ugly words in an opening speech by the Leader of the House. He had to announce that he had intended to follow the advice of the Select Committee, which recommended that Election Bribery Cases should be taken away from the jurisdiction of the House of Commons, and should be tried by the Judges. But the Judges, on being politely asked to state their views as to the best method of managing this, imitated the chickens who were consulted by their owner on the best method of cooking them. "But we don't want to be cooked." Mr. DISRAELI did not feel equal to the famous rejoinder. "Confine yourselves to the question, Gentlemen," and in the first place felt the mortification and disappointment above mentioned, and in the second caused a new plan to be devised. He proposed to have a new tribunal, to be composed of three barristers, at £2,000 a year each, to try election petitions, and be appealed to against revising barristers. He further proposed that any M. P., unseated for bribery, should be kept out for seven years, and on a second conviction should be incapable of ever coming in any more.

Our brethren the Judges objected to the original plan "on constitutional and personal grounds," and declared that the new duties would be incompatible with their oaths of office, their present functions, and their duty to the Queen and country. This sounds very imposingly. The plain English may be that they think they have enough to do already. Inasmuch as the idea that British Judges would not try election cases fairly because in earlier life those eminent persons are mostly keen politicians, is simply all our eye and Mr. JUSTICE MARTIN. We won't talk about the proverbial purity of the Ermine, because we believe that the article in question is not appended to judicial robes, and also because the story of the *Mustela erminea*, or stoat, being such a particularly clean beast is exploded, like every other pretty story. But Mr. *Punch* has too much reverence for his brother Judges to allow such nonsense to be talked. The real objection is a valid one, but might be got over by the appointment of more Judges. Mr. *Punch*, however, while he detests, abhors, and abominates bribery in all its forms, (even in the shape of a smile from a lovely Person) cannot be blind to the fact that the opinion of the majority of Britishers is not yet sufficiently enlightened to enable them to perceive that the giving

or accepting a bribe is an offence which should send the culprit into the felon's dock. And unless public feeling backs the laws, they will not be enforced. *Argal*, we must educate folks a little more before we can, with advantage, proceed to dire severity in the matter.

The House of Commons showed considerable distaste for the proposal that it should part with its power over its Members.

Mr. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN (precious ugly name, but awfully old, that KNATCHBULL; learned Mr. MARK ANTHONY LOWER guesses that knatch is North Country for knock, and that some KNATCHBULL of other days was a daring *tauridor*) who is a Liberal, could consent to such a transfer only to the highest tribunal.

SIR FRANCIS GOLDSMID (Liberal) was for putting the defeated candidate into Parliament, if he had not bribed, and his victor had.

Mr. WHITEBREAD (Liberal) thought it monstrous to say that the Judges could not do the work.

SIR ROBERT COLLIER (Liberal) had been on the Select Committee, and was disinclined to part with the House's power to any but the Judges, and so felt Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY. Mr. SANDFORD was for retaining jurisdiction.

Mr. LOWE (Liberal) was for making the Judges do what the House required, or for shoving them off the bench. They were the public servants, and bound to do their duties like the meanest. If there were not enough, make more. But do not part with the jurisdiction to any one else.

LORD CRANBORNE (Conservative) thought the Judges had been wise and patriotic, and he dwelt on the early politics objection.

SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER (Liberal-Conservative) was exquisitely polite to the Judges (at whose head he means to be one of these fine days) and thought that their number must be increased if more work were given them.

Mr. HENLEY (Conservative) of course was against change.

So was Mr. AYRTON (Liberal), who thought that the aspersions on election committees emanated from the impure minds of election agents. Mr. BOUVERIE (Liberal) too, was for retaining the power, but improving the committees.

SIR MICHAEL BEACH (Conservative), however, did not think much of the wisdom of committees.

Mr. BERKELEY (Liberal) implored Government not to take away the jurisdiction.

Mr. GLADSTONE (Liberal-Conservative) thought that no blame attached to Government in the matter. It was easier to condemn than to suggest. The House was strong enough in the affections of the nation to be able to cast aside ceremonial traditions needful to weaker assemblies. He was in favour of transfer, but asked Mr. DISRAELI to note that some twenty gentlemen, some of weight, had protested against its being made to any inferior tribunal. He should give candid consideration to the proposed plan.

Mr. BRIGHT (Conservative) thought that the case must be desperate when a popular house would transfer its powers in regard to seats. But there was no desperate case. Let us try to prevent bribery. It was due to small constituencies and open voting. Let us make large constituencies, and give the Ballot. The proposed remedy was unpleasant and humiliating.

Mr. LOCKE (Liberal) was for maintaining the ancient rights of the House. So was Mr. CARTER, so was Mr. GOLDING.

Mr. DABRY GRIFFITH (Liberal-Conservative) said something civil to the Government, and was curious to know all that the Judges had said.

Mr. DISRAELI made no reply to him, or to anybody else, and leave was given to bring in the Bill.

Yes, Mrs. GRUNDY, M'm, an uncommonly dull evening, devoted to an uncommonly disagreeable subject. We can't help that. There was not an element of fun in the whole business. On the whole, it may be thought rather scandalous. The first night of the resumed session of the first assembly in the world is devoted to admissions that people get into it in a disgraceful manner, and to a discussion whether it is honest enough to deal out justice to such folks. We see nothing to laugh at, Mrs. GRUNDY. Nor did a single Member venture on jocularly. As CHAUCER saith,

"Certain they knew of briboures many mo
Than possible is to tell in yeres two."

But perhaps in less than yeres two we shall have new lights on the subject.

Meantime, with tears in our eyes, we must own that the first night of the Session was not a pleasant one for the Government, and as COWPER says of the birds who would not wait for St. Valentine's day,

"Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled."

Friday. Loads of petitions in favour of the Sunday Liquor Bill. Where is Frosterley, where is Compton Wyminster, where is Ubbeston, and lastly, how came Brewham to petition against Beer?

Mr. Sandford to Mr. Disraeli. Will you relieve the compound house-holders from personal payment of rates?

Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Sandford. There are no compound householders,

and the House unanimously agreed that they must pay personally, and it is too soon to alter the Reform Act.

Mr. Bentinck to Mr. Hunt. Have you appointed an architect for the New Courts of Law?

Mr. Hunt to Mr. Bentinck. No.

Mr. Punch to the Government. What a hurry you were in to pull down all those houses, which produced a rental of £20,000 a-year, needlessly lost while you are waiting for your plans? Yah!

Mr. Forster to Mr. Disraeli. Are you going to bring in a Bill affecting the Elementary Education of the People? (The Honourable Member supplemented this question with upwards of a column of highly improving and instructive oratory.)

Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Forster. You have spoken very well, but I am going to reply only that we are.

MR. WALPOLE, in a very pleasing speech, moved the Second Reading of the Bill for enabling the Seven Public Schools to reform themselves, if they like. These be Winchester, Eton, Shrewsbury, Westminster,

Rugby, Harrow, and the Charter House. Merchant Taylors' and St. Paul's are omitted, for fear of offending the City Companies that have charge of the endowments. Rather an amusing debate followed, and the uselessness of Latin and Greek, the shortcomings of the Schools, the desirability of neglecting the wishes of the dead old Founders, the seizure of the Schools by the classes for whom they were not intended, and all the rest of it, were served up in the customary manner, and the Bill was read a Second Time.

The EARL OF MAYO asked for another Year of Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. "DR. BULL takes your case first, M'm,"—*vide* Cartoon. But this is merely the excellent Doctor's preliminary and precautionary prescription. MR. BAGWELL, Member for Clonmell (Ireland), civilly mentioned that, while he allowed that the Government exercised its power with much mildness, he should upset it unless it proceeded to deal with the Irish Question. What is that? Only an Irish Echo can answer.



A CRITICAL TIME.

Under Housemaid. "DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ANY MORE VALENTINES? I DO WISH MR. BUNG WOULD OPEN THE LETTER-BAG!"

Upper Ditto. "LETTER-BAG, INDEED! IT'S VERY HUNPLEASANT TO 'AVE YOUR LETTERS HOVERLOOKED, PARTICLEKLER AT THIS TIME O' YEAR!"

A PRINCE IN A PREDICAMENT.

THE *Standard* is an excellent paper, and has, as it deserves, a great circulation among the clergy. Consequently, we naturally look for supernatural information in its columns. Nor are we disappointed. Describing the visit of PRINCE ALFRED to Ballarat, the *Standard's* lively Correspondent says,—

"The weather was intolerably hot, the wind was as high as it is to-night (and it is now howling in my ears, exulting over the ruin of my property); shoals of horsemen and footmen crowded after his carriage wherever the country was inhabited, smothered him with dust, and obliged him to drive his four-in-hand through the triumphal arches as if the devil were at his tail."

We are glad to obtain an idea of the way a Prince would act under the unpleasant circumstances finally indicated.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.—Chiltern Hundreds.

COMFORT FOR EX-KINGS.

EX-KINGS, and Princes dispossessed,
Doth Europe not afford to you,
Each resting in his feathered nest,
A gratifying view?

Armed against one another, blows
Prepared to strike, her nations stand.
Amongst them see how prosper those
Who cast off your command!

Their soldiers serve against their will,
Lose limbs, and find untimely graves;
Endure hard discipline, and drill,
Meanwhile: what else than slaves?

The part that drew the luckier lot
Groan under war exaction; they
Who are not forced to face the shot,
Are forced the shot to pay.

Conscription those, taxation these
Burdens, grinds down, oppresses, wrings
Much more than when, ex-Majesties,
They had yourselves for kings.

Not one of you, with despot's might,
Used any subjects ever worse
Than those whom he compelled to fight,
Or whom he touched in purse.

Behold the food for steel and lead,
Drawn up in phalanx and in line!
Thralls of Democracy, instead
Of kingly Right Divine.

Praise France, who puts on self-defence
The neighbours whom she cannot fear,
With armaments whose scale immense
Means aim to domineer.

Praise France, from you, ye Bourbons, free.
Much freedom hers!—what land has less?
A military tyranny,
Tied tongues, and shackled Press.

And her Elect keeps thee, old Man
Of Rome, upon thy priestly throne,
Whilst thou dost the foundation ban
Whereon was built his own.

And Europe is a general camp,
Or garrison prepared for siege,
Since France must on a sister stamp
For what she calls "*prestige*."

Meetly Worded.

THE South Kensington authorities are wags. Handsome new refreshment rooms have lately been opened in the Museum, but they are not yet in a state of completeness. The following Notice has been placed on the walls, "The present arrangements, furniture, &c., of the new refreshment rooms are to be considered as only *provisional*." (The italics are ours, as reviewers say).



PROOF POSITIVE.

Mistress. "YOUR CHARACTER IS SATISFACTORY, BUT I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT ONE THING: I WISH MY SERVANTS TO HAVE PLENTY, BUT I DON'T ALLOW ANY WASTE."

Page. "OH, NO, 'M, WHICH I'D EAT AND DRINK TILL I BUSTED, 'M, RATHER THAN WASTE ANYTHINK, 'M!!"

A SPEECH-GAUGE FOR ST. STEPHEN'S.

SOME journal lately stated that a sixteen-minute sand-glass, which the writer called a "Sermon gauge," had been royally presented to some pulpit near the Strand. The report was contradicted, and some heathens were believed to have felt sad for half a second at hearing that the tale was thought to be untrue.

Punch rarely condescends to borrow an idea, but no mere charge of plagiary shall stop him from suggesting, now that Parliament has met, that a Speech Gauge would be really an immense boon in St. Stephen's. Whether Members would submit to a sixteen minute limit, may be open to some question; but there cannot be a doubt that their reporters would rejoice if that restriction were enforced. What prosiness, what platitudes would they happily escape, if the longest-winded speakers were but given sixteen minutes! Perhaps, by some nice mechanism, the sand, when ending each four minutes, might be made to sound a gong, in order that the orator might time his periods aptly, and allow himself at intervals a moment for reflection. It would be terribly provoking to find one's time was up before one had blazed off all the fire-works one had been so long preparing, and orators would doubtless rehearse their speeches well beforehand, to ascertain exactly the precise amount of time each point in them would take.

Anybody who knows anything about political debates is, doubtless, thoroughly aware that few speeches are delivered in an hour and a half which might not quite as well be made in sixteen minutes. Were a speech-gauge to be sanctioned, of the limit here suggested, it would certainly teach speakers to think before they speak, a feat which very many of them have probably been hitherto too lazy to attempt. In speaking, as in writing, it is easier to be prolix than pithy and concise. As somebody says somewhere,—

"Words are like leaves, and, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

Were orators to study "*Punch's Essence of Parliament*" they might learn a useful lesson in the art of condensation, and fit themselves

for making pregnant sixteen-minute speeches, which would stand a better chance of being listened to attentively, and faithfully reported, than wearisome, long-winded, empty hour-and-half harangues. With a speech-gauge in the House, what a saving there would be in the time spent in legislation! How short would be the Sessions, and how small the waste of paper in the publishing of *Hansard*, compared with what has hitherto been squandered on debates! How rare would be the midnight sittings of the House, and to what improvement in its ways would this conduce! Instead of loitering about, and smoking till the small hours, with the dissolute excuse of expecting a division, Members would be able to get home by ten o'clock, and would be in time to take their wives into society, or to civilise themselves by going with them to the Opera, or by spending a domestic quiet evening at home. At present Parliament too often is regarded as a club, and Members, on the plea of being "wanted at the House," are led into all sorts of selfish dissipations, while their wives think them engaged in settling national affairs. If short speeches were the rule, short sittings would be usual; and Members would no longer have excuses for late hours. For domestic reasons, therefore, a speech-gauge would be really quite a godsend to the House, and, if certain "persons" were allowed to give their votes, the ways and means of getting one would speedily be granted.

Midnight legislation is seldom beneficial, and if, by setting up a sixteen-minute speech-gauge, the Commons should be led to give up their late hours, it would clearly be a proof that they possess some Commons' sense.

ATTRACTIVE MOTTO FOR THE SHOEBLACK'S BOX.

"BRIGHT be the place of thy sole."

WHAT NO MAN WOULD LIKE TO DO.—Acknowledge that his tailor lived in Tooley Street.

THE WIND TO PLEASE THE PIGS.—Sow-sow-west.

ADVENTURES OF A MONASTIC MISSIONARY.



HAVING RECEIVED CAREFUL TRAINING IN A CERTAIN STATE, THE YOUNG MONK IS DIRECTED BY HIS BISHOP TO THE PLAINS OF TIMBUCTOO.



HAVING JOURNEYED MANY WEARY DAYS, HE AT LENGTH ESPIES TWO NATIVES, AND FORTHWITH QUICKENS HIS PACE.



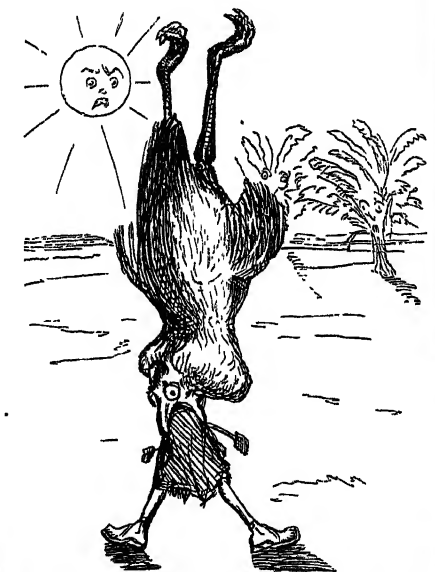
ON CLOSE INSPECTION THEY TURN OUT TO BE A PECULIAR SPECIES OF PALM-TREE.



UNDER THE GRATEFUL SHADE OF WHICH HE RECITES HIS NONES.



HIS MELODIOUS VOICE HAVING ATTRACTED A DUSKY CASSOWARY, HE WISHES HIMSELF AT HOME AGAIN.



BUT THE VORACIOUS BIRD DOES HIS BEST TO PREVENT THE MISSIONARY FROM EVER DOING SO. HENCE THE DOGGEREL—

"Where stalked the dusky Cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo;
There he ate the Missionary,
Beads, and prayer, and hymn-book too."

AN ENIGMA.

A POPULAR essayist speaks of a boy on a steamer offering "to brush human boots." By Hoby, to create a new oath, what are "human" boots? An awful thought banishes sleep. Have we not read that in the dark ages, or the middle ages, or the seven ages, or at all events ages ago, somebody, who had been proved guilty of Erastianism, or Pelagianism, or a wavering faith in astrology and the virtues of the blood-stone, or some such deadly heresy, had his cuticle tanned and converted into leather, which may still be seen by travellers ornamenting the door of the refectory of a monastery in Morocco, or was it Russia? Has this tremendous punishment been revived amongst us (look out, COLLENSO!), and are these "human" boots the patent result? What will polished society say to such hideous cruelty? Or are they called "human" to distinguish them from inhuman, which we take to be boots that are new, that pinch, that are tight, that heat the foot, that press upon corns and callosities, on hot days and dusty roads, on hot nights and chalked floors? Or are they designated "human" to contrast them with brute; but then the beasts we are best acquainted with, the civilised animals at the Zoological Gardens, not even do they appear in Wellingtons, or elastic sides, or patent leathers?

Our questionings seem bootless. There appears to be but one other solution of the riddle. The "human boots" on board the steamer must have been the useful menial largely employed at hotels; but why he was there, unless it was his vacation, or why the boy offered to brush him in particular, or why the popular essayist saw anything so remarkable in the occurrence as to chronicle it for us and after time, long reflection and much smoke have failed to discover.

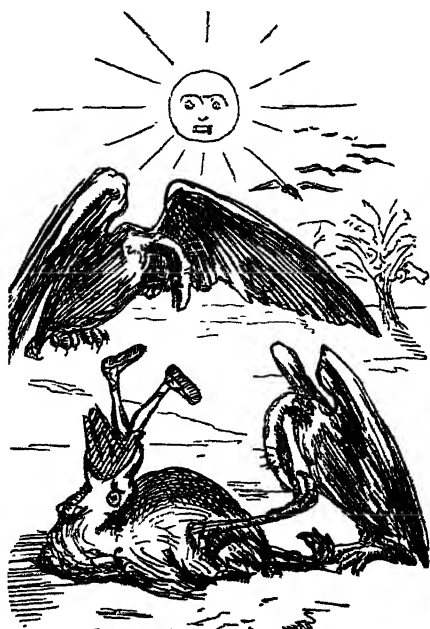
Oxford Political Economy!

ALACK and alas, those Oxford codgers
Have rejected erudite THOROLD ROGERS,
Because in zeal with error to grapple,
He dared to speak in a Baptist chapel:
They'd rather live in total eclipse,
Than be led to truth by the light of Dips.

ON SEEING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

WHAT is "Orthopraxy?" Is it the correlative of Orthodoxy?

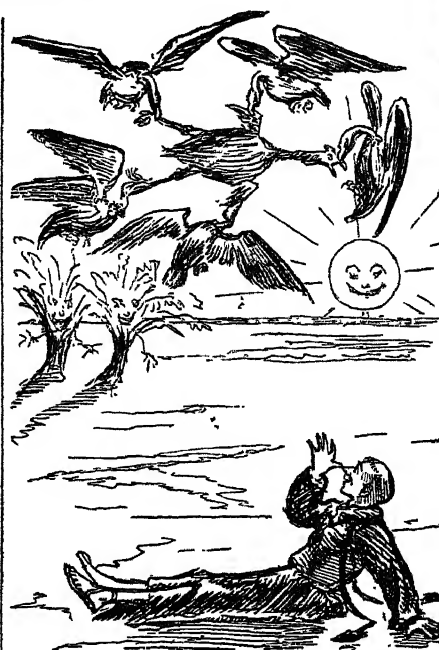
ADVENTURES OF A MONASTIC MISSIONARY.



VULTURES APPROACH THE CHOKING AND EXHAUSTED BIRD, HENCE THE WELL-KNOWN COMPANION PICTURE, "THE DYING CAMEL."



THE WHOLE PARTY ARE BORNE ABOVE THE PALM-TREES, HENCE THE COMPANION PICTURE OF "S. KATHARINE'S TRANSLATION."



OWING TO SOME FAULT IN ONE OF HIS SANDALS, THE MISSIONARY GOES HEAD-FIRST INTO ONE OF THE PALM-TREES. HAVING SECURED HIS BOOKS, HE PAYS HIS LAST RESPECTS TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE PLAINS, AND RETURNS HOME TO ENUMERATE HIS CONVERSIONS AND SOLICIT AN INCREASED SUPPLY OF ALMS.

PHYSICIANS OF THE FAIR SEX.

MR. PUNCH,

WHEN your likeness has passed through a photograph and a woodcut, why do you resemble a patient with *tic-douloureux*? Because you suffer in the face. And if you suffer, Sir—excuse me—what must a lady?

This question should be considered with reference to a portrait which adorns the *Lady's Own Paper*. It is meant for MISS ELIZABETH GARRETT, Physician, and L.S.A. I am told that it is like enough to be recognisable, but very inadequate. MR. BRALLAGHAN informs me that it might be taken for the picture of a considerably elder twin-sister.

The "counterfeit presentment" of the above-named lady, is accompanied by a sketch of her career, the like of which might be recommended to the pursuit of young ladies disposed thereto, and capable thereof. Might be, that is, if the Apothecaries, unable, legally, to reject MISS GARRETT, had not since, by a by-law, excluded female candidates for their diploma, and if such candidates were not also excluded by the other medical corporations.

Why, Sir, are they excluded? According to DR. PRIG and DR. PUMPWATER, because the constitution of the female mind is not adapted to the cultivation of medical science. PUMPWATER and PRIG might as well say that women have no right to be pianists because the constitution of the female mind is not adapted to the cultivation of musical science. Many women are quite as capable of routine practice as the average of medical men, in so far as intelligence goes, only they want nerve for it. The number of women fit to be medical women may not be great. But what shall we say of the man who argues that therefore the injustice of excluding them from the medical profession is small? Palliating an injustice on the ground that it is "only a little one," betokens a no small Philistine; but confounding, moreover, an injustice done to a small number with a small injustice bespeaks a very Goliath of Philistines.

Tell the medical corporations, *Mr. Punch*, that they are afraid of female competition, that they are no better than Trades' Unions, that their Presidents are all so many POTTERS; bid them shake hands with BROADHEAD, and fraternise with CROOKES.

There are many ladies who have their living to get, and wish to get it themselves by themselves. Almost the only employment open to them is that of a Governess. If I were a girl I should much prefer a situation at a respectable confectioner's.

It is not every girl who, though she might marry if she chose, wishes to marry. Some girls object to matrimonial servitude. They feel no vocation to chronicle small beer, and perform the other function which mine Ancient names. They have sense enough to see what wedlock is

in nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a million, and they don't much value the chance of the paradise on Earth which it offers them. A few would accept husbands if they could find men that they could like better than other men; these are among the salt of the earth, only the earth, I fear, Sir, is but slightly seasoned by them. Those of them who have as much brain as heart would make first-rate doctors.

Well, Sir, and then there are girls who can't get married because they are "plain," and men for whom they would be valuable wives are so dull as not to see that a plain face will never spoil, whereas a handsome one will, generally very soon, whilst, long before that, familiarity will have bred disregard for it, not to say contempt.

Besides, *Mr. Punch*, a medical lady might marry as well as practise. She might go into double partnership with a medical gentleman. Her specialty, of course, would be the night-bell business, and when summoned on that, she could leave the sleeping partner, for the time being, behind.

I am interested, Sir, in the future of some young ladies. Their faces are their fortunes, and very fair fortunes too, but their abilities would be more lucrative if they could exert them in the medical line. I have seen them at work on fashion-book patterns as intricate as the distribution of the fifth pair of nerves. If they were only to give to the study of anatomy the attention which they devote to that of fiddle-faddle, they would soon qualify themselves for the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons. But they can't try for it. I say, this is a shame, and I say, moreover, that it is not for men's interest that girls should be under the necessity of marrying, when they would, if they could, take refuge from matrimony in medicine.

You are no Penian, Sir, but blow up the Council which presides over medical education. Make them throw open the healing profession to ladies who have qualified themselves for its practice. That they had better make a graceful concession whilst they can, than be forced to do justice by a Reformed Parliament, is a suggestion respectfully offered to them by a Brother

CHP.

P.S. The medical corporations will perhaps make a merit of being no respecters of Persons. An indifferent joke, Sir, to cover a wrong.

Theatrical Note and Query.

WHEN the poet wrote,

"Superfluous 'lags' the veteran on the stage,"

was the meaning that he transports his audience?

We think not, and that the transportation should be that of the old bore.



STUDY OF AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION

BETWEEN TWO GENTLEMEN OF DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE VIEWS.

SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION: GENTLEMEN'S EVENING DRESS. SHALL IT REMAIN AS IT IS, OR SHALL BLACK VELVET KNICKERBOCKERS AND SILK STOCKINGS BE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE DISCREET CLOTH UNMENTIONABLES NOW IN VOGUE?

ANOTHER "ROCK AHEAD."

MR. PUNCH is chivalry itself. Whenever a new Knight comes into the ring, SIR MAGNUS PUNCH courteously hails him, introduces him to the spectators, reads out the heraldry on his shield, and wishes him good fortune and the smiles of dames. Having thus done his duty to the stranger, there is nothing to prevent SIR MAGNUS PUNCH from laying lance in rest, and coming down, as LORD LYTON says, like an Armed Storm on horse and horseman, and knocking them into the middle of next week. It all depends upon the like or dislike he may take to the proceedings of the new party. In this spirit he apprises his readers that there is a young weekly paper called *The Rock*, which is of the class called religious. He has seen but one number—the fourth. There is no lack of vigour in it. The new journal's mission is to assail the Church of Rome—the Mock Turtle Ritualists—and the enemies of the Church of Ireland, and, as we infer, the Broad Church and the independent thinkers. DEAN CLOSE, who signifies his admiration of the paper, encourages it not to be afraid of speaking out. So it attacks the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY for presuming to call the Greek clergy "his brethren in the Lord." The paper has a picture of itself, but this is not a rock, but a mountain cone, on the top of which only a very few people can stand; a hint, we suppose, that the Evangelical conductors believe that a very few people think rightly, or are in a safe condition. The pitch into Catholic priests generally is done with energy; and when we have added that the *Rock* recommends FOXE's *Book of Martyrs* to everybody, we shall have performed our office of courtesy. Greeting the *Rock* politely, we retire with the idea that we may have to smash some Roc's eggs.

Legally Impossible.

"At the last sitting of the March Magistrates"—such is the beginning of a paragraph detailing something which occurred before this Bench one day last month. Can any one explain how it is possible for the *March Magistrates* to sit in January?

A PEABODY TO THE POLICE.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that *Mr. Punch* transcribes, from a police report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street, on Saturday, the 8th instant, the following announcement:—

"INSPECTORS THOMPSON and GARFORTH came to the Court to apprise Mr. KNOX that a gentleman had given a donation of £1000, the interest of which was to be applied to the purpose of giving recompenses and gratuities to future constables injured or maltreated in the exercise of their duties. SIR THOMAS HENRY, MR. VAUGHAN, MR. KNOX, and another Magistrate were named trustees; and the gentleman, who did not desire his name to be made public, wished the circumstance to be known, as it might have the effect of inducing others to come forward and subscribe to this fund."

Whenever *Mr. Punch* obliges the universe with a solo on the trumpet, he always borrows an instrument for that purpose. He never, on any occasion, makes use of his own, except in the seclusion of perfect solitude, when he occasionally gives breath to the music of an approving conscience. He cannot, however, refrain from pointing out the speedy sequence of the donation above recorded upon the remarks that lately appeared in a certain periodical on the high deserts of policemen who incur bodily harm in their country's service. He will not say that there are any who owe him a thousand pounds, because there are many who owe him a million: his love is worth a million, and he hopes it will go for what it is worth to increase the fund which affluent and generous persons will subscribe to constitute for the reward of brave policemen hurt in the execution of their glorious duty, that of protecting his valuable readers.

Political On Dit.

It is rumoured that MR. GATHORNE HARDY, conscious that those Gladstophobists, the Tory Dons and Country Clergy, would as soon have thought of returning MR. BRIGHT as their Representative as himself, if they had supposed he would have supported a Radical Reform Bill, has consistently determined to resign his seat as Member for the University of Oxford.



THE REAL TRADE UNION.

COOK. "NO, MR. PICKLES, THERE AIN'T NO HORDERS, AND THINGS IS COME TO A PRETTY PASS! WHAT WITH THEM CO-ROBBER-ATIVE STORES—AND NO PRESENTS—WHAT'S TO BECOME OF HUS PORE SERVANTS—LET ALONE THE TRADESPEOPLE—GOODNESS GRACIOUS ONLY KNOWS!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

LAST TABLEAU.—MY FRENCH FRIEND.—PROSPECT FOR MY FUNNY FRIEND.—FINISH.

At the corner of the street, on our way to the Café, I am introduced by GRIGG to MONSIEUR FARGÉ, subsequently my French Friend.

It would be more correct to say, that on this very cold day I am introduced to a great-coat and cape, a stout pair of shoes below, a cachenez and a medium-crowned hat above, which, taken together, contain my French Friend. He reminds me, coming upon him in this way, of a charade; when, for instance, my first is a hat and wrapper, my second is a great-coat and boots, and my whole is M. FARGÉ. I don't tell him this, as I can't arrange it in French; and, if I could, perhaps he mightn't like it. GRIGG tells me he's called several people out for less, and that he's a peppery little fellow. He adds that I shall like him well enough when I know him. I should like to hear some account of his duelling, and whether he'd ever shot anybody. By the way, to my surprise, I hear my Funny Friend talking French volubly to this gentleman, and also to the waiters at the Café, so that his calling me MISTREX ROSBER and MILORD PLUM-PUDDING in the public streets, with loud observations in execrable French, is simply unpardonable.

My French Friend emerging from his chrysalis state of great-coat shell, is a gay butterfly in bluish coat of a sporting cut, a white waist-coat, and a tie of many brilliant colours. He is sharp-eyed, eager to speak, and careless of reply. He has a little pecking habit at table, arising, probably, from the presence of *hors-d'œuvres* in small dishes, which amuse his leisure time between the courses.

I like meeting him, because it will be admirable practice for my French. I am a long time about taking off my own upper-coat and hat, so that, when I do turn to face him in the *salle-à-manger*, I shall have a sentence ready in the best possible style to start with. After that, my future will depend entirely upon him. If he says anything I don't understand, I can only look doubtful, and laugh.

This course answers with most people, but not with duellists: won't do (it suddenly strikes me) to look doubtful and laugh at what may be (though unintelligible to me) an assertion made by a man who will immediately say "Pistols," and give me his card if I smile when he's talking.

I approach him, nervously, but determined not to let him have, so to speak, the first fire. I am going to say something to him about having a good appetite. I smile at him. He at me. I cough. Now then: there's no one here; GRIGG is out of earshot, so he can't laugh at me if I'm wrong, and the waiter (who detects me as an impostor in French) is out of the room.

A remark about the weather is better for a prelude; he can't call me out for saying it's a cold day. Unless, indeed, he differs with me, and a "peppery fellow" will quarrel about anything. "Ahem!" I say, rubbing my hands, so as to convey an idea of my meaning, "*Il fait bien froid, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes," returns my French Friend, "it is very cold." And this in excellent English. I am disappointed, and feel that "Yes, it is," lacks brilliancy as a reply.

M. FARGÉ tells me "he has been in England—lived there, in fact, during one year and a half." It is some years since. He likes much London. Being on the subject of amusements, he informs me that he considers the entertainment at the Coal Hole, presided over by BARON NICHOLSON, is the fashionable lounge for our sprigs of aristocracy. I enlighten him, in spite of GRIGG, who assures him that he is perfectly correct, and as dinner proceeds we warm towards one another. That is, he occasionally asks me how I call so-and-so in English, and I return the compliment by requesting him to name something or other in French.

We must, he says, after the champagne, be his guests during our stay. Accepted with pleasure. Will we go to the theatre to-night, for example? Yes, we will. Then do not trouble yourselves about taking places, he says: he will see to that. Shall we take a *voiture* to the theatre? By all means. We are in the street. We must not, he says again, trouble ourselves about a *voiture*: let him get one. We are, he reminds us, his guests. This is after GRIGG's dinner. I whisper to GRIGG that his friend is a capital fellow, and that now we shall see Parisian life, inexpensively.

We drive to a theatre. My French Friend, who has chatted all the way about various celebrities, jumps out, and is followed by GRIGG. I conclude that my French Friend settles for his guests' cab, so walk into the theatre. I am summoned back peremptorily by the coachman. I offer him two francs, which he scouts and enters into a long explanation. I don't understand it, but to save a row give him another franc. Now this is just what I should have liked my French Friend to have settled. It's too bad of GRIGG, at all events, to go on and leave me to pay. I find them both at the ticket place.

My French Friend is very lively, he tells me he has settled it, that he has got three places for us; three of the best stalls. He winks at

me as much as to say his interest here has done this. I say, "Oh! this is very kind of you, I'm sure." He replies, "Not at all, not at all. I am at your orders. Look there, the tickets." The Box office keeper holds out her hand with three tickets to me. I thank her, and am about to follow my friends, when she screams out that I haven't paid. I am astonished. "Hasn't my friend paid?" "No." "Oh! then how much?" "Fifteen francs." "Pon my soul it's too bad of GRIGG. When I find my seat, I am next to my French Friend, who is delighted to see me again, and congratulates me on having had the benefit of his assistance in getting such an excellent position. I am a little hurt. He translates (at GRIGG's request, confound him!) all the points in the play out loud to me, as it proceeds. I tell him twice that I understand it perfectly, but GRIGG on the other side whispers that I don't, and my French Friend is very proud of airing his English in the presence of his fellow-countrymen in the house. I should prefer being alone and laughing when I like.

Going out of the theatre, between the acts, we meet a flower-girl. GRIGG addresses me loudly as MONSIEUR LE PRINCE, and stands before me bowing with his hat in his hand. I try to pass him, but the flower-girl has me fast by the buttonhole, in which she is placing a moss-rose. A delicate attention. I thank her profoundly, and am about to walk away when she hopes that MONSIEUR LE PRINCE will not forget her, peculiarly. I give her a franc, and I think I leave her abusing the meanness of Royalty. I beg GRIGG not to play the fool. He complains that there is no pleasing me. I can't leave him, as he has my ticket for re-entry.

After the theatre our French Friend reminds us that we are his guests, and in his hands. Will we sup? Feeling inclined for this gaiety, I say yes, by all means. He walks between us, and says slyly that he'll take us somewhere. He himself does not care for supper, but he knows we English eat always. He will take perhaps a cup of chocolate, but he adds good-naturedly we can have what we like. What will we command? I say politely, "leave it to him." GRIGG says he shall only pick a bit and see me feed. Supper is brought; the waiter, by mistake, brings for three; I press them to join, they consent.

MONSIEUR FARGÉ will show us everywhere to-morrow, and take us to another theatre. I understand what his taking us means. He meets a comrade at the Café, who joins us, and is introduced. He doesn't speak any English. He is a little, thin man, with a large moustache. GRIGG tells me it is ALEXANDRE DUMAS. I disbelieve him; whereupon GRIGG refers me to the waiter for corroboration, or to our French Friend, who, when asked, replies, Certainly, yes. After this, I am not astonished to hear that this is a literary Café, and GRIGG points out several distinguished people including M. OFFENBACH, who is, curiously enough, humming one of his own airs out of the *Grand Duchess*. He subsequently joins us, knowing our French Friend. I like ALEXANDRE DUMAS; he is still quite a young man, and apparently very fond of oysters.

Our French Friend calls for the bill; GRIGG says he won't hear of his paying it, and hands it over to me.

It is made out for five, including, as I find, what M. OFFENBACH had before we came in. I don't like to say I won't pay, but I'll talk seriously to GRIGG afterwards. (GRIGG, on getting home, by the way, says it's the regular French custom.) I am delighted, of course, to entertain such distinguished visitors, but if I go on at this rate I shall have to return home in two days. I can't stand ALEXANDRE DUMAS again.

Next morning. Thorough row with GRIGG, on finding, from published photographs, that MM. ALEXANDRE DUMAS and OFFENBACH are totally different people. I leave to-night. I don't tell GRIGG. I pen a note to my French Friend, thanking him for his hospitality, and another for GRIGG (who is out somewhere with him), telling him that I leave the hotel bill for him to settle. For once I have the best of him, and so home.

** Soon after my arrival in England I meet my Serious Friend, on whom GRIGG played one of his tricks some months ago. My Serious Friend, who is not a man to be trifled with, calls every day at GRIGG's chambers with a horsewhip. I think I'll write and ask my Funny Friend to return quickly, as he's wanted on business of importance, something very much to his advantage. My Serious Friend is six feet at least, muscular, and determined.

Postscript. There are several Photographs yet in my book, of uncles, aunts, and cousins, but my Inspection duties under the Olfactory Act have recommenced; and, moreover, my Great Aunt not being very well just now, it would not perhaps be advisable to *** you see *** family reasons. Some uncles are also ailing. Wait a month or so, and I may be able to reopen the Photograph Book, which, for the present, I must close, and so terminate this first series of "A Few Friends."

THOSE STUPID FOREIGNERS!

OLD GROWLER complains that if you ask a German waiter simply for a glass of beer, he directly goes away and brings you a *choppe*.



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

Mr. Trewblegh (sounding the boys in *Modern History*—his son Reginald and Master Shuttleton, his clever schoolfellow, on a holiday visit). "WHO WAS THE GREAT LEADER OF THE REFORMATION ABROAD; EH, REGINALD?"

Reginald (for a wonder). "MARTIN LUTHER."

Mr. T. "AND WHO WAS THE GREAT ENGLISH REFORMER?"

Young S. (promptly). "JOHN BRIGHT!"

[Mr. T. is certain "that boy will come to no good," and resolves to discourage the acquaintanceship.]

PROFESSORS FOR PIGEONS.

THAT eminent member of the Society of Friends—to the Turf—ARGUS, thus writes in the *Post* with reference to the case of a young nobleman victimised by usurers, and to a similar case in which usurers were balked of their prey by a judgment in Chancery:—

"With this precedent on their side, which may be found in any of the reports, it is to be hoped that the representatives of LORD JENNY may rescue him from the extraordinary position in which he is placed at the present moment, for to be charged sixty thousand for the loan of eight is beyond a joke. I would also submit to the new head-master of Eton the propriety of calling the attention of his more wealthy pupils, or those with great expectations, to the above miserable case, in order that they be cautioned against the jackals of the bill-discounters and the temptations of their circulars, as by so doing much after-misery might be averted."

It is to be feared that head-masters of public schools, being clergymen, are, owing to prejudices of education and calling, too generally unaccustomed to enlarge their minds by the perusal of sporting intelligence. The head-master of Eton may not perhaps have been used to read the instructive letters of ARGUS. Many a reverend gentleman, too, in scholarship though excelling JOSEPH SCALGEE, may in knowledge of the world be an absolute ignoramus, and perhaps not even know what a bill-discounter is. Not every head-master of a school may have the ability to put a boy up to snuff of the sort mentioned by ARGUS. But there is now before Parliament a Public Schools Bill. Couldn't a clause be introduced into that measure making requisite provision for teaching the young idea how to shoot aloof from prowling usurers and avoid their snares? Suppose a proper preceptor were appointed to give the senior pupils at public schools all needful information on the ways of this wicked world, and especially about the various rogues, with their arts and devices, who lie in wait to trepan and plunder youth. He might teach them, in periodical lectures, what for example, is the difference between honest and dishonest bill-discounting, how a rascally bill-discounter makes his money, how he practises on greenhorns with expectations, and

in what ruinous debt he finally involves them. These lectures might be illustrated with specimens of the letters and circulars by means of which the money-lenders inveigle lads into their clutches, and also with sketches, and if possible with photographs, of some of those scoundrels, to give the hearers an ocular idea of what sort a fellow a bill-discounter of the harpy breed generally looks like, so that they may know one when they see him.

At the Universities, with a view to the inculcation of some knowledge of life on those who are about to enter it, the Government, failing private munificence, would do well to found Professorships of that desiderated knowledge. They might be called Professorships of Savey, or, if a title less trivial than that were required, Professorships of Practical Experience. With proficiency in this, equal to their other attainments, men having taken high places in examinations for honours, would no longer go up to London and out into the world only to be plucked.

BISHOP GRAY.

(Dedicated to A. C. LONDON.)

HE's all your fancy painted him;
A sound High Church divine;
But Natal it is another's
See no more void than mine.
You shoved not out one never shoved
With shove in legal way:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

The mitre leave suspended o'er
His brow at airy height;
The new lawn sleeves put by for him
Whilst you are bound by right.
His mitre name no more to me;
His sleeves take hence away:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

I shrunk not, when they summoned me
To swell the censure's blast,
But due tribunal there was none;
No valid judgment passed.
Then since that truth must be confest,
Don't give us cause to say,
Oh the law, the law was broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY.

REFUGE FOR ROGUES.

ADDRESSING an audience composed of members of the Social Science Association, in the lecture-room of the Society of Arts, DR. LETHEBY informed them that:—

"Alum was found in bread to increase the water in it, so that a sack of flour, instead of making 94 loaves, should make 100, then water was put into milk, dripping into butter, Ostend butter was manufactured at Bow—(laughter)—gelatine was ingeniously put upon isinglass, chicory into coffee, sulphuric acid into vinegar, and tea was faced with blacklead."

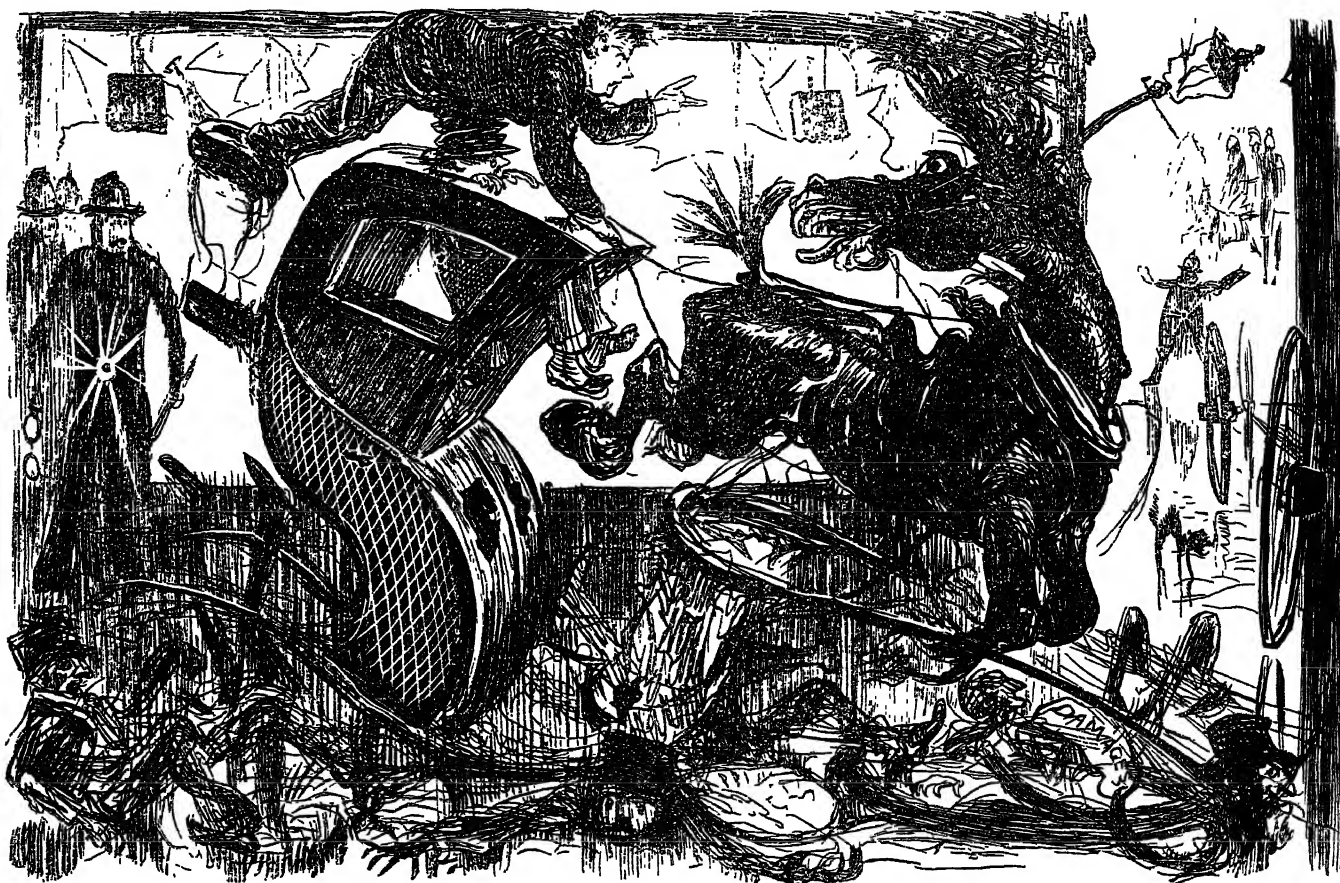
How are we to deal with the shopkeepers who are guilty of these dishonest practices? Our ancestors had their ways of dealing with them:—

"In the olden time there existed a law that the trader convicted of adulterating any article in which he dealt, was made to walk in the public thoroughfares with a specimen of the article on his breast and a label,—'This is adulterated, and I'm the fellow that did it.'"

DR. LETHEBY has probably referred to a legend couched in the phraseology of a former period. "Here you may see a cheate and ye knave that wrought ytt," DR. LETHEBY went on to say of the fraudulent offender that:—

"For the second offence he was drawn on a hurdle, and for the third he was put into the pillory, and his trading licence was removed."

There may be some reason to regret that modern refinement forbids us to deal with rogues as our forefathers did. A fellow who had been facing his tea with blacklead would well deserve to have his own visage faced in the frame of the pillory with unpleasant missiles. But the question how to deal with rogues of this description is happily superseded by the discovery of the ways how not to deal with them, by dealing, instead, with Co-operative Stores.



A CHANGE HAS COME OVER JENKINS'S NIGHTMARE. A HORSE CANNOT KEEP ON BOLTING IN HANWAY STREET FOR EVER, EVEN IN A DREAM. WE THINK THAT THE CRISIS OF SAID NIGHTMARE IS APPROACHING FAST. IT MUST END IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER; WE HOPE IT WILL DO SO ERE JENKINS'S REASON, WHICH IS ALREADY TOTTERING, BE COMPLETELY DETHRONED.

A VILLAGE IN ARCADIA.

MR. PUNCH lately excited a great deal of black bile by comparing the Black Country and New Zealand—by no means to the advantage of the former, as respects the practical savagery of its masses. Without bating a word he then wrote, he has since admitted that many of the neglects, abominations and miseries he had deplored in the region of coal and iron might be found in other manufacturing districts. Oh, those dreadful manufacturing districts! Let us fly from them to the pure air and primitive simplicity of the country! "*O Rus quando te aspiciam!*" Come, Gentle Reader, and accompany your *Punch* in a ramble through one of these regions of rural felicity.

The scene is Terling, an outlying village, some distance beyond railways, four miles to the west of Witham, in the famous calf-county, Essex. The country is flat and moist: water stagnates everywhere in pools and ditches. The village lies scattered about the sloping banks of the Ter, a rivulet flowing into the Blackwater. The houses are most of them tumble-down lath-and-plaster sheds, on a slight brick basement; others all of wood, rotten and worm-eaten; a few, more recent, of brick. The population, about 900, is made up of labourers on 10s. or 12s. a week, and their families. Fresh meat they rarely taste; a piece of bacon, or a herring, even, are occasional luxuries. Vegetables and bread-and-cheese are the staple diet.

DR. THORNE, a Medical Inspector of the Privy Council Office, reports of these Arcadians:—

"From the description which I received of the villagers it appears also that they have a tendency to isolate themselves, many hardly ever leaving their own parish, even to visit a neighbouring village, and hence they intermarry to such an extent, that 'half the people are related to each other.' They are intellectually and physically of a low type, there are among them eight or nine idiots and imbecile children, all seem dull of comprehension, and 'hardly a well-built man is to be seen.' An extraordinarily large number of them are the victims of phthisis and scrofula; this may be partly accounted for by the numerous inter-marriages, partly by the moisture of the soil and the atmosphere, and the entire absence of all drainage. Ague was very prevalent throughout the neighbourhood until about the year 1840, but it is now only seen on rare occasions. There is much intemperance in the place, illegitimate children abound, sometimes many in one family, and so distinguishing a merit is it deemed for a girl to marry without being pregnant, that to each such bride, a principal benefactress of the village is in the habit of giving a special wedding gift."

So much for the Arcadians, and now for their Arcadia.

"At Terling all the nuisances which are generally associated with outbreaks of typhoid fever exist in great and unusual abundance, and all that is necessary to produce contamination of air, soil, and water is to be found throughout the village. The cottages are literally surrounded by every species of nuisance that it is possible to conceive; slops and ashes are thrown down on the unpaved yards and gardens; manure heaps, cesspools, and masses of decaying vegetable matter lie round about. The privies, none of which have a properly constructed tank for the reception of fecal matter, are in many instances in a most dilapidated state, and owing to their being frequently constructed of wood, the back is in part broken away, and the contents either lie in masses on the ground, or else are collected in large holes which have been dug out for that purpose; and LORD RAYLEIGH having granted allotments of ground to his tenants, they cherish and store up these foul accumulations, nominally for the purposes of manure until they assume a magnitude which none but those who have seen them can believe in. Surrounding one cottage, and within a circumference of 20 feet of it, I found one pigstye, three manure heaps, two cesspools, and a privy, the contents of which extended about 12 feet down an adjoining field."

Note that this passage in the report has the comical side-note—

"Administration of sanitary law in the place."

Now for the water with which these Arcadians wash down their vegetarian diet:—

"In the central part of the village, each cottage, or each group of two or three, has its own well, and if the ground is at all undulating, it is invariably placed at the lowest point. These wells, which are all sunk in the gravel, are as a rule uncovered, and are merely lined with bricks placed loosely one above another, without any cement or plaster; their depth, which varies from about 5 feet to 40 feet, agrees with the increase in the rise of ground. On a higher level than these wells, and everywhere surrounding them, lie the various nuisances just enumerated; and when we remember the loose and porous nature of the soil, and the ease with which it admits of the percolation of fluids, the closeness of such sources of contamination to the cottagers' drinking water is seen to be fraught with the greatest danger. Some of the cottages lying in the outskirts of the village have no wells, and those who reside in them are therefore compelled to fetch their drinking water from ponds in the adjoining fields. All the drainage from the field ditches, and at times from the roadsides runs into them, the cattle frequent them, and in summer they are, to use the expression of a resident, 'nothing better than stinking pools.' In only one instance did I find that the river water was used for drinking purposes, but in this case at a point where the stream was little better than a sewer."

Can we wonder if King Typhus, looking out for a place for a revel, should have pitched on Terling? He had paid flying visits to it in his frequent "progresses" through our happy island, but this time he

sat himself down for right royal disport. On December the 4th he arrived, and by the 13th of January 208 were down under his heavy hand. The death-bell tolled perpetually, till, for the sake of the living, its death-recording voice was silenced. Women with tears flowing down their cheeks, called from their cottage-doors for help. The fever-stricken lay in almost every house—in many two and three in one bed, most of them women and children. Typhus was King of Terling—King without a check on his supremacy, or a curb on his royal will. But how about those whom the law has placed to keep the ground against him?

Let DR. THORNE answer :—

"The nuisance authority for the village of Terling is the Board of Guardians of the Witham Union, and from what I have stated, it must be seen that this authority had entirely neglected its duty. On the 23rd of December I was present at a meeting of the Board: I explained to them the serious nature of the epidemic which had broken out in Terling, and pursuant to my instructions urged upon them the necessity of prompt and energetic action as the only means by which the fever could possibly be arrested. I especially directed their attention to the importance of seeing, first, that the filth, which was so abundant, should be removed after it had been disinfected; secondly, that the inhabitants should at once be provided with a pure water supply; and thirdly, that means should without delay be adopted to remedy the overcrowding. The Board apparently saw the importance of following the advice given, and immediately gave orders for a large quantity of disinfectants, which were at once distributed to the cottagers, and applied to the various nuisances. Permission was also given to all the medical men (not exclusively the parish doctor) to order wine, brandy, and beef tea to any amount which they thought necessary for their patients, and the more effectually to carry out these measures a kitchen was procured where the beef tea was always kept ready made. Unfortunately these precautions had hitherto been neglected, although the expediency of adopting them had been brought under the notice of the Board. On the 12th of January, 1868, I again attended a meeting of the Board of Guardians, and it is much to be regretted that I was obliged to call their attention to the fact, that though they had been profuse in their supply of disinfectants, they had very seriously neglected the removal of the nuisances around the cottages, and I informed them that the steps which they had taken to effect this object were quite inadequate; for though the disease had then been lasting for six weeks, cesspools could be found full to the brim, and those which had been emptied were filling again. I explained to them, that, had they originally performed their duty as a nuisance authority, the epidemic in Terling would never have occurred, and the lives of the villagers would have been spared, and that therefore, the least which could now be expected of them was an energetic performance of their every day duty. The necessary works to supply pure drinking water had been ordered by the vestry of Terling, in consequence of a letter which, in accordance with my instructions I had addressed to them; and by way of preventing a recurrence of this disease by the well-water becoming saturated with the contents of privies, LORD RAYLEIGH informed me that he was supplying all his cottages—that is to say, 78 out of the 164 in the village—with properly constructed bricked cesspools lined with cement, and effectually covered over."

At least it may be said, if the local authorities had neglected their duty *before* the outbreak, they were disposed to show some alacrity in shutting the door after the enemy had established himself. But he had already effected his lodgement, and was not to be easily ousted. In the interval between the 22nd of December, when DR. THORNE first visited Terling, and the 29th of January, when he made a second inspection, he found the fever had continued to spread, and had risen from women and children to able-bodied men and boys. Up to that date 260 cases had occurred. "Of course," it will be said, "in spite of all that the local authorities could do, in the way of strenuous exercise of their powers under the Nuisances Removal Act."

Let DR. THORNE's second report answer on this point :—

"Notwithstanding that the urgency of very immediate and prompt action had been again and again pressed upon the Board of Guardians, I still found abominable nuisances in Terling, and it is hardly possible to speak in sufficiently strong terms of the culpable neglect shown by that authority. Fortunately the vestry of the parish (the Sewer Authority), acting under Sec. 11. of the Sanitary Act 1866, had in three of the most populous parts of the village provided a pure water supply for the inhabitants; but to give an example of the mode in which the Board omitted to perform their ordinary duties, even when the villagers were dying around them, I would call attention to a nuisance of colossal magnitude situated behind some cottages on the Upper Green. Within about ten or twelve feet of the back doors and windows of the cottages in question, is a large ditch in one place nearly two yards broad, full of stagnant fluid. Over this ditch four wooden privies are placed, and their entire contents fall into it; the floor in one of them is nearly broken away. All the slops from these cottages are also poured into the ditch, and for a space of between fifty and sixty yards a foul urinous fluid with faecal matter floating on its surface, lay soaking into the porous soil on which the cottages are built, and emitting a stench which I, in common with two companions easily detected at a distance of 100 yards. This abominable nuisance has been the subject of much discussion; twice I formally brought it under the notice of the Board, and on two occasions I pointed it out to the officers of the authorities, especially on account of the existence of fever in the adjoining cottages, but, unfortunately, on the 29th of January it was in the same state as when I first drew attention to it. Evidently the main object at which this local authority has aimed is not so much to remove with an exemplary haste all possible sources of disease in Terling, as to give the public an impression that it has already done so; whereas, in reality, the present sanitary condition of the village would be disgraceful, even if this vast epidemic had not rooted itself so deeply on the spot. In no single instance could I ascertain that the Board of Guardians had been instrumental in causing a properly constructed cesspool to be made."

Verily, a great principle is "Local Self-Government," and BUMBLE is its prophet!

Luckily, private benevolence has done and is doing its best to supply the shortcomings of local officialism :—

"Fortunately for the sufferers," says DR. THORNE, "immense private efforts have been made for their relief. Terling Place has been, to use the expression of an inhabitant, 'an open house'; wine, brandy, beef tea, milk, and luxuries have been liberally supplied from that residence, and DR. GIMSON who has without official obligation, given up almost all his time in attending to the sick, informed me that, at LORD and LADY RAYLEIGH's expense, the poor were provided with every requisite,

and had their linen washed for them. In addition to this, as the Nuisance Authority had made no attempt to remedy the overcrowding, LORD RAYLEIGH had fitted up the village school as a convalescent hospital for children; these were brought to it in a covered waggon, and on their arrival they were stripped and washed, then entirely re clothed with garments provided by private individuals, and placed under the care of a lady nurse. Sisters from St. Margaret's Home, East Grinstead, were superintending the nursing throughout the village, and spending their nights with the most dangerous cases."

If King Typhus be finally driven out of Terling, he need not go far for his next "Grand Court." He has only to move four miles eastward to Witham, which DR. THORNE thus describes :—

"Witham is a small town, containing about 3500 inhabitants, and is the only place in this Union which is governed by a Local Board of Health. The main streets have an appearance of great cleanliness and comfort; but on passing from them into courts and slums which are hidden from the general view, cesspools, dilapidated privies, with their contents running about the yards and gardens, heaps of decaying animal and vegetable matter, and every species of nuisance can be found in abundance. Some of the inhabitants live in hovels of the most miserable description, where they are surrounded by intolerable stench, and, I was informed that they dare not complain to their landlords or to the Inspector of Nuisances of the filthiness around them, for if they go to the former they fear that he will turn them out of their houses, whereas the latter is the relieving officer, and it is their belief that any complaints made to him would go far to prevent their receiving parish relief. But a more serious obstacle even than this exists to any sanitary improvement. The properties on which the worst nuisances exist belong to members of the Local Board, and I would especially allude to several groups of cottages belonging to a MR. TOMASIN, the stinking nuisances around which render them unfit for human habitation. MR. TOMASIN is a gentleman of large fortune, he has a seat at the Local Board, and yet so much has he neglected the dwellings of the poor which belong to him, that the magistrates have been compelled to summon him before them, in order to force him to remove nuisances on his cottage property."

Bravo, *again*, Local Self-Government! There is a clause in the Sanitary Act of 1866, empowering the SECRETARY OF STATE to inquire into cases where Local Authorities neglect their duty, to make order on them for the performance of that duty, and on non-compliance with that order, to appoint a person to do the necessary work. Has this clause been invoked, or put in operation, in this case, or in the many similar cases? And if not, why not?

The question should be asked where an answer can be insisted upon.

A GROAN FROM A SWELL.

HERE'S everything going post-haste to the devil—

Noblesse, good society, manners, and men!

In the Army, the Navy, the Service called "Civil"—

As it was in old times, but will ne'er be again.

Office-doors ope not now to a Peeress's ticket,

No more by "connection" the best berths are filled,

Civil Service Commissioners now keep the wicket,

And low fellows pass, when their betters get "pilled."

No matter the name that a fellow may boast of,

Though in BURKE'S or DEBBETT'S *Libro d'Oro* enshrined,

A chance in the Service he hasn't a ghost of,

If through "the three R's" he can't manage to grind.

If they'd set Latin verses, or "amo" and "tutta,"

A public-school fellow might do well enough,

But they go for low subjects that Eton ain't up to—

Geography, History, French, and such stuff!

And if one gets berthed, spite of examination,—

In an office, of course, where a fellow can go,—

One has no pull at all in one's rank or one's station—

In fact the whole style is infernally low.

One must sign books, keep hours, and work till one tires,

As they do in the Customs or Somerset House,

And the old fogies grudge one a burst in "the Shires,"

Or a run into Scotland, in time for the grouse.

It's all this impertinent public opinion—

This Press, for which nothing's too high or too low—

Penny trumpets that claim democratic dominion

O'er Horse Guards and Treasury, Home and F. O.;

E'en appointments of ELLIOTTS they venture to question,

E'en a Royal Duke's blunders or jobs to expose—

Snobs a fellow don't meet, or would worse than the pest shun,

If he e'er met them anywhere any one goes!

From Mr. Punch's Supplementary English Dictionary

(Brought up to the Times).

HIPPOPHAGY (from ἵππος, a horse, and φάγω, I eat), "The eating of horse-flesh."

HYPOCRISY (from ἵππος, a horse, and κρίσις, a judgment), "Saying horse-flesh is very good."

DRINK FOR HORSE-EATERS.—Hippo-cras.



JENKINS'S NIGHTMARE

FINALLY RESOLVES ITSELF INTO A BEATIFIC VISION OF TRIUMPH AND REVENGE.

CONVOCAATION.

The Upper House (when the Reporters were out.)

THE BISHOP OF LONDON said it didn't seem to be any good their talking about Ritualism, as no one attended to them.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD thought that the present time was one when more than ever great caution and Christian forbearance was necessary. (*Hear, hear!*)

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY observed that he'd like to speak out boldly, and say what were and what were not the doctrines he held. But perhaps it was better at present to agree with his Right Rev. Brother, the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD regretted that some parties went too far, and others not far enough. For his own part, he was willing to concede a great deal to either party. It was to be wished that a definite conclusion could be arrived at on some point, either as to DR. COLENSO or Ritualism. In the meantime, he would urge the necessity of a careful policy.

THE BISHOP OF ELY was sorry to hear what his Right Rev. Brother of London had let fall. There must always be differences of opinion, and great latitude must be allowed to Members of the English Church. (*Hear!*) As the Bishops did not agree on essential points, and Heaven forbid they should, why compel the inferior clergy to assent to an uncertainty? He was perhaps a little confused, but on the whole he had always found it the safest course to agree with his Right Rev. Brother the BISHOP OF OXFORD, whose health he begged—no he begged pardon. (*Hear, hear!*)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY rose to say he was astonished to hear any Member of that House express an opinion that every Rubric was not clear, simple, and straightforward. The Church and State went together, and the action of Parliament would not be called in as long as Convocation continued its present safe course.

After some desultory conversation on the principles of the Reformation, in which the Bishops of SALISBURY, OXFORD, LLANDAFF, and others took part,

The original resolution was put and carried.

On a Prelate (who came too late) asking the BISHOP OF LONDON what the original motion was, DR. TAIT was understood to say, quietly, that it was of no consequence, as, in his experience, the result was the same any way.

In the Lower House, a vote of thanks was proposed to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY for having written to the Greek Church.

DEAN STANLEY said that an Epistle to the Greeks of course found its precedent in the Epistle to the Romans, to whom, however, he was sorry the ARCHBISHOP had not written. He thought letter-writing mischievous as a rule; but, at all events, the present amiable correspondence would amuse the Easterns, and wouldn't hurt us, and so he should concur in thanking the Archbishop for nothing. By the way, of course, the House knew that the English Church was anathematised implicitly, if not explicitly, by the Greeks.

ARCHDEACON DENISON said that it didn't matter. It was a great thing to have written a letter at all. It showed life. There was too little doing, and too much talking.

A vote of thanks was then passed, and ARCHDEACON WORDSWORTH was complimented on his still retaining a knowledge of the Greek Grammar.

The proceedings terminated with grace after dinner.

Cui Bono?

At a Trades' Union meeting, a MR. GILMORE said that MR. GLADSTONE had described one of the Union rules as "worthy of savages," and that he, GILMORE, would have told GLADSTONE that there were West End Clubs of which the same might be "predicated." Long words tickle long ears. But why should he desire to tell MR. GLADSTONE a lie—and such a silly lie? Had GILMORE taken a gill more than was good for him?

ON THE TERMINATION OF THE BALLET AT THE LYCEUM.

THE *Can-can* expires, its last kick we see,
And MADAME FINETTE is MADAME FINIE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LADSTONE, or as the better informed of French publicists spell it, GLADSTANES, (here you have him) may be regarded as the hero of the week, but more of that presently. It occurs to us to say,—

"Nuda Caledonia sic pectora prebuit urso."

not that the line has any particular bearing upon what we are going to say, except that *Caledonia* is a natural word for a gentleman and a scholar to quote when Scotland is mentioned. We had on *Monday*, February 17th, the Scottish Reform Bill.

It was introduced by the Lord Advocate, MR. GORDON, heretofore of the Royal Academy, (not a picture place) Inverness. It was his maiden speech, and it was clear and to the point; "without o'erflowing, full," more

or rather less than can be said of his old friend the Ness, which has lately been misconducting itself riotously, and nearly drowning the curator, or Lord of the Isles.

This is the Tory-Radical Reform for Scotland.

1. All Householders in Boroughs vote.
2. A £12 rateable holding in Counties, or } a vote.
3. A £5 ownership occupation gives
4. No Re-distribution. But
5. Seven new Members to Scotland, namely, two to the Universities, the Counties of Aberdeen, Ayr, and Lanark, one each, Glasgow to have a cocked-hat member, and divers Boroughs, Wishaw, Kirkintilloch, &c., are joined, and have the seventh.

The Scotch Members, mostly, said, and such of the Scotch papers as we have seen echo the remark, that the Bill is rather worse than that of last year. Some suggested waiting to see what a new Parliament would do, but MR. DISRAELI warned them against that kind of Jack O'Lantern. MR. SMOLLETT and MR. LAING defended the Bill.

There was a smart little passage of arms between MR. SMOLLETT and MR. REARDON, an Irish Member. The Scot thought that as the population of Ireland had diminished, she did not want so many Members, and also observed that though the Scotch were coarse and democratic, they were loyal, and did not make patriots and martyrs out of hanged murderers. The Irishman replied, that Irishmen had never sold their King, nor abandoned their flag on the field of battle. These arguments convinced the House, and the Second Reading was fixed for the 2nd of March.

Government introduces a Bill for taking the Electric Telegraphs into its own hands. As the Civil Service is reasonably educated, we may now hope that our messages will be accurately transcribed, instead of being left to illiterate parties who drive recipients mad with their blundering. Is it too much to ask that messages may be printed, as they have been in America for twenty years, and as they are in Australia?

In the Lords it was asked whether there were any floating batteries being provided for the defence of the Coasts, and it was answered that such things would cost £7,000,000, and could not be afforded. To do the French nation justice, its Executive would not dare to make such an answer to such a question.

Tuesday, The CHANCELLOR explained what he had meant by Promissory Oaths. He referred to those which are taken by persons on admission to offices. He did not mean the profane and improper language used when the old woman in charge of an office has kept her unexpected employer a long time at the door, but the vows on entering situations. There are about 300 pages full of these oaths in the report that recommends abolition. Only tremendous official swells are to swear in future—also soldiers and constables. But no clause affects those who are addicted to swear in *verba magistri*, and when that Master is *Mr. Punch*, it is the best thing they can do.

Brompton Boilers are to be erected in Bethnal Green, as the poor dwellers there find a walk of six miles and a half each way rather a drawback to the enjoyment of the Museum, especially by the children. Well, it may be, perhaps, when one comes to think of it.

We congratulate MR. SEELY. He has got his Committee on Admiralty accounts and Dock Yard expenditure. Of course MR. CORRY, for the Government, went in for mystification, and very well he did it, but he gave the Committee.

LORD ENFIELD brings in a Bill to reform the oppressive, arbitrary, and corrupt system by which jurors are summoned. When the grievances shall be redressed, let nobody forget gratitude to MR. ERLE, Associate of the Common Pleas, and we wish he had better associates, though those common ones have certainly done nothing to deteriorate him.

Wednesday. Deputations of bank clerks and other inferior beings beg that the day after Christmas Day may be a Bank holiday, and that the QUEEN may be able to proclaim a Bank holiday without an Act. Into a plan for this purpose, MR. C. O'LOGHLEN inserts a clause making bills and notes that fall due on Sundays or holidays payable the day after, not the day before. But the great City men oppose the measure. "It is a serious thing," said MR. GOSCHEN, "to stop the commerce of the City for even one day." "The paucity of holidays in Protestant countries," said MR. THOMAS BARING, "gives them a commercial advantage." A Select Committee, however, is to consider the Bill. MR. M'LAREN, Member for Edinburgh, made a singular and startling revelation. He said that "the Scotch, being Presbyterians, knew nothing at all about Good Friday." We had fancied—from early impressions of hastily read history, perhaps—that the Scotch were some sort of Christians.

MR. LEEFVRE introduced a Bill to this end. You assure your life. Of course you do. It is the duty of any man with a wife and family, if his income is derived from his own exertions. But you want to keep this provision safe for those whom you care about. There are two ways of effecting this. One is by paying all your creditors before you die, and this is a very good way, only sometimes there are difficulties. The other is by assignment, but it involves questions, and is not absolutely safe. It is proposed to revive the practice of assignment by nomination on the policy. The representatives of trade object, on the part of creditors, but a moralist may at least ask whether a wife and children, suddenly left helpless, ought not to be considered as lawful Preference Creditors, in a society which very properly holds marriage to be the Duty of Man. Still, young people, keep out or get out of debt. Owe nothing but grudges, which you can pay at convenience, or never pay at all.

And now we come to MR. GLADSTONE, who selected this day for a feat which will be remembered. If the Church Rate question be not settled now, it will be the fault of so-called friends of the Church. He would put the Rate to death as CÆSAR's slayers dealt with him,—

"We'll carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase for the hounds."

All MR. GLADSTONE proposes is, that there shall be no legal power to levy the rate on all inhabitants, but that those only shall be taxed who come forward and offer to subscribe. The machinery shall be preserved, in order to meet the feelings of Churchmen, but it shall have no compulsory power. This is really, as MR. CHARLES MATHEWS said in that beautiful and sparkling composition, *Anything for a Change*, "killing a fellow so gently, that he must rather like it than otherwise." Even LORD CRANBORNE held that the Church should accept this Bill, and avoid worse things at the hands of a Parliament of Radicals. Government reserved itself, MR. HARDY thinking that it was for the Dissenter to come forward and proclaim his wicked schism. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL was re-elected for Helston without a fight. But the Government lost a seat at Stoke, where MR. MELLY got into MR. HOPE's vacant seat. *Sic vos non vobis Melificatis*, gentlemen Conservatives.

Thursday. Nothing noteworthy, save that MR. DISRAELI, questioned by MR. WHALLEY and MR. DARBY GRIFFITH as to Abyssinian Expenses, deigned only the curtest intimation to those illustrious Senators, that he had no reason to believe that his general estimate had been exceeded. He is right not to be too credulous, but there may be something in what is stated by the Correspondents.

Friday. There was to have been a Boys' Night with Ireland, but the juvenile *fête* was postponed until the next Tuesday. MASTERS CLINTON, AMBERLEY, GLADSTONE, and other interesting lads, were then to let off their little fireworks, after a lecture by MR. MAGUIRE.

The chief incident of the night was an elaborate exposure, by MR. GOSCHEN, of the crimes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the frightful taxation levied by THWAYTES the Tyrant. We are not afraid to call him a Tyrant, now. POTTER, the Carpenter and Unionist, who cannot bear to be criticised, brought an action against the *Herts Guardian* for giving him the name; and after being treated MARYAS fashion by SERJEANT BALLANTINE, was floored by the jury. Besides, we have threatened to have THWAYTES executed for imitating CHARLES THE FIRST. After some dull speeches the House, rather than hear ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, got itself Counted Out.

Well done, Conservatives! The lamented death of good MR. JUSTICE SEEB left a vacancy in the Queen's Bench, and LORD CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD selected a gentleman simply because he was the best man for the office, and notwithstanding that he was a Liberal, and lately fought an election battle against one of the Ministers. *Mr. Punch* remarks with pleasure that the great tribunal, the Q.B.,

is awfully strong now. COCKBURN, BLACKBURN, LUSH, HANNEN—we say, Gentlemen of the Bar, you must talk very little nonsense there. Like the wondrous things in *The Vision*, “they four have eyes before and behind.” Also we say,

Well played, my LORD CHELMSFORD, a capital cannon,
You minded your cue when you pocketed HANNEN.

EXCELSIOR!

THE chains of Trade were falling fast,
As to the Tory benches passed
A youth, through social snow and ice,
Who bore a flag with the device—
“Excelsior!”

His brow was brass: his eye, beneath,
Slept like a dagger in its sheath;
And, ’twixt the stabs of his keen tongue,
Ever in under-tone there rung—
“Excelsior!”

He smote his foemen black and blue,
His friends he served, a henchman true;
He turned from Truth’s white mountain-throne,
And upwards pressed, with stifled groan—
“Excelsior!”

“Try not that road!” Experience said,
“Truth’s rocks hang threatening o’er thy head;
The stream of Proof runs deep and wide.”
But, firm, that stubborn voice replied,
“Excelsior!”

“Oh, stay,” fair Fiction cried, “and rest
A laurelled head upon my breast!”
A flash awoke his slumbrous eye,
But faded, as he gave reply,
“Excelsior!”

“Ware Toryism’s rotten branch!
“Ware democratic avalanche!”
Such was calm Caution’s last good-night:
A voice replied, from Treasury height,
“Excelsior!”

As Tory Chieftains officeward
Expectant turned their keen regard,
Discussing chances, hopes, and fears,
His voice burst on their startled ears—
“Excelsior!”

There, on Ambition’s topmost round,
This climber at his goal was found,
Triumphant over snow and ice,
True to his flag and its device,
“Excelsior!”

For all his triumph, in cold blood,
Passionless, but not proud, he stood:
As from truth’s peaks, crowned with her star,
A proud voice rang above him far,
“Excelsior!”

ONLY A PEG.

We read in the *Star*—

“The HON. F. STANLEY, M.P., wounded his hand by slapping a chisel whilst engaged in joinery, of which he is very fond. The wound, though very severe, is rapidly healing.”

“Slapping” is probably a misprint for “snapping,” but never mind that. As MR. STANLEY is getting well, we don’t mind telling him that he must have paid very little attention to the instructions of his father, that eminent Cabinet-maker—and this gives us an opportunity of expressing our satisfaction that the EARL OF DERBY is recovering his health. *Punch* hopes to “play many a brother’s wager frankly” with him.

The Vestments Divided Against Themselves.

THE Justice of the Supreme Court of Natal, who has pronounced for the validity of BISHOP COLENSO’s letters patent, is called “Cope.”

This is a great blow to BISHOP GRAY and the Ritualists who support him. It is a case of Cope against Chasuble, Dalmatic, Alb, and Tunic all put together. “Hammer and tongs” is a trifle to such inter-vestment-ine warfare!

FRENCH ASSES ON THEIR ARMY BILL.

BEING happily, for the present, at peace with all the world, France merely wants a loan of four hundred million francs or so, which, her Ministry confess, are to be chiefly spent in armaments. Only see what a blessing it is to live a peaceful life, and to have no thought of worrying one’s neighbours! The financier, M. MAGNE, is so happy in his mind at the prospect of tranquillity that he actually is able to make a little joke in the midst of his arithmetic. If faithfully reported, he tells us that the present small addition of four hundred and forty million francs to the *Consolidés* is solely for the purpose of “consolidating peace.” It is entirely for this object that the large army of France is largely to be increased. Some people may fancy that a big army, kept idle, might be clamorous for war, but M. MAGNE has happily no such foolish apprehension. Nor has he any fear that French braggarts may make mischief by talking stuff like this:—

“By sometimes inspiring terror, France has always made herself respected; and for my part I would not permit a single stroke of policy to take place in Europe without our permission.”

So brayed BARON BRENNIER, in the debate upon the Army Bill; and many a French jackass will probably lift up his voice in this same key. GENERAL COUNT DE LA RUE, for instance, was pleased to echo thus:—

“A nation like France must be assured of maintaining its preponderance abroad and its security at home.”

A reign of “terror” and “preponderance;” this, according to these jackasses is, or ought to be, the aim of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE. What will be the cost of it no donkey ever calculates. Some asses even fancy, or at least pretend to fancy, that great armies are, on grounds of mere economy, good things. Hear, for instance, M. ROULAND:—

“As to the economical objection, I say that commerce and industry require protection and security, and for this object force is necessary to repel aggression. The additional cost is an economical outlay, and the commercial class and the country are well aware of this. When the country is strong, thanks to the patriotism and prudence of the EMPEROR, then industry and business transactions may proceed in security, and disquietude will disappear.”

“When the country is strong,” i. e. has a million soldiers idle and waiting for a war, there is everywhere a dearth of labourers and craftsmen, and works of commerce and of agriculture languish and die out. In France, not less than England, “the commercial class and country are well aware of this.” Hence the new French Army Bill is universally regarded as a bitter pill to swallow, and in spite of all the sugary speeches of the Senators, the French will make wry faces before they gulp it down.

“THE BOOK OF THE FARM.”

ONE of the Reviews of DARWIN’S New Work, after quoting the subject of the Second Volume, remarks:—“To all Country Gentlemen, Farmers, and Breeders, these chapters will be as full of light and interest as to all Biologists and Speculative Thinkers.” Does any profane person doubt it? “Country gentlemen,” of the finest old-crusted Tory politics and views on education, &c., are far too solemn a theme to be treated with levity; but “farmers and breeders”—are they generally the classmates of “Biologists and Speculative Thinkers?” Old JOHN STOCKWELL, of Bathley Wood Farm, as good a judge of a beast as any man in Midlandshire, hears of this wonderful new book of MR. DARWIN’S, perhaps at the Market Table at the “Clumber Arms,” where nothing else is talked about but “The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,” rides home, borrows the two stout volumes from his clergyman, who is scientific, and subscribes to a London Library, and in the company of his pipe, and with the stimulus of some brandy-and-water, examines them for information about the best method of crossing sheep. Let us look over his shoulder. “The laws of Inheritance and Reversion (Atavism) in Prepotency and Limitation of Sex.” STOCKWELL’S education closed at fourteen, his reading since has not been varied or extensive, and the character of his handwriting is rude: he makes a conscientious effort to master the polysyllabic difficulties, but fails, Atavism in particular, which is delusively placed within brackets as though it were a simple and explanatory term, meaning possibly great-grandmotherism, proving an impassable barrier. He tries again—“Hybridism”—and gets another tumble. Full of pluck, he puts all his mind at what proves a regular, stone wall—“Provisional Hypothesis of Pangenesis,”—which so completely floors him, that he throws DARWIN down, is quite laborious with his pipe, empties his tumbler, takes off his boots, and as he goes up-stairs to bed, resolves never again to stray away from *Old Moore*, the weather-glass, and *Bell’s Weekly Messenger*.

Saturday Afternoon.

Now is the time for the Crystal Palace * * [On referring to my watch I find I have accidentally asserted a fact; now is the time for the Crystal Palace,—so I must be off at once. More in my next.]

Yours truly, RICHARD BIRDIE.

TANTÆNE ANIMIS CELESTIBUS IRÆ!



LATE, late, too late; the guests depart,
And, oh distressful thing!
Two celebrated vocalists
Have not been asked to sing!

From distant corners, darting swift,
They rush to reach the pianner,
And meet upon the music-stool
In this unseemly manner!

An instrumental gentleman,
Facetiously inclined,
Doth stick and stand and stare at 'em,
And thus he speaks his mind:

"THE TENOR AND THE BARITONE
ARE FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN;
I'D LIKE TO KICK THE BARITONE,
AND KNOCK THE TENOR DOWN!"

A TRUTH FROM THE HUSTINGS.

THERE was one sentence in the speech of MR. LEA (the Candidate for Helston, who showed at the hustings, but not at the Poll, in opposition to MR. BRETT) which, strange to say of anything in a hustings' speech, is, at once, new and true.

When offering bribes to the Helstonians all round, in the shape of all manner of local improvements and benefits, to be secured by electing him, MR. LEA crowned the list, which included cheap gas, a railway, a free library, and general prosperity, by the paramount blessing—dwarfing all the others—of his own Establishment at Dartmoor in the Goose Trade!! We should infer, *en passant*, from MR. LEA's speech throughout, that he had been accustomed to deal *with*, if not *in*, Geese, all his life. So that, probably, what he contemplates on Dartmoor is an extension or branch of his regular business. To this most tempting promise MR. LEA tacked on a confession. "Talk about Geese, I will make money out of them, if you will let me." This sentence ought evidently to be read with an accent on the "*you*," like that laid on "*him*" by Joe Miller's well-known preacher, in giving out the text. "And he said, 'Saddle me the ass,' and they saddled *him*." This outburst of MR. LEA's we take to be about the most candid thing ever spoken from a hustings. How many Candidates for Parliament come forward with this intention of making money out of Geese, if the Geese will let them! How few have had the honesty to avow the design *totidem verbis* like MR. LEA at Helston!

Cut Out.

TRUMPINGTON, who is miserable without his rubber, finding every table full the other night, quitted the room, first casting a *whiff*ful look all round.

HOW TO STOP STREET-BEGGING.

FOURSCORE and one beggars brought to one London Police Court within one single week! A pretty little problem is suggested by the fact. How many beggars, would you calculate, are begging now in London, when to one of its Police Courts no fewer than fourscore and one are brought at one fell-swoop? Another problem to be solved is how the streets may best be cleared of them, and on this point SIR R. CARDEN, the Magistrate in question, has put forth some good sense:—

"In this country there should not be a beggar in the streets, and there would not be one if everybody would abstain for one week from giving money in the streets, and give into custody every one that solicits alms, have the cases investigated, and see them provided for. This is the duty of humanity. By giving alms you only perpetuate the misery."

In its efforts to stop begging, the Mendicity Society has done the state some service, and we should like to see it aided by an Anti-Beggar League, or a Society for Total Abstinence from Giving Money in the Streets. Almsgiving encourages both idleness and vice, and, though it pleases sentimentalists, it does no one real good. DEAN SWIFT proposed that beggars should, by law, be forced to wear a badge, and the suggestion may seem suitable to those who have been badgered by them. Impostors fittingly might wear the Order of the Fleece, and, when known, it might help somewhat to check their imposition. But if people would abstain from selfishly indulging in the weakness of street almsgiving, our pavements would be cleared of the impostors who infest them. Idle beggars would be driven to be usefully industrious, and money worse than wasted on them might be spent in really useful charitable works.

ACROBATS' TIPPLe.—Champagne in Tumblers.



A LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. "NONSENSE! YOU MUSTN'T BRING THAT BRIBING FELLOW BEFORE US;—
WE SHOULD HAVE TO BE IN EARNEST."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



LAY!" cries the Theatrical Bowler, MR. TOM ROBERTSON, and delivers his fourth ball during MISS MARIE WILTON's successful innings on the little Prince of Wales's Ground, Tottenham Court Road, which locality has by this time, judging from the stall and box audience, a good deal more of the Court than the Tottenham Road about it.

"How's that, umpire?" A hit, a palpable hit, and the *puissante* Manageress (did she ever look more charming than in this new piece? Ah, me!) will make a good score, to be added to the previous runs. MR. BANCROFT's hair is a triumph of art; and so is MR. HARE's wig. The suc-

cess, however, of the piece, which is faulty in construction and "tricky" in its effects, is, in our opinion, at least two-thirds due to the admirable acting of MISS WILTON, MISS LYDIA FOOTE, and MESSRS. BANCROFT, HARE, and MONTAGUE. The two ordinary comic characters (well played by MRS. MURRAY and MR. BLAKELEY) are too prominent, and might be even now advantageously toned down, specially in the last Act. With this exception, no other company in London could have done so well for their author, as did that of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and, we believe, at no other theatre could *Play* have achieved the same success, or jumped so suddenly into public favour. Great praise is due to MESSRS. MONTGOMERY and SYDNEY for their performance of two Prussian officers, character bits which, in less clever hands, might have marred the good fortune of the piece.

The costumes of the ladies appear to have been taken from M. MARCELLIN's sketches of the *Porte St. Martin* Ballets in his journal *La Vie Parisienne*. But, as it now appears, given the Prince of Wales's Company, with MR. ROBERTSON as author, and the result is certain. We will proceed, after our usual fashion, to give a *précis* of the play, and conclude this preface by advising our readers to go and judge for themselves.

Signed { PRIVATE BOX.
CORPORAL COX.

BOUNCER, Hon. Sec.

"PLAY."

SCENE.—The Interior of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. View of Stage from the Stalls. First night of new piece, when everybody knows everybody else, and for appropriate music might be played "We're all Nodding," to one another, and asking "how d'ye do?" "How are you?" with a here-we-are-as-large-as-life sort of air, and a general assumption of importance as much as to say, individually, upon me depends the fate of an empire this night. We, the audience, are the "Kind Friends in Front," who used to be so humbly alluded to by the dramatist in his trembling tag—a fashion now happily dying out.

Inquiring Person (reading the bill to his friend, a well-educated person, in Stalls.) There's a lot of German here, what's it mean? *Der Brunnen, Das alte Schloss*. What's *Das alte Schloss*?

Well-educated Friend. Eh? why... it's German for... let's look at the bill (hopes that'll help him; reads, and is inspired.) Of course, there's the translation at the side—Act II. *Das alte Schloss*? Afternoon!

Inquiring Person explains to another Inquiring Person afterwards thus: Good idea, isn't it, writing the time of day in German? Yes, *Der Brunnen* means "morning," *Das alte Schloss* "afternoon"—the translation's at the side; *Der Vorplatz* is "evening,"—queer word for evening, isn't it? *Der Spielsaal*, "Night," and *Der Kursaal und Kurgarten* "The next day." It's all there, you see.

[Friend is much obliged, and uses his knowledge freely.]

ACT I.

A VERY PRETTY SCENE.—Vague German people grouped about, all standing quite still, as if waiting for something or somebody. As somebody doesn't come, and nothing happens, they burst into sudden life, and show each other the shortest route off the stage, so that the CHEVALIER BROWNE may have it all to himself, with a little bit of red ribbon in his button-hole.

A Nuisance in Stalls. Why is he *decoré*?

Friend (who doesn't want to be bothered). Oh, because he's a Chevalier: I mean it's the other way. Hush!

The Nuisance (persistently). Yes, but what's he Chevalier of? (Wants an opportunity of saying that he knows a man who's *décoré*, and that you can't get ribbon for nothing; is also preparing a story about the EMPEROR having refused decorations to any English, and has a little joke about BROWNE being a Chevalier d'Industrie; he begins). I recollect when I was last in Paris—

People (who prefer listening to the piece). Hsssh!

The Nuisance (looks round in calm disdain, but subsides).

Enter the HON. BRUCE FANQUEHERE. Orders something at the same table with BROWNE.

Fanquehere. [MR. HARE to himself. I'm an amusing scoundrel. Quite so.] Hate PRICE, because his grandfather's uncle opposed mine at an election. (Smokes.)

Browne. [MR. BANCROFT.] We'll rook PRICE. Here he is. (Smokes.)

Enter MR. MONTAGUE, as PRICE.

Mr. Montague, as Price. I'm a sort of hobbetyhoy. Not a full Price, a half Price. I'm in love with ROSIE (Fidgets.) Oh, so nice! (Fidgets.) and I'm so bashful, I am. (Fidgets.) Oh!

Browne (aside reading paper). ROSIE's uncle's dead, and she's an heiress. This of course won't be in any other paper, and also of course in the reading-rooms of a place like Baden-Baden, or Homburg, or wherever we are, no English papers are ever seen, so if I cut this out, FANQUEHERE will know nothing at all about it. (Cuts it out.) Ah, here she is.

Rosie (giving an account of her sensations when drowning. And then I went down down down, and I wasn't a bit afraid, and I saw the fish, and I thought how I had often had fish for dinner, and yet they didn't eat me, and then I went up up up, and I wasn't a bit afraid, and then I went down down down, and it wasn't at all disagreeable, and then I went up up up, and then I felt your strong arm round me, and on the whole I think drowning rather pleasant than otherwise.

Graf Von Stauffenburg (who only speaks a few words of English). How do you do, Illustrated London News? (Which is perhaps about as likely as an educated Englishman saying, "Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur Figaro La Lune" by way of saluting a Frenchman.)

Frank Price (alone with the Hauptmann Stockstadt, a Prussian officer). I am in love. I can tell nobody, or they'll tell somebody. Stop! An idea! I don't often have ideas, so I'll make the most of this; besides if we don't wake up the action of the piece a little, the interest will flag. This is the idea. This German officer doesn't understand one word of English, so, naturally enough, for I'm a bashful young man, I'll tell him my long and pathetic story. (Tells him his long and pathetic story, and the German officer thinks himself insulted.)

Mrs. Kinpeck (entering suddenly to Frank Price). Lend me a thousand million thalers.

[All the vague Germans, on at the commencement, reappear suddenly, perhaps it's everyone's luncheon time, and form a picture. The two German officers stand on the left, and point at FRANK PRICE. Curtain falls. Rapturous applause. Curtain rises. Everybody suddenly in a different position. Fresh applause. Curtain falls. Audience feel they'd like to have the Curtain up again; because, if the Characters strike a new attitude every time, they might get through the whole story of the piece in a series of tableaux vivantes.]

Inquiring Person. I say, why's this called *Play*?

Cautious Friend. Wait, you'll see there'll be something about it presently.

ACT II.

A very effective scene by MR. HAWES CRAVEN, showing a Rained Castle, where occurs a deliciously unconventional love-passage between FRANK PRICE (MR. MONTAGUE) and ROSIE (MISS WILTON). The best thing, including their love dust, perhaps, in the piece, certainly the freshest.

Enter BODMIN TODDER and MRS. KINPECK.

Bodmin T. We are the funny people. We've got to make the audience laugh. I think if we climb about the ruins it will amuse them.

[They climb about, say rude things to one another, and exeunt.]

Everything goes on smoothly with easy-flowing dialogue, until the Author sees he must pull up sharply with a situation of some sort, or else it will be too smooth.

[Situation. ROSIE and BROWNE enter just as BROWNE's wife faints in FRANK PRICE's arms, and BRUCE FANQUEHERE is laughing at MRS. KINPECK's inability to descend the ruin.]

Author to himself. But, hang it, PRICE has only to explain, and MRS. BROWNE has only to explain, (which she mustn't do till the fourth Act) and then the story's at an end. That won't do—(ponders)—that won't do... let me see. I've got it—(happily)—finish! the Act there, and drop the Curtain.

[Curtain falls; loud applause; curtain rises. All the Characters

have not proceeded to an explanation, but have suddenly changed their attitudes like clockwork figures.

Inquiring Person. Very good, yes—but why is it called *Play*?

Cautious Friend. Wait: there'll be something about it presently.

ACT III.

Der Vorplatz and Der Spielsaal.

Browne (to Price). The Prussian officer, who didn't understand a word you said to him in the first Act, has challenged you.

Fanquehere. I'll be your second. Your second. Quite so.

Price (to the German Officer.) Have a cigar?

Author (to himself.) Must have something about "Play" in it. Can't give up the name of "Play," I'm so fond of monosyllabic titles, they look well in the advertisements. Must have something about gambling—here goes.

Browne. I've got £500 to play with.

Fanquehere. So have I. £500. *TODDER's* an amusing scoundrel. Quite so. *[They go to play with it.]*

SCENE.—*The Gambling Table.* MRS. BROWNE plays, ROSIE plays. Somebody breaks the bank. The two women stand in attitudes, so as to make a tableau for the end of the Act. Great applause, specially on account of the real live French Croupier (who has been produced under the immediate superintendence of the Author) and Curtain rises

again. All the Characters have changed their attitudes as usual. Curtain falls.

Inquiring Friend. Yes, but why's it called *Play*?

Cautious Friend. Well, I suppose, because . . . because . . . in fact . . . they played, you know in the last scene, and . . . a . . . (*sagaciously*) I dare say it has something to do with the plot. *[They think it over.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*The Next Day.* MRS. BROWNE explains that she is Mrs. BROWNE. Nothing comes of the duel between the Prussian Officer and FRANK PRICE. Nothing comes of ROSIE having gambled. Nothing comes of MRS. BROWNE having gambled. Nothing comes apparently of any one having gambled. Nothing comes of anything. All ends, therefore, happily.

MR. MONTGOMERY (giving the moral of the piece). How do you do, Illustrated London News? (*Which sounds uncommonly like an advertisement for that journal.*)

Inquiring Person. But why is it called *Play*?

Cautious Person. Well, I suppose the Author thought it a very good name; and after all (*apologising for it*), you know they *did* play.

Ourselves. Yes, and played admirably; there's no doubt about that.

[Broughams, carriages, cabs, red fire, fuzees, cigars. Finale. Exeunt omnes, somehow.]



PRIMARY EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

THIS IMPORTANT PART HAS BEEN QUITE OVERLOOKED BY ALL ENGLISH SPEAKERS.

Discovered on a Roman Road

SEVERAL Anglican bishops, still more incumbents, and a host of curates. They had evidently been long buried in heaps of rubbish, consisting of articles used in Romish religious ceremonial. The heads are a good deal damaged; but the robes are highly ornamented and in excellent preservation, and the greatest care seems to have been bestowed on the costume and accessories, as is generally the case with the work of the debased Roman school.

STICKING TO BUSINESS.

OUR new Coroner is so devoted to his duties, that when he has nothing else to do, he goes and sits upon a Jury.

THE EXCURSIONIST'S APPEAL.

FROM platform Saints deliver me,
Ye Rulers of the Land,
And let not laws to bind the free
Be made at their command.
In Meeting-house and Lecture-hall
Bid them exhort their schools,
Not seek to put restraints on all
Required by none but fools.

On Sunday I delight to stray,
Relieved from toil severe,
And at mine inn, upon my way,
To get my glass of beer;
Or, when I do a journey make,
By flood, or railway line,
Of dinner sometimes to partake,
The same including wine.

Confound the ranting, canting crew
That pray you to destroy,
Forbidding me refreshment due,
The freedom I enjoy.
Let them pursue their ends by tracts
That force not people's wills.
Pass not their Sunday Closing Acts;
Reject their Liquor Bills.

Deliver me from clap-trap tongues,
That bellowing crowds delude;
From duffers who, by brazen lungs,
Control the multitude.
How oily are their looks and sleek!
How zealous they appear!
With all their fuss they do but seek
One end—to domineer.

Deliver me, as well, from those
That under them do sit,
Led all like asses by the nose,
For self-command unfit.
'Tis their desire, those idiots vain,
To level with the got
Those from excess that can refrain,
As they themselves cannot.

Writings on the Walls.

THE only certain cure for Ireland is DR. JOHN BRIGHT's Land Pills. Beware of Counterfeits. The Stamp is marked "DR. JOHN BRIGHT, Birmingham."

Try MILL's Territorial Peasant Proprietary Panacea, the Sole Specific for all Irish Disorders. No others are genuine. N.B. Observe the Signature "JOHN STUART MILL." All opponents are Fools. Who's RUSSELL? A Safe Man for Ireland.

THE BISHOPS' PARADISE.—The Lawn Market.

Q. C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I READ the papers, and find many puzzles in them, this for example—"New Queen's Counsel. The following Members of the Bar are, we understand, to receive the honour of a silk gown." And then the names of the recipients-elect of silk gowns are given, to the great amusement, I imagine, of their wives, daughters, and other female relatives, to the great wonderment, I am sure, of myself. If it had been a silk handkerchief, or a silk scarf, or a silk umbrella, I should not have been so much surprised, although I might have wondered how such a present could be a mark of honour. But a silk gown! Could not Government—for I suppose it is Government—have thought of something rather more useful? An opera-glass, for instance, or a set of studs, or a gold pencil-case? For what *can* these gentlemen do with a silk gown? Give it away, I suppose, with a great fuss, to their wives, if they are married, or to their laundresses, if they are wretched Maledicts, existing in chambers on the top of those gloomy staircases, where I used to lunch once or twice in the season, when my cousin, FRED WIGMORE, lived in Gray's Inn, before he went out to Sierra Leone as a judge, and caught the yellow fever there, and had to come home, and married HESTER MAINWARING who hadn't a penny, and took to farming, and buried himself in a village where there were only two hundred people and no squire, and the clergyman came to do duty on Sundays, alternate morning and afternoon, ten miles from a market town, in Bassetlaw? I hope I don't tease you with my questions, but *can* you or perhaps dear Mrs. P.) tell me how the gowns are made, whether plain skirts, or trimmed? Are they all of the same colour, and what is it? Are they checks, or stripes, or without any pattern at all? *Moiré*, or *watered*, or plain rich Lyons? Who pays for them? Do we (I am unmarried, property at my own disposal, no trustees), out of the Income-Tax? Do Government buy up remnants at the end of the season, or is the newest material and the latest fashion selected by the LORD CHANCELLOR and the rest of the Judges, who take their wives to LEWIS AND ALLENBY's to choose these silks? And are these Counsel of the QUEEN's presented to HER MAJESTY in their new gowns, and can she keep her countenance? Perhaps they match the knights who, I see, are to appear, at the *Levee*, in their collars. I could not help reflecting how amused the intelligent Abyssinian would be when he read about these honourable silk gowns, which no doubt he will think are as much admired and prized by our great men, as red cloaks are by his chiefs and warriors. But I must not take up your time any longer, just now, especially, when you have so much to think about and advise upon with Ministers and the Co-operative Stores, and BISHOP COLENSO, and the Spring fashions.

Yours, dear Mr. Punch, affectionately,
ALICIA MARIA SINGILBY.

TOM NODDY'S LAMENT.

AIR—"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs."

I CANNOT eat the old horse
I rode long years ago;
I'm sure my teeth would fail me,
And foolish tears might flow.
For bygone hunts come o'er my heart
With cuts from round and side,
I cannot eat the old horse
On which I used to ride.]

I cannot eat the old horse,
For visions come again
Of glorious meets departed,
And runs in soaking rain.
But perhaps when raging hunger
Shall set its hand on me;
I then may eat the old horse,
And hope he'll tender be.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

"Foreign Office Agencies."—Always questionable, too often mischievous.

"Capital Punishment Inside Prisons."—Hard labour (for lazy rogues), and the Cat (for Wife-beaters, Child-starvers, and Garotters).

"Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill."—Ten to one, an attorney's.

"Precautions against Cattle Plague."—Proper stowage on the voyage, clean water, wholesome food, and decent treatment after it.

"Short Bill for the Removal of Nuisances."—Take away that Bumble!

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.—In Meteorology.

ONE WORD FROM MY FUNNY FRIEND.

GRIGG, my Funny Friend, in answer to numerous inquiries, wishes, through the present popular medium, to intimate to his friends and patrons that he intends establishing a SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

Subscriptions will be received by him at his private residence until THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN is built and ready for use.

He can at present only place before his admiring friends and patrons a rough sketch, or mere outline, of the future plans, and will at the same time attempt to convey some notion of the Educational Scheme which he intends that his pupils should adopt.

N.B. He further takes this opportunity of announcing that he has by him a stock of first-rate tricks on Elderly Gentlemen, Elderly Ladies, Butlers, and Policemen, which, requiring *no sort of mechanical apparatus* or elaborate preparation, are calculated to cause as much amusement as the now worn-out witticism of putting a basin full of water or a coal-scuttle on the top of a partially open door, or the classic extravagance of placing the steel barrels of small musical-boxes in your grandfather's bed.

N.B. N.B. Parties attended with all sorts of practical jokes. Lectures given at private houses to the younger members of the family. Grown-up pupils three guineas a quarter, which will include *two tricks with gunpowder*.

The Onion-Seed trick, the Magic Match, always on hand. (*Vide next Number*.) Reduction made on taking a quantity.

Open-air exercise will not be neglected.

The Runaway Knock and Ring will be taught practically from 1 to 2 p.m., and 11 to 12 p.m. *No danger.*

The Wild Horse, or "Am dat you, Ginger?" How to rattle your hat, &c., &c. This will be shown while the lecturer is out for recreation in the Park with his more advanced pupils.

Evenings at Home. The Domestic Circle. How to mix whiskey-toddy, so that it will explode on being touched with a spoon, break the glass, the lamps, and any crockery in the room.

Warranted GREAT FUN. *One Turn, Two Guineas.*

The Plan of Teaching, with the Hours of Lectures, my Funny Friend will have great pleasure in furnishing as soon as possible.

THE SHAM SACERDOS.

(*Ritualist sings*).

AMO a mass;
I make a lass,
Of conscience nice and tender,
Upon her knee
Confess to me,
For she's of the feminine gender!
Harum scarum, BISHOP SARUM,
Horum corum, shrive, O!
Tag-rag, M.B. waistcoat, chasuble and hathand,
Hic, hoc, humbug vocativo.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

A COMMISSION has been appointed to consider the question of International coinage. The Astronomer-Royal is on it. His duty will be to detect by means of his best telescope the Light weights. On the excellent Secretary, MR. RIVERS WILSON, will devolve the duty of testing each national coin in the English fashion, *i.e.*, the ordeal by biting.

The Commission will occupy its first day by tossing for *centimes* until they've reduced themselves to a common denomination. As the Shilling is likely to be abolished, Mr. Punch proposes establishing an office, his own in Fleet Street will do to begin with, where all the shillings will be called in, and full value up to sixpence given for each one.

Sympathies with Respect to Shot.

UNDER the title of "*L'Empereur et le Soldat*," an article in the *Moniteur* contains, according to a contemporary, the passage following:

"When a regiment passes, the clarion vibrates in the heart, the drum quickens the step, the eye grows proud, the hand is impatient to grasp arms. Men become animated and sympathise with the flag torn by the bullet."

Do they? No doubt some men do sympathise with the flag torn by the bullet. Others are rather disposed to conceive sympathy with the flesh torn by the bullet, and with the bones which it smashes.

INCOME-TAX RETURN.

COMPANION to *Pegasus in the Pound*, Twopence in the Pound.



OUR INSPECTION.

Lieutenant-Colonel. "HULLO! CONFOUND IT! THERE'S A MAN BLOWING HIS NOSE—AND WITH A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, TOO! TUT-T-T-T!"

LORD MACAULAY'S VALENTINE.

It is not *Mr. Punch's* way to come under the window of a newly-married couple, and make a congratulatory row. He cannot consider that custom elegant or delicate. But a young lady who has been so fortunate as to be complimented in verse by LORD MACAULAY, becomes almost an historical personage, and when she weds, the graceful *Punch* may be allowed to raise and even to wave his hat. Surely if it were permitted to a courtly bard of other days to celebrate the hour

"When HERVEY the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful MOLLY LEPEL,"

Mr. Punch, courtlier still, may venture to note that at St. George's Church, last week, the prophecy in LORD MACAULAY's celebrated Valentine was fulfilled. Writing to a "gentle child" of seven years old, he said,

"Prophetic rage my bosom swells,
I taste the cake: I hear the bells!
From Conduit Street the close array
Of chariots barricades the way
To where I see with outstretched hand
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
And half unbend his brow of pride
At welcoming so fair a bride."

Whether MR. PITT smiled or not *Mr. Punch* was too much interested to notice, but *Mr. Punch* smiled in his sweetest manner, and he has the utmost pleasure in thus inscribing with a pen of diamond, and encircling with an eternal garland of orange-flowers, the record that on the 18th February, 1868, the LADY MARY STANHOPE became the wife of the EARL BEAUCHAMP, late Fellow of All Souls.

"She did not waste on fops her beauty's dart,
But boasts the triumph of a lettered heart."

NOT IN THE BOOKS.

The definition that TYTHELEIGH, the great High Church lawyer, gives of "sittings in error" is—a pew in a dissenting chapel.

TO MR. BEALES.

MR. BEALES, accept a compliment from *Mr. Punch* who, you will admit, has not precisely plastered you with eulogy. At a meeting of the Council of the Reform League last week, a resolution was proposed in favour of the instant destruction of the Irish Church. You approved the proposal, but you demanded that vested interests should be respected, and compensation provided. You were yelled down, and the Irish Clergy were called "thieves and robbers." You were indignant, but the Bubblyjocks were your masters, and the motion for destruction, "without regard to vested interests," was carried by a large majority. You insisted on recording your protest against dishonesty. Accept *Mr. Punch's* compliment. Protest again when the Bubblyjocks carry a resolution for the obliteration of a National Debt incurred by aristocrats for tyrannic purposes. Protest for the third time when the Bubblyjocks carry a resolution that you have had your own comfortable house long enough, and ought to resign it, without compensation, to some Citizen Bubblyjock who is tired of his own garret. Then abdicate; and, if you have nothing better to do, take to a crossing. It would be far more respectable than being the tool of men who could carry the resolution of last week, and who have thereby added their meeting-place to the list of Thieves' Kitchens.

"Here he Goes Up! Up! Up!"

THE *Telegraph* points to MR. DISRAELI for Premier, in the event of LORD DERBY's secession. If this designation is verified by the fact VIVIAN GREY will stand perched on a Dizzy pinnacle indeed! At this dangerous elevation, *Punch's* prayer is, "May his head be cool, his feet firm, and his balance more satisfactory than last year!"

A NEDDYIFYING REMARK.

THE Boundaries Commission has reported, and among other things, throws Hampstead Heath into Marylebone. To judge by elections, the latter had already donkeys enough.



A HINT TO HAIR-DRESSERS.

HOW TO MAKE THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS PAY HANDSOMELY.

"HANG HIM, FOUL COLLIER!"

WE prefix this quotation only to show our cleverness, as SIR ROBERT COLLIER is not foul, and had not the least desire to hang MR. EYRE. But, instructed by that Jamaica Committee, who cannot forgive MR. EYRE for having saved the island, and extirpated a pestilent cunning fanatic by means which were legally irregular, SIR ROBERT has applied at Bow Street for a warrant to try whether the decisions of the Shropshire Bench and the Middlesex Grand Jury cannot be overthrown, to the detriment of MR. EYRE. SIR THOMAS HENRY refused the warrant. As there was no case against the "principals," who hung GORDON, of course there was none against the "accessory." Will EYRE's persecutors never understand "us English." When, in a moment of excitement and alarm, a public officer is equal to the occasion, punishes murderers and stamps out firebrands, the English nature is much too generous to be hard upon him for doing the right



SPOONEIGH WOULD GO AS LONG AS HIS HAIR HELD OUT.

thing in the wrong way. We are the most law-loving people in the world, but we are not prigs and pedants, and as BURKE said, "when a neighbour's house is on fire, we do not think it amiss should engines play a little on our own." We admit that it would have been better had "MR." GORDON been disposed of with the same regularity as "MR." GREENACRE, but this is no reason for such persistent persecution of an officer who endeavoured to do his best for his QUEEN.

There is a passage in the *Scouring of the White Horse*, a delightful book written by MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., a gentleman known to MR. EYRE's persecutors, which is as follows. Speaking of the Governor of the East Angles (and the moral would be the same if the people had lived in the West), MR. HUGHES says, "It is a pity he did not on this occasion remember that having caught a great scoundrel, the best thing to do with him was to see him hung out of the way himself." That's all.

CIVILISATION RECEDING.

THERE are not a few persons who will derive high gratification from the sign of the times thus announced by contemporaries:—

"THE PENALTY OF DEATH IN SWITZERLAND.—The Grand Council of the canton of Friburg has just re-established the penalty of death, which was abolished 20 years ago. Out of 85 votes, 51 supported the re-introduction."

Twenty years ago and more there was a very general persuasion that mankind had arrived at the commencement of a new era, in which loving kindness would subdue brutality, and overcome evil with good. Enthusiasts went about predicting that there would soon be an end of war, and of capital punishment. We said at the time they would find themselves mistaken. So they do. We have had, in spite of your Great Exhibitions, which were to knit mankind in universal brotherhood, but didn't, a Crimean War, and an Indian Mutiny, an American Civil War, and a War for German Unity, not to mention an Insurrec-

tion stamped out in Jamaica. The crime of murder has increased, to the proportionate increase of executions. Obstinate and determined treason going on to assassination has necessitated hanging, here in England. And now, after twenty years trial of secondary punishment in Switzerland, it has been found necessary to re-establish the penalty of death.

The abolition of capital punishment has proved a failure. So much for you, mawkish sentimentalists. Let us have no more of your amiable aspirations. As the world always has been, so it is, and so it always will be. There is no hope that war will ever cease, and that we shall ever be able to do without the gallows. Hooray! The substance of the foregoing remarks will doubtless seem familiar to many of our friends who are accustomed to enjoy the conversation, or recreate themselves with the writings, of strongminded but impassioned pessimists, to whom all evidence of the backward march of humanity is cheering.

CALL THAT A MEDAL?



HE interesting and imposing ceremonial depicted in the annexed engraving was in this wise. *Mr. Punch* himself honoured the French Exhibition, the Gasometer, the Ovals, the Ellipses, or whatever you may like to call the place, by permitting his statue, exquisitely executed, to dominate over a sumptuous cabinet—it deserves no humbler name—on whose spiral columns were inscribed Names of Power, and on whose tablets were displayed marvels of art, pictorial and typographic. This was the gem of the Exhibition, and while myriads crowded to behold it (some of them so intensely interested that they could not help priggish choice specimens—we forgive them) *Mr. Punch* from his lofty height smiled upon the crowd, and said, in the words of the American beetle that was pinned to the wall,

"Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud."

Well, he desired no further recognition than the homage of the entire world. He had that, and dismissed the subject from his mind. But, the other day, there comes to him—or rather to his esteemed publishers, for even with the 1,200,000 soldiers behind it, the Dynasty would not have dared to profane the name of *Punch*—a hideous thing in the semblance of a medal, silver or pewter he did not trouble himself to ascertain, but assuredly something which no charity boy with a sense of what was due to the parish would wear on his jacket.

You perceive what *Mr. Punch* did with the rubbish, and *Toby*, we believe, has expended it in cat's meat for the relief of the distressed cats of Fleet Street. Value such a medal? No, the reverse.

HOW TO CURB A CENTAURESS.

As the season is approaching, and Rotten Row ere long will be as crowded as Cheapside, it is as well to warn young ladies not to be too fast, when taking exercise on horseback, lest they haply share the fate of one who lately had to pay two guineas for her gallop, besides paying a visit to the Marlborough Street Police Court. This young Centauress was summoned for furious riding, "going at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and whipping her horse constantly," so the constable alleged. He also said that "several ladies and gentlemen had complained of her conduct," and *MR. TRAWHITT*, the Magistrate, in fining her, remarked:

"He was sorry to see a young lady in such a predicament, but he did not believe at the same time that the horse ran away with her as alleged. He believed she had ridden the horse at a fast rate, which might be amusing to her, but at the same time was dangerous to others, and she would therefore have to pay a fine of 40s. and costs."

When desiring to perform a rapid act of horsemanship, fast young ladies should not choose a place like Rotten Row, which never was intended to be turned into a race-course. For a young lady to make her *début* in a Police Court is not a very pleasant predicament to contemplate, but the Row would not be safe for quiet girls to ride in, if something were not done, as in the case above condensed, to clap a curb upon the centauresses. Let them amble, trot, or canter in Hyde Park as they please; but when they want a gallop, while they live in London, let them be content to take it in a ball-room.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE LYCEUM.

Narcisse is easily dismissed, not so *MR. BANDMANN*, a clever German actor, who appears to have learnt his English in Ireland.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Soirée at Baron d'Holbach's.*

They talk. Enter Narcisse. He talks.

SCENE 2.—*Front Scene. Cabinet of the Duc de Choiseul.*

Enter MR. JORDAN, he talks. Enter MR. FARREN, he talks. Both talk.
[*Exeunt MR. FARREN and MR. JORDAN.*]

SCENE 3.—*The Actress's Boudoir (with a very unboudoirlike fire-place).*

MISS PALMER talks. Narcisse talks. Both talk till the Curtain drops. Audience talk.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Gallery of Mirrors.*

Madame de Pompadour enters. Charming. Does nothing. Nobody does anything.

SCENE 2.—*Ante-Room.*

Enter MR. JORDAN. Enter MR. FARREN. They talk.

[*Exeunt MR. JORDAN and MR. FARREN.*]

SCENE 3.—*QUINAULT'S Saloon.*

Enter Narcisse. He talks. MISS PALMER talks again. He talks for a quarter of an hour more. Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Apartment at Versailles.*

The Pompadour. Charming again. Does nothing. Says something. Nobody does anything. Audience wonder what the deuce it's all about.

SCENE 2.—*DU CHOISEUL'S Cabinet. Front Scene.*

As usual, enter MR. JORDAN, he talks. As before, enter MR. FARREN, he talks. Both talk.

[*Exeunt for the third time, MR. JORDAN and MR. FARREN.*]

SCENE 3.—*The Lace Gallery at Versailles. Situation from the Play Scene in Hamlet.*

Admirable acting of MR. BANDMANN, the only relief to the piece, which thus winds up triumphantly.

Clever Friend. Ah, you should have seen it in the original German.

Ourselves. Well, we've seen the original German in it.

Clever Friend. Ah, you've no idea.

Ourselves. No, we've not. Good night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

AN ARTICLE IN THEIR OWN STYLE.

WHAT is the use of the Americans going on bothering and humbugging in this way? Here is their Government at a dead lock, the PRESIDENT defying Congress, and Congress denouncing the PRESIDENT. The latter is made to keep a Minister whom he hates, and he appeals to the law to turn the man out. Reconstruction fails, and the negroes are partly inclined to obey their late owners, partly disposed to seize the United States generally, and make the whites work for them. And everybody is obliged to toady the Irish, for the sake of votes, though as soon as the votes are given the Irish will be kicked. The PRESIDENT lays a trap for GRANT, and GRANT snubs the PRESIDENT. Is this a state of things to go on? Is this a condition into which the descendants of the English should be plunged? Can they not see with their eyes and understand with their elbows? Clearly, the Americans have before them a splendid chance of regeneration. Let them have a *coup d'état*—they like French words. Abolish the President as a power, but let him reign, and have responsible Ministers—men responsible to Parliament (get rid of the affected word Congress), and liable to be turned out when a majority opposes them. Abolish, also, universal suffrage, and impose a qualification which shall exclude all rowdies, Irish, contractors, New York municipals, bully-boys, pugilists, and the scum generally. Create an Aristocracy—the Americans have the words "Honourable" and "Reverend" now, and it is childish to be afraid of "Baronet" and "Lord." Have a standard of manners and good breeding. Don't wear black clothes in the morning. In a word, become a gentlemanly as you are a great nation. We frankly present you with this advice in exchange for your lectures on our duty to Ireland, and inasmuch as you are at a dead lock, as we have said, and our institutions are working exceedingly well—a man from the ranks has just become Premier—we consider that we are doubly entitled to blow you up for not understanding your own business. Let's liquor up all round.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 24. Great news this week, enormous, gigantic, colossal. But we must take it in its due place. *Mr. Punch*, like *Mr. Disraeli*, knows how to wait.

My Lords, waking up for the first time since the holidays, plunged into an Irish debate to-night. LORD CLANRICARDE moved his Land Tenure Bill, and drew a pleasing picture of Ireland: rents were paid, farmers were doing well, and all that he thought was wanted was a law for making written agreements more easy and general.

It is easy to say Tenant Right, but suppose the Tenant can't write? LORD KIMBERLEY, Liberal and late Lord-Lieutenant, criticised *Mr. Mill's* proposal that Government should become The Irish Landlord, saying, that this was to hold out to the tenant that if there were no Government, there would be no rents to pay, a Fenianite suggestion by no means desirable.

LORD MALMESBURY (Lord Privy Seal) said that really his friends and chiefs had told him nothing, and therefore that was all that he could tell the House.

The Bill was read a First Time.

LORD MALMESBURY repeated that he could not tell the Lords anything; but he moved the Second Reading of the Habeas Corpus Suspension, saying that the late Government had 360 disaffected folks in custody, the present one only 95.

LORD RUSSELL introduced a fair and ingenious puff of his new pamphlet, which he begged their Lordships to consult, if they wanted to know his views. He adduced the fact that of all emigrants it was only the Irish who were hostile to their home government, in proof that there was something wrong, and the sooner we set matters right the better.

LORD HARDWICKE wanted to know why LORD RUSSELL, when in office, had done nothing towards such settlement, and thought it unfair in him to scold others for not doing what he had neglected.

LORD GREY thought that it would take time to secure the regard of the Irish, but that the first thing to do was to upset the Irish Church.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND (who is not Premier) said that on the next night in the Commons, LORD MAYO, the Irish Secretary, was going to reveal the plans of the Government, so he, Dux, would say nothing now. This was much neater than LORD MALMESBURY.

The MARQUIS OF WESTMORLAND (*et al.* 83) said something about the desirability of imitating OLIVER CROMWELL's treatment of the Irish.

The EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH was stern. We owed a debt to the Irish Protestants who had so long and so faithfully garrisoned Ireland. He was, however, for religious equality.

The BISHOP OF KILLALOE, as patron of 52 livings, naturally had something to say in behalf of the Church.

The Bill was read a Second Time.

In the Commons, MR. DUNCAN M'LAUREN, M.P. for Edinburgh, gave notice that the Scotch Reform Bill would not do, and that Scotland must have at least 15 new Members. She won't.

The LORD ADVOCATE introduced Bills for improving the Court of Session and other courts in Scotland. The Scottish Members wisely settle these Bills among themselves, whereby the law gets decently drawn up, and trouble is saved to the Imperial Legislature. We, like the old Scotch woman who heard the great preacher, "wad na hae the presumption to understand a word o't."

Tuesday. There was to have been great Irish debate, but Saxon arrangements thrust themselves in the way.

The EARL OF DERBY resigned:

And the QUEEN desired MR. DISRAELI to form a Government. "If possible," said LORD MALMESBURY, announcing the facts with his usual exquisitely felicitous language. Anybody not acquainted with his Lordship's special grace of speech would have thought that there was difficulty. Whereas the Great Educator had no trouble at all, and the old Ministry became the new one, with the exception that we have a new Premier, a new Chancellor, LORD CAIRNS (the able-bodied seaman CHURCHILL not being exactly "pressed" on board the *Benjamin Disraeli*), and we have the most stalwart Chancellor of Exchequer that ever carried a Budget, MR. WARD HUNT.

EARL RUSSELL, of course, paid a gracious tribute to the retiring Premier, and his great qualities, and hoped that the Lords would again and often hear his noble and eloquent language.

In the Commons the announcement was far more interesting, as it had to be made by the son of LORD DERBY. The Foreign Minister spoke with emotion, and was loudly cheered on all sides. He moved adjournment. There were shouts for

MR. GLADSTONE, who, in allusion to the special cause, ill-health, which LORD STANLEY had, by a singular destiny, to announce as the reason for his father's retirement, expressed regret that such a career should be so brought to a close.

MR. MAGUIRE, who had been about to initiate the Irish debate, hoped for an early day. LORD STANLEY was no less desirous of a full discussion.

The House adjourned until Friday.

Here *Mr. Punch* interpolateth a few precious words of his own. In one of the most remarkable Cartoons which he has ever presented to a delighted world, he has recorded the event of the day, the rise of an un-aided, untitled, and originally unpopular man to the highest place in the state. The Educator is now formally installed as Head Master, and as at Eton, he receives a Rod (Blue Ribbon in good time) which, doubtless, he will be glad to use as little as possible, but which we take it will not exactly resemble that spoken of by *Duke Vincentio*:-

"Fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use; in time the Rod
Becomes more mocked than feared."

Mr. Punch has fought with MR. DISRAELI many an hour by the Shrewsbury clock, which used to sound the close of the poll for the honourable gentleman. It is extremely possible that *Mr. Punch* may have to fight with him again, many a time, and oft. He is a foeman worthy of *Mr. Punch's* steel. Be this as it may, *Mr. Punch* hereby presents his best compliments to the Premier of England, and respectfully reminds him that in 1848 MR. DISRAELI said in the House, "I belong to a party that can triumph no more." The words were half true. The party belongs to MR. DISRAELI, and the triumph is his. He has

"Wielded at will the 'Aristocracy.'"

Whether it shall be peace or war between us depends upon the future, not the past. But be it which it may, *Mr. Punch* frankly recognises the genius and the perseverance which after thirty years of strife, have been rewarded with the Premiership.

We shall take no formal leave of Prince Rupert. We share the hope of EARL RUSSELL that we shall often meet LORD DERBY in the House of Peers, and we add, Homerically, that if he may not fight, he may come down to the trenches and raise his voice, like ACHILLES:-

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνή γένητ' Αἰακίδαο
Οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν αἶον ὅσα χαλκεὺν Αἰακίδαο
Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός.

Thursday. My Lords met, only to pass the Suspension Bill for Ireland.

Friday. Both your Houses met, but only to be told to go away again, like good houses, and come back again on the following Thursday. MR. GLADSTONE showed characteristic adroitness in his reply to LORD STANLEY's notification—did not think that, as a rule, there should be so much delay, as a few changes of office required but little; but as of late, owing to LORD DERBY's health, the Cabinet must have approached the Irish Question in a crippled and partially restrained condition, and as there might be more significance in the change of Premiership than those outside could be aware of, he would freely and cheerfully, but on those special grounds, accede to the proposal for adjournment. But the business of the Session promised to be rather "severe," and we should be nearly a month behindhand. If any flip-pant Swell thinks that all this elaboration of expression was merely formal, he had better tarry at Jericho till his beard be grown. Not on Gladstonianisms, Swell, do thou pronounce autoschediastically.

COURTESY TO COLOURED GENTLEMEN.

A CHANGE has come over the colour of Southern independence never dreamt about by the insurgent Southerners—a change from white to black. Not only has black become independent of white, but the former element in the Southern Conventions preponderates over the latter. Moreover, it is asserting not merely its independence but likewise its dignity, insomuch that, according to an American correspondent of the *Times*:-

"In North Carolina one of the latest achievements of the Convention has been to expel a newspaper reporter for calling the black members 'niggers'; and in Mississippi a proposition has been made to expel such reporters as do not put 'Mr.' before the names of the dark delegates."

In thus insisting on being named with the title which they consider due to their consequence, the coloured gentlemen of North Carolina, however, should remember that there are cases in which its omission is complimentary. We do not say MR. CÆSAR.

Two Good Reasons.

HARSH comments are made upon the conduct of SIR MORTON Peto in retaining his seat for Bristol. He is unkindly accused of doing so in deference to a clique that is not yet ready with a candidate. We believe that this is not the case, and that SIR MORTON Peto merely desires to take part in the coming debates on "Charities" and on the Bankruptcy Law.



RETAIL TRADERS v. CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

JOHN THOMAS IS EMPHATICALLY ON THE SIDE OF THE FORMER.

PEERS, IDLE PEERS!

"The House of Lords sat last night somewhat less than a quarter of an hour, during which no business was done."—*Times*.

PEERS, idle Peers, I know not what they do,
Peers from the depths of their luxurious chairs
Rise in the Clubs, and saunter to the House,
In-looking on the happy HUGH, LORD CAIRNS,
And thinking of the Bills that are in store.

Sure as the hammer falling at a sale,
That makes us travel by the Underground,
Sad as the feeling when our bargains prove
Not quite the treasures which we hoped to find;
So sad, so sure, the Bills that are to bore.

Ah, sad (*not* strange) as on dark winter morns
The surliest knock of half-impatient dun
To drowsy ears, ere, watched by drowsy eyes,
The tailor slowly goes across the Square;
So sad, so very sad, the Bills that are in store.

Drear as repeated hisses at your Play,
And drear as dreams by indigestion caused
To those that take hot suppers; dull as law,
Dull as dry law, and lost without regret;
O House of Lords, the Bills that are to bore.

THE BRITISH LION AT THE HOME OFFICE.

It is doubtful if more of the naked truth was ever exposed in a Minister's Room than by one MR. SMITH, "of Rotherhithe," at MR. HARDY's reception of the Deputation from the National Conservative Union last week. Our good friend the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has a sharp eye for the *plums* in the gathering of the day, prints a verbatim report of this harangue of the illustrious SMITH—who assumes the proud title of "part-proprietor of the *British Lion*."

And who, let us ask, if we may judge by the *Post-office Directory*, can set up a better title to that designation than SMITH—JOHN SMITH, no doubt—at once eponym and representative of the *gens* SMITH, which counts more heads than any *gens* in the nation—BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON not excepted. And thus he roared, at the Home Office, in the manner characteristic of the animal, with one eye to his principles, and the other to his profits:—

"The stronghold of Radicalism has been the weekly cheap press, but we, Sir, have established the *British Lion*, which circulates in thousands, and I call on you, Sir, and all present, to support it in a business way by giving it advertisements. In the *British Lion*, Sir, we have given the Liberals what they will not forget. They have libelled us in every way, and called us everything, even walruses! They have even gone so far as to say that no one could know whether we had a head or a tail. What are those people to whom we are opposed? Are they the people who figured in last Saturday's paper as persecuting the press? Are they not the people who got up an agitation like wildfire? I have been used to work all my life, and I can tell you I don't want no mercenary agitators. What we want you, the Conservative Ministry—you whom we have the highest respect for and confidence in—to do is, to associate with us, to come a little more amongst us. You did not come to the Crystal Palace. But, certainly, LORD JOHN MANNERS did come. Well, Sir, I wish to present you with this paper (*British Lion*) to peruse over. I wrote to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER about this '*British Lion*,' but I did not receive a reply, and I also wrote to LORD DERBY for support, but I did not get any. [A very cruel hit this.] It is a penny paper, Sir—it is a new Paper, Sir—and is doing an immense amount of good. If there are any Conservative gentlemen here who have advertisements to give away, let them not mind sending them to the daily papers, but to us; because I may tell you, Sir, that I'm a part proprietor of the *British Lion*, and of course I wish to do my property service. In conclusion, Sir, I have very great pleasure in meeting MR. HARDY, that great hero of the metropolis."

Well roared, *British Lion*! . . . The conclusion of the *Gazette's* report is startling. "MR. HARDY," it says, "bowed, and put the *British Lion* in his pocket."

Let us hope no British Home Secretary ever did that. MR. WALPOLE once put the *British Lion*, if not in his pocket, in his pocket-handkerchief, when he wept in the bosom of BEALES, but we had trusted that MR. HARDY, as his name implies, was made of sterner stuff. Perhaps, however, if he *did* put the *British Lion* in his pocket, it was only to have him ready to slip at any noisy mob who may hereafter venture to invade the Home Office, be it FINLAN and his Fenians, or even BEALES and his Bubblejocks.

THE SEDENTARY MAN'S PARADISE.—Sittingbourne.



THE NEW HEAD MASTER.

A NEW NOVEL COMPANY.

THE first novel by the Sensational Novel Company (Limited) consisting of—

The Authors of *Never Too Late for the Colleen Pogue*, *Dora's Vampire*, *Who's Griffiths* (Gaunt)? *Hard Streets of London Assurance*, *Peg Woffington's Long Strike*, *The Double Carriage*, *Hunted Up*.

Also of the Authors of *The Woman with No Name*, *The Thoroughfare without a Heart*, *The 'Idden' And*.

Also of the Authors of *Les Mystères de Château Boum*, *Mokeanna*, or *The White Witness*, *Jasper's Money*, *The Grandmother's Vengeance*, *Lady Disorderly's Secret*, *Romula and Rema*, *The White Ram*, *The Mabel False*, *Spiritual Columbines*, *Nobody's Nephew*.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In order to present the public with a work of fiction which shall be unequalled by any similar production of the present day, the Editor has ordered a novel from the above recently-established Sensational Novel Company (Limited) consisting of various distinguished authors whose works are mentioned above, and whose names it would therefore be unnecessary, nay superfluous, to give.

The Editor's object has been to obtain the most startling, most thrilling, most exciting plot constructed by the most original romancers, whether from their own or foreign brains it matters not, now in this country; situations contrived by experienced dramatists, sharp, crisp dialogue by the ablest novelists and dramatic writers, and descriptions, where requisite, by several distinguished gentlemen whose speciality lies in this groove.

The reader's time will not be wasted on pages of analysis of character, descriptive touches about sunsets, sunrises, trees and the appearance of nature generally under various aspects, which only impede the clear course of the story and tire the patience of the purchaser.

As each Author engaged upon this tale has been constantly employed (according to the rules of the Company) in revising his collaborators' work, the desired end has been obtained, and with few exceptions [where the Editor has at the last moment restored passages or interpolated necessary explanations] the story never flags either in action or in dialogue.

That is, *as far as the Editor has read at present*, for the entire novel is not yet in his hands.

The illustrations are, or rather will be, by several artists of undoubted reputation, whom it would occupy too much space here to name, and whose particular praises it would be to a degree invidious to sing. They are, the Editor is most happy to say, on excellent terms with the Authors of this novel, and therefore he confidently expects the happiest results from such a combination of Genius and Talent.

To his dear friends, the Authors, the Editor turns and begs them to remember the old fable of the bundle of sticks, a suggestion he would not dare to make to a Company of Actors—but to the Literary Limited Company the case is happily far different. Bear with each other's faults of style, and continue to aim at producing by your united efforts One such work as shall establish your new speculation on a secure basis, and shall mark an era in the Literature of our Great and Glorious Country. Now, to the public! *

ADDENDUM.

On consideration, the Editor deems it as well to state, at the outset of this new undertaking, two conditions for which the Directors of the Co., for themselves, and the Authors, for themselves, have stipulated as a *sine quâ non* of publication in this journal:—

First. That the Directors shall have full liberty, from time to time, to publish with the story such notes as they may deem necessary for the clear explanation of the novel, the benefit of the public at large, and their own protection as Directors of the aforesaid Company.

Secondly. That the Authors shall have full liberty to publish, from time to time with the Story, individually or conjointly, the one with the other, such notes as they together, or each severally, shall deem necessary for the furtherance of the plot, their own reputations individually or collectively, and the general advantage of the public at large.

*** The Editor having as cheerfully as possible consented to the above stipulations, now trusts to the good faith, kindly forbearance, and gentlemanly feeling of all concerned in this present Novel, not to abuse the concession thus made, and finally throws himself upon the kindness of a generous and indulgent public.

* This finishing sentence was unluckily in print, and escaped the Editor's wary eye. It means "now I place this novel in the hands of the public, who will pronounce upon its merits." As it stands it does appear as if the Editor, fatigued by the excessive exertions of Preface-writing, had thrown down the pen and thirsting for refreshment, had exclaimed, "Now to the Public!" an erroneous impression which he hastens to remove. As Mr. DOWLER said, "Those who know me best, best know me," or words to that effect.—Ed.

A few Words as to the Title of the New Novel, "CHIKKIN HAZARD."

The Authors jointly and severally protest against this title, which has been selected by the Editor—[also jointly and severally against all the titles proposed by one another]—as however no better one could be agreed upon, this was at a recent meeting of the Company adopted under protest:—

They wish it to be distinctly understood that CHIKKIN HAZARD (spelt thus also under protest) was not, nor is, nor ever has been, suggested by the highly successful novel now publishing in weekly parts, entitled *Fool's Play*, nor any part or parts of it, nor do they (the Authors) think that as far as they've gone the name CHIKKIN HAZARD has very much to do with the Story.

Note by the Directors of the New Company.—The Directors beg to state that they have the greatest confidence in the Editor's discretion, and in justice to him, themselves and the Company, they now place before the public the titles originally suggested by the various Authors engaged upon this work:—

1. The Fiend's Followers.
2. The Clergyman's Grandmother.
3. Gentle Maud: a Tale of Saxony.
4. Happy Days in Langouste: a Troubadour's Story.
5. Sepoy Sam: or, The Rollicking Recollections of Toothless Tommy.
6. The Better Land; a Series for Children.
7. Dan, or the Murderers of the Mhoil Dhu.
8. My First Polka.
9. Golly Boy. A Tale of the Early Christians.
10. Boar Hunting in Australia.
11. Glen M'Kroskie, or the Last of the Highland Chiefs.
12. When there's a Will there's a Way, or how to Cure Smoky Chimneys.
13. Sir Martin Nickleby, or Dombey and Twist: a Romance of the Thirteenth Century.
14. Hocus; or, The Dark Horse. A Confession of Turf Rascality.

The fifteenth was *Magnolia*, or the *Captive Turk*: a Poem in Seven Books: and was immediately protested against by every one concerned in the success of the work. Its proposer was unable to see that his idea scarcely fitted in with the scheme of a sensational novel, and he at first resigned his seat at the Company's board, but an arrangement having been entered into that he should provide whatever poetry might be wanted (three pieces at least being stipulated for) in the course of the story, our kind and amiable friend resumed his functions in the Company.

CHAPTER I.

(Will appear in our next.)

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.—NEWCASTLE.

(Sittings in a Turkish Bath.)

THE heat of the atmosphere in the Assize Court at Newcastle-upon-Tyne is excessive. MR. JUSTICE MELLOR, who had complained of it last year, was absolutely disabled by it the other day from sitting there any longer, and obliged to adjourn to the County Court. A thermometer, placed where the learned Judge had been seated, rose from 60° to 75° in ten minutes, and was rising when he adjourned. Last year when he was in Newcastle the thermometer at one time, he said, rose to 95°, about the average temperature of a warm bath. The desk in front of the Judge's chair is also at such a distance from it that his Lordship could not reach it so as to write his notes without leaning painfully forward. Putting this and that together, we cannot help asking whether the Northumbrian County Magistrates are aware of the arrangements which interested parties at canny Newcastle appear to have contrived in order to incommode Her Majesty's Judge in the Assize Court there, and to make it too hot to hold him?

Fish to Fast on at Rome.

ACCORDING to a French contemporary and MR. REUTER, the Italian Government "has made the most necessary arrangements to pay the interest of its portion of the Pontifical debt on the 1st of April next." Let us hope that the Successor of the Fisherman will not find that payment made in *poisson d'Avril*.

NEW WORK.

SHORTLY will be published, a Companion Volume to *Old Decanter Days*, to be entitled *Old Decanter Nights*, by a Three-bottle Man.

A VULGAR ERROR.—"ZOE" is wrong in supposing that "N.B." at the end of the address on letters going to North Britain means—"Take Notice. Here is a Scotchman who stops at home."



SINCERITY.

Niece. "I'M WRITING TO CLARA SMITH, AUNT. SHALL I SAY ANYTHING FROM YOU?"

Aunt. "YOU MAY GIVE HER MY LOVE, DEAR. HOW I DO DISLIKE THAT GIRL, TO BE SURE!!"

THE NINE DAYS' WONDER.

MR. PUNCH,

"GREAT wit to madness nearly is allied;" perhaps, Sir, you have an uncle in a lunatic asylum. Allow me to call your attention to a theory proposed with reference to the late mysterious disappearance now elucidated.

"Mad, Sir, mad as a March hare. What! why, his brother was the great African traveller. All mad, Sir; all African travellers, LIVINGSTONE and all the rest. Go roaming amongst lions, and cannibals who eat their sick relations—mad, Sir, mad! Uncontrollable impulse to wander about—monomania. Outbreak of travelling craze—disappearance. Accounted for at once. Suppressed madness, all of a sudden rampant. That's all, Sir, that's all."

"There seems to be a great deal in what you say, Sir," I replied to old MR. BRUFF. It certainly is difficult to imagine what but madness could induce anybody to go roaming about, as you say, among lions and cannibals. But we might think the same of gentlemen of wealth who choose to put themselves in the way of cannon-balls."

"So I do, Sir. Only, so long as we want an army, we mustn't say so."

"Well, Sir, I only so far venture to differ from you as not to call our famous travellers and explorers all absolutely mad. But, doubtless, your Mungo Parks, your Belzonis, your Burtons, your Bekes, and your Spekes, are actuated by a peculiar impulse to travel. It looks like the operation of a particular faculty—a special genius."

"Inordinate passion, Sir; enthusiasm—insanity."

"When excessive and outrageous, yes. Otherwise, like a peculiar turn for music—or ciphering. Now, certainly it does not follow that because a man likes butter, therefore his brother must like butter. Still, brothers very often have similar tastes. Phrenology—"

"Phrenology is all humbug, Sir."

"Possibly not quite all. Your brains, Sir, perhaps are not mere stuffing, they may have functions above those of so much fat. Now, Phrenology, Sir, says, that there is a certain organ of 'Locality,' of which large size and great activity occasion ardent love of travelling. Suppose two brothers have it, both of them, large. In the case of one it finds relief in exertion, has no play in that of the latter. At last its pent-up energy explodes in temporary aberration. Of course, Sir, this is a mere hypothesis, but isn't it as good a one as the less charitable supposition on which journalists have been using strong language, talking about suicide of reputation and so on?"

"Well, Sir, perhaps so. But mind, I don't give in to Phrenology;

A PART OF THE PEOPLE'S WAR.

O say not England's now at war;
Say part of England's nation,
This Abyssinian business for,
That suffers all taxation!

O say not others glory share,
Whereof the cost immense is,
Than those who have alone to bear
The weight of its expenses!

That burden, borne by their sole backs,
The rest oppresses never;
The class who pay the Income-Tax
It grinds and grinds for ever!

DATA REDDERE NOLUNT?

At the beginning of an eloquent address lately delivered by MR. HEFORTH DIXON, at Brighton, he says,

"A shrewd and witty lady used to tell me that the most impertinent thing a man could ask of a woman was to remember a date; most of all so, when the date was a long time ago."

LADY MORGAN was shrewd, but did she ever know a woman who was unable to prove by dates how old another woman must be, especially if the latter were impertinent enough to be handsome?

Picked up in Wilton Place.

QUOTING from MR. ROBERTSON'S eminent predecessor, visitors to the Prince of Wales's, on leaving the Theatre, say to each other—

"The Play's the thing."

I can't, I won't, I never will; nor to Mesmerism neither, nor Popery."

Your Profundity, Mr. Punch, will discern that my suggestion of a mind unbalanced by a seizure with over-excitement of the desire to travel, may be true independently of Phrenology. I propose it, not of course, as any possibly new idea to your masculine readers, but in the hope that the numerous young ladies who study your columns may perhaps derive some recreation from considering a little question of mental philosophy and pathology. Wherewith I rest, yours truly,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

P.S. It strikes me, at any rate, that the obvious surmise of temporary derangement might have cooled the indignation that was kindled by an appearance of trifling with the British Public's curiosity.

FANCIFUL, BUT FISHY.

FANCY Balls have recently been plentiful in Paris, and we can fancy from what follows that these Fancy Balls have brought forth some fanciful costumes:—

"Among the novel toilette effects, people speak of an aquarium, showing the waist enclosed with beautiful shells, the continuation being a short jupe of sea-green colour, on which are to be found numerous samples of the animal and vegetable world."

Only fancy a man's feelings at hearing that he has to waltz with an aquarium! He would next expect to dance the polka with an aviary. What a queer quadrille it would be where two such partners were seen dancing with a farmyard and a stable, which, considered as costumes, would be hardly more preposterous. With regard to the aquarium, we think a wreath of sea anemones entwined round her back-hair would have been prettily appropriate. A nice bouquet of sea-weeds would also have been suitable, and when going to the ball she might have been most fitly wrapped up in a seal-skin. The shells worn round her waist must have been troublesome to a partner, if they were either sharp or prickly. Fancy what a state his right-hand glove would get into, after clasping in a waltz a waist girl about with razor-shells, or, still worse, with prickly cockles! Moreover, we object to the "samples of the animal world," as being wholly out of place upon a sea-green petticoat. If it ever be our fortune to dance with an aquarium, we should much prefer her wearing a score or two of nice fresh juicy oysters on her jupe, which we could open at our leisure, and eat after each dance, if she were kind enough to wear for us a knife hung from her girdle.

NARCISSE.

"Narcissumque vocat. De quo consultus, an esset
Tempora mature visurus longa senectæ:
Fatidicus vates, 'Si se non viderit,' inquit.
Vana diu visa est vox auguris. Exitus illam,
Resque probat, letique genus, novitasque furoris."
Ovid, Met. III. 346.

MR. PUNCH is glad to hold out the right hand of fellowship to a foreign actor, HERR BANDMANN, who has lately made a very successful appearance among us in a favourite German part called *Narcisse*. This gentleman brings to our stage a bilingual reputation—German and American. He can hardly speak German more fluently and correctly than, on the whole—and bating an Americanism or two—he speaks English. The American stage, like most American arts and institutions, is, as yet, little more than a copy of the English stage, with its worst points, such as excess, trust in clap-trap, and lack of refinement, made more prominent; and the Transatlantic brand—as we have learnt from too many imported samples of United States stage-wares labelled "first-class American," but which, on trial, have turned out Brummagem on this side of the water—is anything but a guarantee of quality. Exceptions, like JEFFERSON, only prove the rule.

But the German stage is quite unlike our own. The direct influence of such men as GOETHE, SCHILLER, and LESSING, and, in a lower range, IMMERMANN, LAUBE, and other literary stage directors, and the connection of the theatre with the Court in the small German states, have both tended to give an intellectual character to German actors and audiences, which, if occasionally leading to dullness and artificiality in the players, and to tolerance of long-winded plays and stilted performances in the people, has yet produced a sense of respect for art and brains in both, the want of which is the chief cause of the coarseness of most English acting, and the general relish of the British public for coarse sensations and sources of effect, and insensibility to refined ones.

In MR. BANDMANN's acting, the idealising and artificial style of the German stage has been dashed, but not destroyed, tempered, but not trampled out, by the influences of his American experience. He has learned to depend on nature, without disregarding the measure and means of Art, to keep his fervour on this side of rant, and to sustain his pathos above the region of whine and namby-pamby. His art has just that ideal and poetic quality which is so rare on our stage just now, that it may practically be treated as altogether wanting. He has, especially, two gifts which are indispensable to a poetic actor—fervour of passion, and grace of movement. Realism, the supremacy of "coat and waistcoat" plays, the reign of sensation and prose, instead of idealism and blank verse, and the study of the models furnished by a time of restrained emotion, and slovenly manners, have gone far to destroy these among English actors. It is well that we should be recalled to their charm and value. MR. FECHTER did much in this way. MR. BANDMANN continues, and, unless we are mistaken, betters the instruction.

But the play and the part he has chosen for his *début* are not what they ought to be. HERR BRACHVOGEL's Five Act Tragedy, translated literally, would be utterly intolerable to a British public from its tediousness and stiltedness together. Even as condensed (to little over two hours) and enlivened in the adaptation played at the Lyceum, it is, too often, heavy and dull. Nor is the part of *Narcisse*, though it gives the actor some effective openings, essentially better than the play. We have heard Germans call him "a nineteenth century *Hamlet*." We can only say as German a *Hamlet*, as *Klopstock* is a *MILTON*.

But the merits of the actor are distinct from those of the part. As to the former, we recommend playgoers to judge for themselves. As to the latter, we recommend HERR BANDMANN to study the *Sors Ovidiana* which we have prefixed to this notice.

If he wishes to maintain and enhance his success, don't let him fall in love with himself in *Narcisse*, but turn from that unhealthy and stagey part to something manlier and nobler—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Shylock*. There is SHAKESPEARE crying, "Come act me!"

Don't let him think, because MR. FECHTER was faithless enough to throw over SHAKESPEARE for sensation, and to prefer the fustian of French melodrama to the fire and force of English tragedy, that there is not room and verge enough for a great actor among the high places of the poetic drama. He will find plenty to preach that doctrine to him. Let him turn a deaf ear to these evil counsellors, and take for his motto, the American poet's device, "Excelsior!"

"TOUT CHEMIN MÈNE À ROME."

A PETITION has been presented to the Bishops in Convocation that what is left of the consecrated elements in churches may be reserved for the use of the sick at home. These petitioners would evidently like to see the Romish practice of carrying the *viaticum* revived in this country. That would only be a step beyond what they now ask. We hope and trust that "they are reckoning," and will continue to reckon, "without their host."

A FENIAN ON HIS FRIENDS.

TUNE—*Itinerary Ballad*.

O PITY a Fenian prisoner,
Awaiting of his doom,
For treason and for murder too,
All in a prison's gloom.
My native soil was Ireland,
The Island of the Free,
But I scorned to live the Saxon's thrall
In chains and slavery.
In proud disdain to be a slave,
I emigrated o'er the wave.

A citizen of the United States
In due time I became,
And there fought in the ranks of death
On the glorious field of fame.
But when the war was ended,
And Peace prevailed once more,
I joined the Fenian Brotherhood,
And returned to my native shore.
We thought to lay the tyrants low,
The time was come to strike the blow.

But, what made us especially
The British Lion dare,
Was the friends of the bold Jamaica blacks,
And the foes of GOVERNOR EYRE.
The more because among that crew
The members, name by name,
That took our part in Parliament,
Were all of them the same.
They weren't kicked out; which when we saw,
It encouraged us to defy the law.

Policemen we did shoot and kill,
For which occasion some,
All in the town of Manchester,
Did suffer martyrdom.
In Clerkenwell we did blow down
The prison wall, and blew
Up working men and women,
And many children too.
Kind friends we'd got, by which thought we
For to enjoy impunity.

Again they're at the Governor,
Who put our brothers down,
And stamped out black rebellion,
When they rose against the Crown.
To get him hanged for murder
They had tried and failed before.
At Bow Street Court, on Thursday last,
They made the attempt once more.
We trust they'll prove our good friends still,
P. A. TAYLOR and JOHN STUART MILL.

To bring a loyal subject to
The gallows was their aim,
And oh may they exert themselves
To save us from the same!
Success to P. A. TAYLOR,
JOHN STUART MILL, and those
That seek the life of England's friends,
And side with England's foes.
The House of Commons won't expel
The friends that all find who rebel.

Wool in Request at Washington.

A CONTEMPORARY's correspondent at Washington begins his letter with the following observation:—

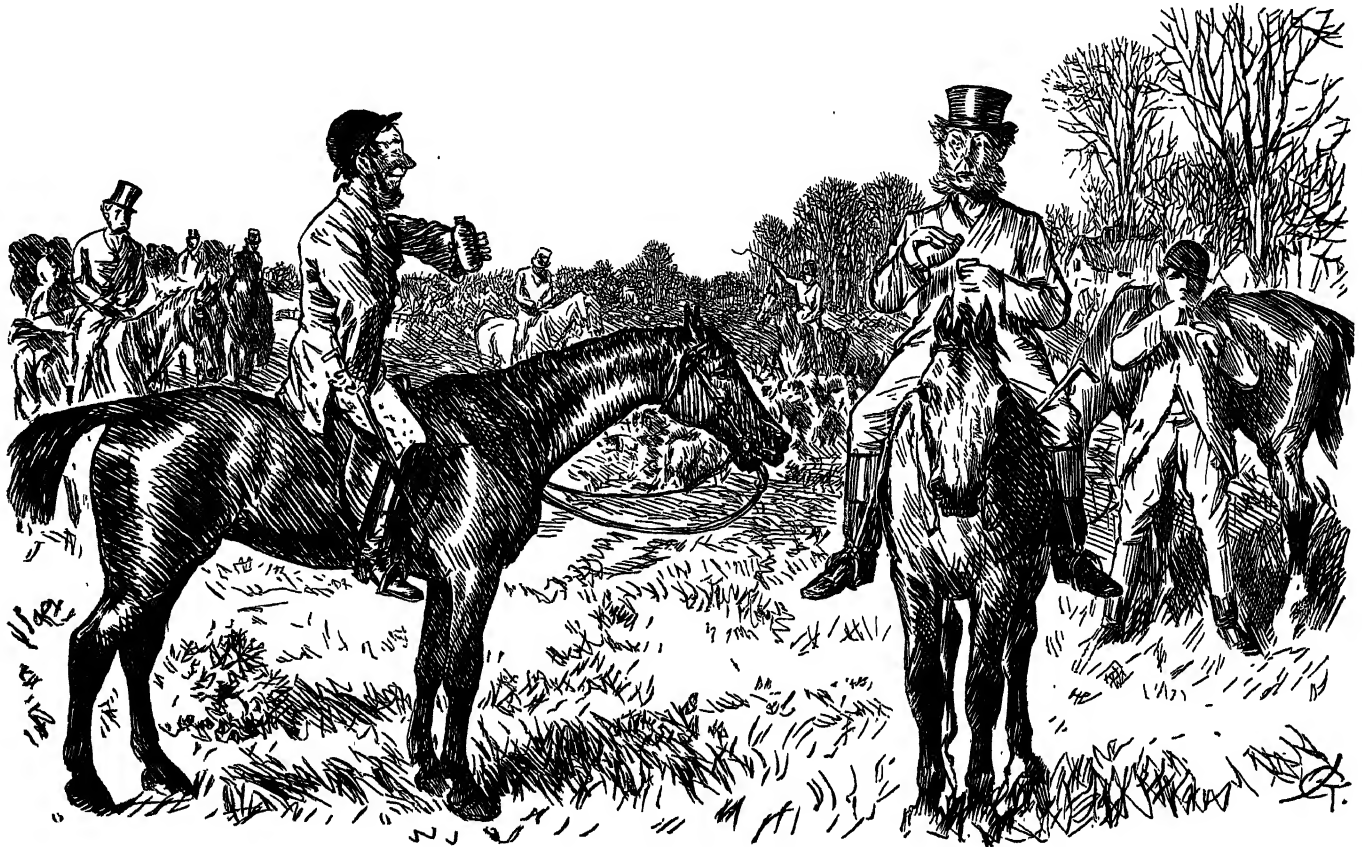
"This has been a week of great cry and of very little wool."

Great cry in the political metropolis of the United States is usual. But what of little wool? We suppose that, of the many coloured gentlemen whom the partiality of Congress must have attracted to Washington, an uncommonly few had been having their hair cut.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

MISS AMABEL HEIGHINGTON lays down her SHAKESPEARE with a sigh, and thinks mankind must be greatly altered since the poet wrote—

"Nothing in the world is single."



SEVERE, BUT NECESSARY.

Time: 1.30 P.M. Circumstances: A "check" in the course of a day with the "All Bite 'Em."

Affable London Tradesman, a recent acquisition to the Hunt (refreshing himself out of a Sherry flask). "WELL, NOW, AND WHAT'S HIS LORDSHIP A 'AVIN' OF?"

His Lordship. "I'M TAKING SOME COGNAC, SIR, THAT HAS BEEN TWENTY YEARS IN BOTTLE. AND LET ME TELL YOU THERE'S A PRECIOUS DEAL LESS BRANDY IN IT THAN THERE IS IN YOUR SHERRY!"

NESTOR AND ORPHEUS.

MR. PUNCH takes off his hat to M. AUBER, and gushes with congratulation on the fact that some fresh laurels have been added to his crown. To have written a new opera at the age of nearly ninety, is a feat which no composer, excepting M. AUBER, has ever yet achieved. Moreover, the new opera has gained a marked success, and has most thoroughly deserved the applause it has excited, if Mr. Punch may credit the critical reports, and may judge, too, by the humming and the whistling of its music, wherewith he has been favoured by obliging connoisseurs. Not having time himself to go to Paris just at present—for what would Parliament become, without his weekly Essence?—Mr. Punch must wait a month or two ere hearing the new opera, which he hopes to do in London before the season ends. Then as *Agamemnon*, being, like him, "King of Men," Mr. Punch will shake the earth in applauding *Monsieur Nestor*, who is also *Monsieur Orpheus*. Meanwhile, Mr. Punch has consoled himself a little by a visit to the pretty little new Saint George's Opera-House, where he heard MADEMOISELLE LIEBHART sing in the *Ambassadress* very prettily indeed; and, with his ears full of the charming melodies of AUBER, he plodded his way homeward, warbling, "AUBER, *toi que j'aime!*"

By the by, Mr. Punch, in a recent article, did an injustice to his old friend, MR. WEBSTER, of the Adelphi. Mr. Punch objected to paying a fee for "booking," and avowed "that any Manager who would abolish this grievance might make a swift and substantial fortune."

Now MR. WEBSTER is a Manager who deserves that his pieces should have an Arabian Entertainments' run, and be the talk, and the sight, and the hearing of the Town for a thousand and one nights and more. Because MR. WEBSTER has abolished imposts. Because at the Adelphi there are no booking fees, no tolls to attendants, no taxes on playbills.

It has taken centuries to get rid of Middle Row, it has taken long, long years to lower the crown of our hats, to improve our shirt-collars,

and produce matches that ignite only on the box—let us for once have a sudden surprise, an unexpected windfall, the announcement that, imitating the excellent example of the Adelphi, the entire theatrical brotherhood have resolved that in future one charge shall cover all the expense of a visit to the play, barring, of course cab-hire, incidental refreshments, and subsequent oysters, when those nutritious rarities are again procurable by any income under that of a Marquis or a Millocrat.

Quite Right, Too.

MR. CORDINGLEY, one of the churchwardens of Atherstone, in Warwickshire, has been proceeded against by his incumbent for removing from the Parish Church certain Ritualistic apparatus, such as a *super-altare*, banner-brackets, &c. MR. CORDINGLEY declares that this apparatus was Papistic, and such as ought to be removed from a Protestant Church, and that he, being a Protestant, and the authorised guardian of a Protestant Parish Church, has only acted *ac-Cordingly*.

MUSIC IN DOWNING STREET.

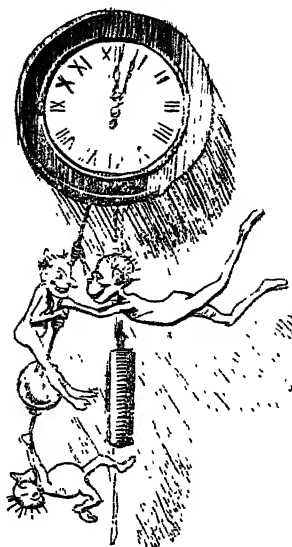
SINCE his elevation to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the late Secretary of the Treasury has been heard frequently humming to himself the old English air, "*The Hunt is up.*"

SYCOPHANTS AND SOVEREIGNS.

BASE, on a monarch fawning, is the Snob;
More base the Slave who cringes to the Mob.

MADE OFF ATHENS.—HALL ROUNDERS, who has had a classical education, and reads *Byron*, is so fond of his "Wheel of Life" that he is continually saying, "*Zoetrope mon, sas agapo.*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N *Thursday, March 5th, 1868*, BENJAMIN DISRAELI entered the House of Commons, amid cheering, PREMIER of England.

There was not much to be said, no political complications having caused the change in the Ministry—so far as the public yet knows. It is notorious that LORD DERBY's health made it necessary for him to retire. Whether MR. DISRAELI designed the shaping any august decree which seemed too august for the Earl, may hereafter appear. The new PREMIER had simply to bear a fitting tribute to the genius, energy, and (young people) industry of the late PREMIER, and to refer to his brilliant perception and fiery eloquence. As regarded MR. DISRAELI's accession to office, he knew that in his position there were personal and peculiar reasons which would aggravate the burden and augment the difficulties. People can interpret these words as they please. Those who give them a significance connected with birth, and who have

intelligence enough to take a large view of pedigree, may note that they were uttered by a man descended from one of the Hebrew families expelled from Spain by the Inquisition, and who settled in Venice as merchants. The PREMIER's grandfather, who was therefore Italian, came to England, and his son, ISAAC DISRAELI, a retired gentleman of Buckinghamshire, was the author of the series of subtle literary and historical researches, of which the *Curiosities* is best known, but all of which are delightful to scholarly minds. LORD LYTON observes in a note to one of his earlier works, that when he was contesting an election, somebody took an objection to him as a new man. "Well, if pedigree be of any consequence in politics, MR. BULWER's family is about three times as old as that of his opponent." "Is it possible, Sir?—it can't be—MR. BULWER is—an author." Add *Captain Bunsby's* formula, and we have done with that part of the business.

MR. DISRAELI stated that he had enjoyed twenty years of confidential co-operation with LORD DERBY, and had succeeded to his policy.

Our Foreign Policy is to be that of Peace, not of selfish isolation, but of sympathy both with the prosperities and the troubles of other nations.

Our Domestic Policy is to be Liberal—a truly liberal policy. We are not to shrink from requisite changes, but we are not to forget that we dwell in an ancient and historic country, rich in the traditions that are the best security for order and liberty.

Ireland, a most interesting and important portion of the kingdom, has still to be protected, by the Suspension, against an unprincipled foreign confederation. But he believed that agitations were disappearing. He would not fritter away the interest felt in regard to the intentions of Government as to Ireland, as they would be explained by LORD MAYO in the coming Irish debate. He added, that some time had been lost this Session, but he should work as hard as he could, and should also do all he could to facilitate the promotion of measures on the other side.

Amid the cheers which followed, up bounded the bouncing BOUVERIE.

What do you mean by a policy? Last year's, or the year before last? Are you educating your party, or is its education complete? You are fairly entitled to your own position. But you have no majority. In LORD DERBY the key-stone of your arch is gone. It is the fault of the Liberals that you are in power. The Liberals are little better than a Rabble, with a great man in front. Last year you yielded to mob dictation. You were afraid to hang the Irish rebels. All this is unconstitutional. You will come to grief. You ought to have made a Coalition Ministry out of the best materials. Can't we unite on anything? Are we to fight over the Irish Church? Are we not agreed about land, all of us except MR. MILL, who would atone for three confiscations by a fourth? Public interests are suffering by the neglect of necessary measures. There!

SIR GEORGE BOWYER thought that really this was not the way to behave to a new Minister. As to a rabble, the time had passed for blind following of leadership. If Government did its duty, it would be supported, regardless of majorities.

There ended the opening chapter in the history of the Disraeli Ministry.

Before leading our readers to the foot of the gallows, it may be convenient to take them into the House of Peers.

The EARL OF MALMESBURY, who is to be—don't laugh—the leader in the Peers, began by explaining that he had been inaccurately reported as having said that MR. DISRAELI was to make a Ministry "if possible." What he had said was, "as soon as possible." The Earl is a gentleman, and the explanation was enough. But he must add that it was "a very natural mistake." Did he mean that it was natural for people to believe that he was likely to think that Tory Peers would not fall into their ranks under MR. DISRAELI's leadership? The rest of his speech was formal, but he promised an early Education Bill.

EARL RUSSELL could not help saying that he had no confidence in a Government that openly professed to say one thing and mean another. He used the word deception, and contended that he might have used a different word.

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH had not the least idea what the noble Earl could mean.

EARL RUSSELL would tell him, then. Would he read his Chief's Edinburgh Speech about educating his party, to consent to what he had been for years calling a degradation of the Franchise. FOX, GREY, ALTHORP, would have scorned such a course, and so would PITT, LIVERPOOL, and WELLINGTON.

"The subject then dropped."

The last word naturally suggests a drop of another kind. In the Commons, MR. HARDY moved the Second Reading of the Bill enacting Private Executions.

SERJEANT GASLEE said that it was a poor man's question, and that if a poor man were to be hanged, he had a right to be hanged in public. He moved the rejection of the Bill.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER seconded this, thinking that the sight of an execution was very deterrent from crime.

MR. GILPIN opposed the Bill, and quoted MR. COBDEN, who was said to have likened the proposed practice to private assassination.

After a short debate,

MR. M'CLAREN (Edinburgh) supported the Bill, and begged that Scotchmen might share with Englishmen the advantage of being privately hanged.

The LORD ADVOCATE promised this boon, and on division, the Second Reading was carried by 181 to 25.

The PREMIER moved the Second Reading of the Election Bribery Bill, which had been so unfavourably received. He now proposes that two real judges, Judges of the Land, shall be detached, as it were, from the main body of the army of justice, and sent, on full salaries, to the places accused of corruption. Of course, new Judges will be appointed in their place.

MR. GLADSTONE thought this a very great improvement, and would not oppose the Second Reading, reserving his right of consideration.

LORD LORNE took his seat for Argyllshire. We mention this to flash off a quotation from WALTER SCOTT. MR. BRUCE was already in the House. Suppose they debated education:—

"Short were their shrift in that Debate,
That hour of fury and of fate,
Had LORNE encountered BRUCE."

Friday. The son of the inventor of that delightful article, the Shrapnell shell, petitioned the Lords for a national reward. Government replied that the shell was valuable, but as the inventor had £1200 a year for 28 years, and £10,000 from the East India Company, there would be no more shelling out.

In the Commons there was a very good debate on the Alabama business. MR. SHAW LEBEYRE gave an elaborate history of the case, and LORD STANLEY replied in his best manner. MR. FORSTER and MR. MILL spoke, and so did MR. GLADSTONE, who said that he did not wonder that the Americans thought themselves wronged, but that if we go before the Arbitrator, we ought to be prepared to contend that we had done no wrong, but that whatever miscarriage might have occurred was accidental. This delivery of MR. GLADSTONE's is carped at by those who want us to humble ourselves before the North, because it has been successful; but MR. GLADSTONE represents the feeling of the nation. We are sorry to have wounded the Americans, and they know it; but, we having said that, and being ready to pay for broken windows, the matter should be closed. It is satisfactory to be told by LORD STANLEY that good-feeling towards us is increasing in America, and that MR. SEWARD inclines to a new mode by which our differences may be adjusted.

A small wrangle as to the day on which the Irish Reform Bill should be introduced. The PREMIER said that it was for him to fix the order of business, and MR. GLADSTONE said that the Irish Reform Bill was part of the Government scheme for Ireland, and ought to be forthcoming at once. But MR. DISRAELI would not give way.

A GRAND INVENTION.

"EDUCATIONAL Pianofortes" are advertised. The most suitable piece for performance on these instructive instruments will be—the March of Intellect.



PLEASURES OF HUNTING BY RAIL.

Keen Sportsman (who has dined and dried at country inn, after wet day). "HERE'S A PRETTY GO! FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS, AND I CAN'T GET MY BOOTS ON!"



BUT, THANKS TO HIS GREAT-COAT, AND THE LANDLADY'S CARPET SLIPPERS, HE IS JUST IN TIME!

TEACH HIM TO FIND FAULT!

THE Poor Law Board has confirmed the suspension by the Board of Guardians of Dr. ROGERS, the Medical Officer of the Strand Union.

The Poor Law Board is obliged to admit that Dr. ROGERS has been blameless in the performance of his professional duties, but they require him to resign because he has repeatedly preferred appealing to the public and the Poor Law Board to appealing to the Guardians.

Perhaps by this time Dr. ROGERS has changed his view as to the policy of appealing to the Poor Law Board. Poor Law Board don't like to be bothered, and would much rather that Medical Officers made their appeal to the Guardians, at whatever risk of snub, wiggling, or ill-will, than to the Board whose business it is to look up Boards of Guardians.

Dr. ROGERS has paid the penalty of his zeal—if it can be called a penalty to be relieved of the functions of Medical Officer of the Strand Union. We should suppose, for our own part, that if there be any of ROGERS's "Pleasures of Memory" connected with the appointment, they must grow rather out of the dismissal from it than the discharge of its duties, or the experience acquired in it either of *Bumble* at the Local Board, or *Bumble's* humble servants at the Central Do.



AND, ARRIVING BEFORE HIS GROOM AND DOG-CART AT THE STATION, EXCITES GREAT ADMIRATION ON HIS WAY HOME!

Equity Rewarded.

MANY persons have wondered what could have been the reason of the somewhat ungracious discharge of LORD CHELMSFORD from the Lord Chancery. It is not surprising. He had just made Mr. HANNEN a Judge "without," the *Solicitor's Journal* says, "respect to any consideration but fitness." He immediately had to exchange the woollack for the sack. Put this and that together.

Question for Convocation.

Q. WHAT is a Gravamen?

A. It is an *Amen* gravely said at the end of His Grace's Benediction. Hence the word, *Grave-Amen*. If two or more utter it, the word is used in the plural, and becomes *Grave-Amina*. The "i" is short, and therefore the word has nothing to do with the Heroine of the *Sonnambula*.



TECHNICAL.

Favourite Niece. "I HEAR YOU'VE HAD A CAPITAL RUN, UNCLE! AND WHAT A LARGE PARTY YOU'VE GOT TO-NIGHT!"

Fox-Hunting Squire. "YES, MY DEAR. AND IF CAPTAIN CHIVIDALE AND HIS SISTERS HAD NOT 'THROWN UP' AT THE LAST MOMENT, THERE'D BEEN EIGHTEEN COUPLE AND A HALF OF YOU!"

THE WAY NOT TO WIN WESLEYANS.

THE enemies of the Church of England must be sorry that Convocation stands prorogued for two months. They may, however, console themselves with the hope that it will be permitted to assemble after Easter, and will then go on as it has hitherto been going, in a way calculated, as though on purpose, to bring the whole institution of which it comprises the principal officers, into contempt. Should it turn over a new leaf, make a fresh start, and go on for the future in just an opposite way, then, indeed, there may be some chance that brave BISHOP SELWYN (of Lichfield, and, pending a successor's appointment, of New Zealand) may, should he live a hundred years or so longer—as let us hope he will—see, towards the end of his labours, fulfilled the hope which, at a missionary meeting in the Guildhall of Cambridge the other day, he thus expressed:—

"He hoped that the day would come, and that soon, when all those faithful disciples of JOHN WESLEY, who are now doing a good missionary work abroad, would unite and be one with the Church in those efforts. The missionary of New Zealand would be greatly benefited if the missionary efforts of the Wesleyans could be combined with those of the Church of England. Christians should so unite to evangelise the world."

But if BISHOP SELWYN's colleagues in Convocation continue to distinguish themselves by such feats as proclaiming themselves unable to deal with the Ritualists while the question of their legal ability or inability is yet under trial; if one of them may still avow Ritualist doctrines without getting himself disavowed as well as COLENSO; and if the whole lot will permit themselves to entertain such a question as that of "reserving" the *viaticum*, the faithful disciples of JOHN WESLEY will most assuredly intrench themselves more strongly than ever in the Wesleyan Meeting-house, at the greatest moral and spiritual distance possible from a Church by that measurement apparently next door to the Roman Catholic Chapel. As long as this is the sort of business transacted by Convocation, the Wesleyan Conference will mind its own, and BISHOP SELWYN may employ spare time in whistling for the Methodists, uninvited with the song "*O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad,*" by any one member of that Protestant body.

A NEW MUSICAL CONDUCTOR.

IN PROFESSOR TYNDAL's interesting *Lectures upon Sound*, we find the following put forth among his other sound opinions:—

"It would be possible to lay on, by means of wooden conductors, the music of a band to a distance in all directions, much as we lay on water."

While clever MR. MANNS conducts the Crystal Palace orchestra, nobody with any truth can venture to assert it has a "wooden conductor." But how pleasant it would be to hear the charming concerts there, without the bore of going to them! Fancy "laying on" a symphony to one's smoking-room or snuggery, and revelling in BEETHOVEN while relishing one's tobacco! Perhaps in a few seasons subscribers to the Palace may enjoy this in addition to its manifold attractions. Ears made of india-rubber have been in fashion lately, and we often wish our ears were equally elastic. If they were so, we might stretch them on a Saturday to Sydenham, and hear MOZART and MENDELSSOHN without a railway journey. However, if these wooden conductors be adopted, our ears will need no straining to catch the Crystal music. But surely great care must be taken in laying down the sound-tubes, so that no unpleasant noises may chance to be conveyed by them. How horrid it would be if one's conductor, while conveying some sweet music to one's ear, were suddenly to vibrate with the whistle of a steam-engine! And conceive the aural torture, when one's ears are full of BEETHOVEN, of hearing a few squeals somehow intruded by a barrel-organ!

More for Selwyn.

New Zealand and Lichfield,
And he prefers Which field?
He'll go to New Zealand, he'll on his old sea land;
Returned again, Lichfield will be his new Zeal land.

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.—What is the difference between eating your words and eating your Terms?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Times of Refreshing. By A Member of the Bar.

Eyes of St. Mark. By the Author of *Pupils of St. John*, and *The Hair of Radcliffe*.

BAD WORDS. An opposition periodical to *Good Words*.

* * * To form one Portable Pocket Volume, alphabetically arranged for immediate reference. Part I., with all the Bad Words from A to D will be ready on April 1st. The Trade should apply early.

THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND being the particulars of an Operatic Tour by SIGNOR MARIO, embellished with a fine portrait of himself as RAOUL.

Lessons of the Middle Ages. By a Maiden Lady.

Fugitive Poems. With Notes on Fly Leaves by H. WALKER.

The Cope and the Chasuble. Being a few Censerble Remarks on Ritualism. By an Arch Deacon. Fourth Edition.

Thoughts for the Sole: or The Good Catholic's Manual of Fish dinners during Lent. By FATHER OFF.

"Go, Father, and fare worse."

St. Peter's. A New Roman Catholic Magazine in opposition to MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *St. Paul's*.

THE HORSE: How to Keep him with a view to Eating him. Recipes for so feeding him that he shall taste like either Turtle, or Venison, or Beef, or Wild Ducks, &c., &c. To purchasers: sold by all Booksellers. Also by the same Author—

THE ZEBRA, and How to make him into a nice Stripe Supper. Also, by the same Author—

THE DONKEY: With a Portrait of the Gentleman who asks for the above-mentioned books.



A Growing Evil.

THE encroachments of Slang are hourly becoming more and more audacious. Even our most venerable institutions cannot escape its destructive inroads. Unless there is immediately formed a Society for the Protection of the English Language from Slang, with a paid Secretary and Collector, and luxurious offices in the neighbourhood of the Clubs and Pall Mall, JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* will speedily become an unintelligible mass of obsolete and archaic words. Do we exaggerate? Listen. On Thursday last, March the 5th, at 8.30 P.M. (we are nothing if we are not circumstantial), at the Royal Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly, a Paper was to be read by J. CLERK MAXWELL, F.R.S., "*On Governors*"!!! Need we go farther?

A TRIAD.

Hybridism.—In DARWIN.

Highbredism.—In Belgravia.

Highbreadism.—In baking circles, when the quartern loaf goes up.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER I.

"I wants to make yer flesh creep."

Words of the Fat Boy in Pickwick, adopted as the motto by the N.S.N. Co., Lim.

In a dim cave, lighted by only one small gas-lamp, sat MICHAEL and JOB FRIESTLOR. MICHAEL was JOB's father, and older than the latter by some few years.

"Why have you brought me here?" demanded JOB, in a hollow voice

"Why? ha! ha!" laughed the elder grimly, and both his eyes shooting forth a murderous fire, he rose from his seat, and waved a keen-edged hatchet above his head. JOB turned deadly pale. He could scarcely raise his glass to his lips as he said with a sickly smile, "Always the same light-hearted creature, father."

Once, twice the fearful weapon flashed through the air, and then descended upon—

*But not on the prostrate form of JOB FRIESTLOR fell THE COLD STEEL.**

CHAPTER II.

NOT on the prostrate form of JOB FRIESTLOR fell the cold steel. For, the form of JOB FRIESTLOR was not prostrate.

But, as MICHAEL bent forward, the younger and more active man sprang upon his back, and by a trick which he had learnt from the Rutlandshire Wrestlers, staved in his father's head between his shoulders.

HAD MICHAEL been in good training, his muscles hard and taut, would not have yielded to this sudden pressure, and his brave old heart would have snapped altogether, nigh broken as it was even now by his son's thoughtless and unfeeling conduct. But his muscles were lax, and gave to the force thus exerted so easily as to cause the old man a sensation of extreme pleasure, as of drowning, especially when his head rose once more to the surface.

The second which this had occupied seemed years to MICHAEL, who in that dark moment had seen all his young life brought before him, had seen his parents imploring mercy at his hands, his brothers at his feet, his sisters starving under his roof, his aunts and uncles chained to the damp walls, the flames bursting from the convent, the ship scuttled, the Derby favourite hounded, the bridegroom poisoned, the butler (who was supposed to have stolen it) exiled, the Sepoy's cruel sword descending on her fair young neck, the fierce animal rushing on him with whetted tusks, SIR JASPER'S white hair streaming in the wind, the calm martyr refusing the Emperor's last offer of life, and he raised his hands to shut out these fearful sights.†

A roaring sound as of lions raving and tearing into the cave.

JOB knew it well.

There was no hope now.

No HOPE!!

It was the remorseless tide advancing.

THE REMORSELESS TIDE!!!

In another five minutes the cave would be filled.

FIVE MINUTES!!!

"I shall take it in through the pores," observed MICHAEL, in whom the instinct of self-preservation was stronger than the greed of gain.

The aperture through which the sea flowed in was scarcely big enough for a man's body.

The idea struck them both: at once. WHOSE BODY?

"Father," cried JOB, kneeling down, "Your forgiveness;" and he clung to his parent's knees, frantically.

"JOB!" exclaimed the aged fisherman, "Rise, I entreat, I com—"

Louder and fiercer comes the remorseless tide.

Seizing his knees, and head for the second time, JOB compressed his father into the smallest possible compass, and inserted him backwards into the entrance of the cave.

The wind might beat, the waves roar and surge against that old man, but his ear was for ever deaf to the voice of his favourite child, who now knelt before him to implore his last blessing. There he sat, fixed, taking it in, as he had said, through the pores.

Ah! was it a good deed for a young man but now beginning the battle of life? Was it a deed on which he could look back with comfort in his last days?

But we will not weary the reader, nor occupy his time uselessly in making remarks upon conduct which will speak for itself.

To our tale.

* Note Foot by the Authors.—Nineteen of the Authors (here follow the signatures) protest against this finish to the chapter. The Editor must not allow himself to be talked over by the twentieth fellow, who has evidently taken this notion from another novel. (Signed).

Editor's Note to the above.—I didn't.

† Editor's Note.—By referring to the titles suggested by the Amalgamated Authors (vide Preface in last number) the reader will see that the events of MICHAEL FRIESTLOR'S previous life arise out of the different views taken by the various writers of what this novel should have been. The paragraph, as it stands above, is the effect of a judicious compromise.

Looking up at the stalactite roof above, JOB saw with horror that it was gradually melting. To remove his father and admit the air, was to let in the water.

The sun acting externally upon the surface had rotted the cliff above; it wanted but the exclusion of the air underneath to set the crumbling mass in one steady blaze.

He was alone! It was a maddening thought.

ALONE!

Was there no hope?

No chance of escape?

Yes—one.

ONE!!!

For through a fissure in the lurid rock above he now distinctly saw, as it were, a gigantic iron hand swinging forwards and backwards, as if in search of prey.

It came nearer, nearer, lower, lower, within his reach. Leaping upwards, he—

CHAPTER III.

LEAPING upwards, he clutched The Iron Hand.

A Grapnel, a huge grapnel!

Retaining a firm hold upon his preserver, JOB looked towards the sky gratefully.

It was a balloon streaming calmly away towards the horizon.

To climb into the car and throw out its two occupants, who were at the moment engaged upon scientific computations, was to JOB FRIESTON, the work of a second.

"My poor father!" sighed the young man, for now that the first excitement was over, he had time to give a thought to others. The old man had been so proud of him. He had often prophesied his rise in the world. "And here I am," said JOB to himself, smiling sadly.

Still his situation was too critical for him to indulge in any maudlin sentimentality.

"What have we here!" he exclaimed, kicking his foot against a box lying at the bottom of the car.

The car was filled with chests of gold, bullion, and silver coins. Besides these there were tin boxes labelled with names and initials, containing title deeds, policies, wills, shares in various companies, and blank cheques with signatures attached.

The balloon had evidently belonged to two Fraudulent Solicitors, who were escaping from justice.

They had met, as we have seen, with a fate richly merited. We shall hear of them no more.*

Night came on. He was alone floating over the silent ocean.

"Where am I?" was his first thought?

He knew the Great Bear by sight, and this knowledge he felt would now be of infinite service to him if he could only see that constellation.

At last. The Great Bear.

He recollected how he had heard of mariners before the invention of rudders, guiding themselves entirely by the Great Bear, and he wondered how they had done it.

Then he burst into a loud chant, waking the sea-birds on the ocean's bosom.

Twinkle, twinkle,
Little star!
How I wonder,
What you are!

Then the words seemed to fly from him, and others came into his mouth, and he made wild rhymes, singing as if "star" rhymed with "balloon;" then he ran his fingers up and down imaginary scales on the piano, as he had been wont to do in his old fisherman's home, when, as a boy, he had played to his father after their late dinner. He then broke open a box of legal documents, and jumping in among them bathed himself as it were with deeds, scattering them wildly right and left of the car.

Then the strange idea came across him that he was Convocation, and he tried to shut down the lid upon himself. * * * Then followed a second of acute consciousness.

He was going mad: he knew it now—too late!

The paroxysm again.

In another hour the full moon was shining down upon a helpless idiot, sticking pins into the balloon, which was streaming slowly away towards the horizon.

Suddenly he jumped up, and with a wild laugh struck a match.

He applied it, thoughtfully, to the neck of the balloon.

As this moment his reason resumed its functions.

The fire was spreading!

Was all this treasure to be lost?

Ha! The Parachute.

Lading it as quickly as possible, he lowered it from the car.

The fire! THE FIRE!!

Two large sea-gulls flew against the car.

He caught them both. Then tying the parachute thus weighted, to

his feet, and holding a fluttering bird in either hand, he bit through the last cord that bound him to the flaming monster. One Loud Report, and as the smoke cleared—

(To be continued.)

A LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT.

MANAGERS are becoming very courteous to one another. Now-a-days they lend each other an actor or two for the night, with as much readiness as they would a pocket handkerchief, and with much greater certainty of the loan being returned. Nay, these theatrical autocrats, though unwilling to lend themselves to anything, do not appear to entertain a similar feeling with regard to anybody, for we find them "letting themselves out" perhaps for a lengthened run.

A Playbill, with a "loan collection" Company will soon present an appearance of this sort:—

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT LANE.

SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, - MR. GOTTIS WIGON.

For the Nine Hundred and Ninety-Ninth time, the Great Drama, by TOM BOUCISON, Esq., entitled

"BELAY!"

Dramatised from MRS. BLABBINGTON BLACK'S Novel of "Sir! See!" by Permission of the Authoress.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Marquis de Trevallion MR. H. NEVILLE.

(By kind permission of BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq., Theatre Royal, Adelphi, for whom the indulgence of the audience is requested after 7.30, as he must be back for "No Thoroughfare." His part in the Third Act will be sustained by MR. BILLINGTON.

(Kindly lent by BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq., after his decease in the first part of "No Thoroughfare.")

The Honourable Juice Farkisson MR. HONEY.

(From the Prince of Wales's Theatre, kindly lent by MISS MARIE WILTON, as she has nothing for him in "Play.")

Squire Wortletop MR. RAY.

(Handsomely presented to the Company by MR. SEFTON PARRY, late of the Holborn Theatre.)

Rattleton Hopp MR. E. A. SOTHERN.

(With MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE'S compliments.)

Lady Montgomery Pinnerton MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.

(By kind permission of BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq. and MR. CHARLES MATHEWS. N.B. Mustn't stay out later than Easter, in consequence of "The Black Sheep" at the Olympic.)

Henrietta MISS HERBERT.

(Who will appear here by the very kind permission of the Manageress of the St. James's, where she must play for an hour at the least, and of the Lyceum management, where she must appear later in the evening.)

Ballet from MR. STRANGE'S Lot at the Alhambra, of course by his kindest permission.

The Great Cathedral Scene of the First Act, painted by MESSRS. TELBIN & GRIEVE, who have kindly lent each other. The Cancan, arranged by MR. E. T. SMITH, will be danced by his special permission.

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

McBethel MR. W. FARREN.

(By kind permission of MR. JORDAN, when he's done talking to him in Narcisse, at the Lyceum.)

Lord Tabley D'Hôtey MR. BLAKELEY.

(Presented with the greatest pleasure to the Theatre by MISS MARIE WILTON, who would like to see him in a dramatised version of LORD BULWER LYTTON'S "What'll you do with it?")

And finally, the money for the production of the piece can be announced as Lent by kind permission of several bill discounters of distinction.

GOOD LUCK TO HER!—MISS FANNY JOSEPHS announces that she is about to undertake the management of the Holborn Theatre. Not for Josephs can we possibly wish less success, in this her new venture, than has been accomplished by MISS OLIVER and MISS WILTON.

* Foot note.—Some of the Authors say we shall hear of them again. (Signed by six of them.)



Miss Frump (Author of the "Ghoul-haunted Grange," &c., &c., &c.). "CAN YOUR LITTLE BOY READ?"

Mamma (modestly). "NOT VERY WELL, AS YET."

Little Boy (perfly). "I CAN READ BETTER THAN YOU, MAMMA."

Mamma. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CHILD?"

Little Boy. "WHY, YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T READ MISS FRUMP'S NEW BOOK!"

[Awkward silence.]

CHAPEAU BAS!

AIR—"Le Marquis de Carabas."

Lo, brains at last we see,
At the top, where brains should be!
Ne'er was place won in race,
That so tested pluck and pace;
Heavier-weighted horse
Never ran a course,
Nor e'er came, at the push,
With a fiercer Chifney rush.—
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My LORD MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Is 't England's praise or blame
Such a player wins his game,
Who can press for success
Be 't by trick, revoke, finesse?
Is it good or ill,
This adamant will,
With an india-rubber brain,
And a conscience proof to strain?—
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My LORD MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

On lee-shore, over bar,
Still steering by his star;
Shoal and sand, reef and strand,
Dodging with a dextrous hand;
Passionless and cool,
And calm his crew to school,
When weaker pilots quailed,
Through what straits the ship he sailed!—
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My LORD MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Ne'er in hand teacher took
Classes duller at their book:
Ne'er was toil on stiffer soil,
Or more likely tools to spoil:
But he wrought, hour by hour,
Till knowledge grew to power,
And at last his Tory class
Learnt to see facts as they pass.—
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My LORD MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

If workman's worth his hire,
Why should DIZZY not aspire?
He has striven, brain has given,
To the stream his asses driven.
Must he only think
How asses best may drink?
'Twas his the cup to crown,
Who but he should drain it down?—
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My LORD MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Genius or charlatan?
Settle that point who can.
Who shall bring his stone to fling
At Little BENJAMIN, our King?
By what right he rules,—
As the wise man o'er the fools,
Or the one-eyed o'er the blind,—
Let the future's verdict find.—
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,
My LORD MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

THE HEIGHT OF LITERARY NECESSITY.—"Spouting" SHAKSPEARE.



RIVAL STARS.

MR. BENDIZZY (HAMLET). "'TO BE, OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION:'—AHM!"

MR. GLADSTONE (*out of an engagement*). [*Aside*.] "'LEADING BUSINESS,' FORSOOTH! HIS LINE IS 'GENERAL UTILITY!' IS THE MANAGER MAD? BUT NO MATTER—RR—A TIME *WILL* COME—"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATICUS.—We have perused your five comedies with great pleasure, and burned them with greater. Try again, and send in until we leave off burning them.

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—The word "shilling" is a corruption of she-lion, or lioness, which used to be stamped on the Saxon coinage. Always ask when you don't know, also when you think you do, as you will most probably think wrong.

R. A.—He is a very bad painter, but there are worse, yourself for instance.

A YANKEE.—Congress is not the female of Conger, but eels are slippery, and so are many of your statesmen.

PIT-BOX.—We prefer him to any one else whom we have seen in the parter, except Garrick, who lived before our time.

TOOTS.—We never do read perfumed letters, and they ought not to be sent through the post. How can we "smell a rat" above all that vile patchouli? Comparisons may be odorous, as Shakspeare says, but the paper they are written on may not.

MR. CHASUBLE (a Ritualist) is informed that we denounce his nonsense, but that if he can get a church to himself he may have, as Moore sings, a bright little aisle of his own.

A YOUNG NUMISMATIST.—The British Museum will gladly give you ten shillings for an English half-penny dated earlier than 1890, but you must take it there yourself, with your baptismal certificate, and a lock of your hair, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

JAMES GEDDLES.—Don't bother us to invent titles for new magazines. As architectural names are in vogue, take the Marble Arch, or the Monument, the latter for choice, as it has what you'll want—capital.

STAMP-COLLECTOR.—Most advertisers sell forged postage stamps. We can't see that they are not quite as good as genuine ones, but perhaps it is hardly fair to sell stamps as the production of a country in which such things are unknown. When you are in doubt, however, call on the Ambassador for the place in question, and he will either certify or condemn the article. You pay him sixpence a dozen.

LOOSE FISH.—Yes, we see you Bohemians do not want to be called so any longer, but you will be, until you adopt the habits of the Moravians.

ALFONSO P.—A father does not deserve to be one, who, when his wife remarked that she thought she heard baby crying, said that it certainly was very like a wail.

SPONGE.—Not so bad. He asks when silver is better than gold? The answer, when the plate comes round for a collection.

ETYMOLOGIST.—Haggas is the Hampshire for hawberries, and the Scotch for a horrible pudding, fit to be eaten only by haggles such as the witches in *Macbeth*.

A CONSTANT READER.—That you are not, and what is the good of telling a falsehood that can be found out? If you were, you would have seen that we have many times informed correspondents that the pretty hymn,

How doth the little busy bee,

is by Dr. Cumming, the "Bee-keeper," and refers to the bee in his own bonnet, an insect that hums 1868 as the end.

A BOTHERED RELATION.—Never quarrel, that is vulgar. Lend your relative five pounds, and get him to fix a given day for its return. It will not come, nor will he, and the release will be cheap.

HOCKEY.—Write to a sporting paper. We know nothing about any athletic exercise except smoking. But, on general principles, we do not know why you should not purposely bang him over the legs, unless you are afraid of being loked. It all depends on your respective sizes—if your friend is the smaller, hit away. At least, that is the rule of life, and why not of hockey?

A YOUNG DINNER-OUT wants to know how to prevent soup from sticking to his moustache, and then dropping down on his shirt front. Why be anxious about such a trifle? Cleero would not have minded it, nor would Solomon, or Demosthenes. A soup-stain shows that you have dined with some stateliness. But you can either pass the soup, cut off your moustache, refuse the invitation, or come late.

GUSHER.—Never be in a hurry to return a kindness. It will seem much less three months hence, and at six you will begin to fancy it was you that did it.

ELORA.—Rogers wrote the *Pleasures of Hope*, Akenside the *Pleasures of Memory*, and Campbell the *Pleasures of Imagination*. You should fix this in your mind without artificial means; but if this is, as you say, very difficult to you, remember that Rogers, a banker, was partner of Hope, the famous banker of Amsterdam, that memory often leaves an ache inside, and that a strong imagination is wanted to hear a Campbell, as there is no such thing. These mnemonics, properly studied, will prevent confusion for the rest of your life.

PICTOR INCIPIENS.—It is rather late, perhaps, to commence a picture that shall have at least two hundred full length figures in it, for the next Exhibition of the Academy, especially as you ask us for a subject, and another week is lost before you can read this. But get to work at once, and do Xerxes counting his soldiers. You can depict him stopping at the two hundredth to reprove his courtiers for saying that the sea would obey him, and the neatherd's cottage and the burnt cakes could be seen in the distance.

"A CAD."—When we hear fools quote that idiotic *Not for Joseph*, we are reminded of the inscription somebody chalked on a lunatic asylum built by Joseph II. in Vienna.

Josephus, ubique secundus, hic primus.

A WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER.—No; a cathedral quire is not so called from the resemblance of the surplices to clean sheets of paper; quite the contrary.

SAUCY JIM.—We never interfere in family squabbles, but must own that we think your big brother was justified in "whopping you." To ask the young lady on whom he was spoons, why he was like a hideous mendicant, and to explain that it was because he was an ugly beggar, deserved the repartee in question.

A MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB.—There is no elevation in Scotland higher than Primrose Hill, but to say this made Sawney so outrageous that by the Act of Union it was provided that the Scotch hills should be called mountains in public documents, and so the habit has been preserved. But the barometrical returns, every day, stare the nonsense in the face with a contradiction, as Sir Roderick Murchison well knows.

ELEANOR.—Photograph is properly spelt photograph, being named from the Latin *phos*, a illumination, or bath—one part of the process. But either way will do. To say that a man is more N. than P. H. meaning that he is more nave than fool, is exceedingly amusing.

MCGRIGOR.—We are not aware of the existence of any book that will give you an account of Edward the Confessor, but you might apply to some respectable Catholic priest, or search the confessions of Rousseau, or do anything else that occurs to you.

HUMANITY.—Do not ask a carver for calf's flesh until the animal shall be killed mercifully. You are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel.

A YOUNG CHEMIST.—Gallic acid is the chemical name for cheap claret. Old vines give better wine than young ones. So do old men, or they are old fools.

STUDENT.—With pleasure. *Un port de réidache* is the name for the theatre door at which Parisian actors go in when there is no performance.

SHIRLEY WARREN.—Neat enough, for a provincial. England is not to imitate the French autocrat's expenditure—he may play Unlimited Loo, but not Beggar my Neighbour.

A FELLOW OF BALLOL.—Yes, the Solicitor-General is entitled to his fee of six-and-eightpence every time he is consulted by the sovereign, and he is paid out of the taxes, which are therefore called his taxed costs. If a Liberal goes out, and a Tory comes in, or vice versa, while any fees are unpaid, the costs are taxed as between party and party.

AN OLD CHEQUE-TAKER.—Yes. The existing representatives of the historical persons in Shakspeare's tragedies (as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Lord Hastings, Lord Westmoreland, Duke of Bedford, &c., &c.) are obliged, under the 12 Geo. II. c. 38, to attend and act at Drury Lane when the plays are revived, but not during Lent.

A MORBON.—Other vermin have religion quite as good as yours. Tom Moore says—

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ward Hunt, is the godson of Mr. E. M. Ward and Mr. Holman Hunt, and therefore out of deofilal feelings must desire to protect true art. You'll be taxed.

FANATICO.—We have not heard that the charming *prima donna* will in future travel for the firm of "Patti & Caux," but wherever she goes the announcement is "no orders."

TURNING THE TIME-TABLES.—We must decline giving any opinion as to where any metropolitan railway goes from or takes you to. No person has ever yet mastered that system, but we believe that half the cases of persons "missing" arise from their having believed that they could get from somewhere to somewhere else. Some day a decent map will be issued.

ONE WHO DISTRUSTS "QUEEN'S HEADS."—

Trust not for freedom to the franks,

because they are all abolished. If a stamp comes off, you must stick it on again, by Gum.

A WIFE WHO CAN ARGUE.—Where is your husband's difficulty? We should answer him thus:—Viewing the cosmos of each sentence as a pure construction of that sentence out of its subjective affections, he may find the reason of the manifest co-operation of the sentences in a law of relation among themselves, producing a unanimity of illusion. If that does not carry conviction to his mind, he had better take some more brandy-and-water.

A GUMMER IN OF DISCONNECTED TRIFLES.—We cannot give you our autograph of Julius Caesar, because we have only one, and it is stuck in an album with his daguerreotype by Dionysius Photographicus, the Areopagite, but we dare say you can get one from our neighbour, Mr. Waller, Fleet Street.

TWO YOUNG LADIES "want introductions to husbands." With pleasure. We have been a husband a long time, and our secretary is in the same condition. The young ladies may call, but we don't see what particular good it will be.

SLIGHTLY EXCITABLE asks us whether the Stoics did not believe in the malignity of matter, and whether Dean Swift did not say that nothing was more provoking than the perverseness of inanimate things, and whether Bishop Sandford (not Merton) did not find himself continually inclined to forget that such things had no volition? We were about to reply, like echo, "in the affirmative," when we happened to turn over, and to find in a lady's writing (evidently clandestinely added), "Please don't encourage my husband in *raging and kicking over water-jugs*, because, when washing his hands, the soap slipped into the fire-place." We won't. But there is something in what he is driving at.

LORD B.—Not going to spoil our eyes over your scrawl. Get your valet to copy it, and correct the spelling, and we'll answer you. As far as we can make out your proposition, we reply that we will see you blowed first, but this is a leap in the dark.

PROFESSOR PARTRIDGE.—Thanks, dear old bird. Your quotation from *Punch* at your farewell lecture at the Academy was very happy, and the compliment you bestowed upon him he receives with a smile. May your First of September be fifty years off.

TRIFOS.—Vulgar be hanged! Nothing is vulgar that is nice. Besides, to like it argues amiability. Cartwright, an old writer says, in a play called the *Ordinary*,

*You never knew
A tripe-eater become a tyrant.*

ROUND ROBIN.—You are a set of foolish monkeys. The husband who said that he was going to set up an apiry, and whose wife asked him where he would get the apes, ought to have known you. We shall keep the document until some of you attain distinction, and then we shall print it. You are right not to be frightened at that menace.

PLEASEING LITTLE LILY.—Your handwriting is not exactly good, but it is of no consequence, for your photograph is so pretty, that we are sure no man who marries you will ever go away, or want to be written to. There, is not that a sweet compliment?

LECTOR ASSIDUUS.—We will encourage you by printing the epigram which you say you made on a "literary friend's" declaration that he did not care about reading.

*"I do not care for reading books," says Whizz,
Words which the public echoes, adding—his.*

FIFTH FORM.—We regret that we have no space for your clever historical parallel between Leotard's muscles and Cockle's pills.

A RUGBY BOY.—The football rules of your school are disgraceful. We should certainly not say

Come to me like the rugged Rugby Boy:

but should much prefer an interview with an armed rhinoceros, or, as an Irish tragedian says, a hurricane tiger. Do you recollect what Vivian Grey said when his father proposed to send him to a public school? "Anywhere but Rugby, that's so devilish low." That's not true now; but your football rules are, as Mr. Gladstone says, "worthy of savages."

DAISY FLOWER.—Yes, dear, the charming lines from Wordsworth are as follows:—

*Small malice is true malice while it lasts,
Of foes, however humble, spare not one:
The schoolboy, with the snowball that he casts,
Bungs up your eye, and makes you swear like fun.*

ANTIPEOLUS.—We really must decline giving an auto-schediastic, that is, off-hand opinion upon the connection between Buddhism and the differential calculus.

SANCHO.—Like the majority of proverbs and cisterns, it will not hold water. "Many men, many minds," is a foolish saying, seeing that when many men meet, there are generally but very few minds among them, and those are seldom minded.

J. A. FROUDE.—How can you? When Mary I. said that the word "callous" would be found written on her heart, she showed that she knew herself. Calais was a blunder of the reporter, Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, her Confessor, and author of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, by Richmond.

BASEFUL JAMES.—It is so long since we were courted and married by our present wife, that we almost hesitate to advise you; but it seems to us, that when a young lady, walking with you, insists on lingering at the rather uninteresting windows of furniture shops, she means to give you an opportunity of asking her whether there is any other article you could show her, say a wedding-ring. But, on the whole, better let her speak out this bisextile. If a man is worth having, he is worth asking for.



EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

Pet. "MA, MIGHTN'T THE BIG MAN LET ME HAVE HIS 'STARCHERS' FOR A NEW TAIL FOR MY HORSE?"

THE TOP OF THE TREE.

GREAT is the triumph of Creative Mind.
Lo, topmost on the Constitution's Tree,
A Statesman of the lettered Artist kind!
O, Brothers, 'tis a goodly sight to see!
It was not so before, but was to be.
Genius, at last, doth recognition find.

A lofty purpose, with unselfish aim,
Forty years long well nigh the Scribe pursued,
Not the mere politician's little game,
That seeks but self in seeking altitude;
But, for pure end the country's profit viewed.
He trod, right on, the narrow path of Fame.

Still faithful to his party, in the sense
Of men upon high principles agreed,
He brought an earnest tongue to their defence,
No mere lip-service with pretended creed,
Which he would make them eat in time of need.
And so it was he gained their confidence.

The shaft of sarcasm never, from his bow,
Save when a noble scorn impelled it, sped.
Against a great and good man, as a foe,
From pique of undervalued merit bred,
A pack of purblind 'Squires he never led.
His policy was Honesty. Best so.

Be partners of our joy, fraternal band,
That he, who was a Brother of the Pen,
Become Chief Ruler, has at his command
Place and preferment for deserving men.
Now, after having said all this, we, BEN,
Should like to know what you are going to stand.

Crossing the Line between England and Rome.

BROTHER IGNATIUS is a-going it again, in his O. S. B. Benedictine tomfooleries, which, we are surprised to see, he is allowed to carry on in one of the City churches—St. Edmund's, Lombard Street. This is evidently quite a wrong *lyne* in the Church of England, and the sooner FATHER IGNATIUS is shunted on to the Roman line the better.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

COUNSEL lately applied to VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, at the instance of the Charity Commissioners, to commit SIR ROBERT PEEL to Whitecross Street Prison, for disobeying an order to furnish the Commissioners with the accounts of Tamworth School, of which he is sole trustee. For these accounts the Commissioners have been badgering SIR ROBERT ineffectually during the last two years.

SIR ROBERT had been personally served with notice of the motion at Drayton Manor, but he neither appeared in person nor by counsel.

When a legislator sets such an example of repeated and aggravated contempt for the laws, those who administer them, of course, are prompt and severe in showing their sense of his conduct.

The order for commitment was no doubt at once made out, accompanied by some severe and well-deserved observations of the VICE-CHANCELLOR on SIR ROBERT PEEL's conduct in the matter. But the case seems to have been strangely mis-reported, for we read that the VICE-CHANCELLOR said "the notice of motion *might have been served upon SIR ROBERT when he was going out to shoot, and therefore he might not have read it.*"

Clearly this *must* be some stupid blunder of the reporters. The VICE-CHANCELLOR knows the duty of his office far too well to suggest excuses for a manifest contempt of Court following on a course of disrespect to a constituted authority, in a matter of public duty.

SIR ROBERT *might*, no doubt, have been going out to shoot, or to fish, or to hunt, or to bait badgers, or kill rats, or any other "country contentment," when the notice was served on him. But nobody knows better than VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS that if any counsel were to put in such a plea before him for a sporting publican, a dashing linen-draper, or any other variety of the genus "snob," who had treated a similar notice of motion with similar contempt, he would receive, for his impudence, such a rebuke as he would not easily forget.

The blundering reporter goes on (still putting excuses in the VICE-CHANCELLOR's mouth):—

"SIR ROBERT was probably now at Whitehall, and to afford him an opportunity of informing him of the present proceeding, the motion must stand over till a

quarter past one. If he should not then appear in person or by counsel, the Court would be obliged to dispose of the case in his absence."

That there is some unaccountable mis-reporting here is clear from what follows:—

"It turned out that SIR ROBERT was not in town, and the case was put off for a week."

Evidently, after the VICE-CHANCELLOR had announced his intention of disposing of the motion in SIR ROBERT's absence, if he did not show, in person or by counsel, at a quarter-past one, he would not have put the case off for a week, when a quarter past one came, and brought no SIR ROBERT. Nor is it in itself conceivable that a Judge would thus allow the majesty of the law to be flouted, to suit the convenience of even the most eccentric of Baronets.

We conclude, therefore, that the Reporter is utterly and unaccountably at fault throughout this altogether incredible account of these proceedings.

We can readily believe that SIR ROBERT PEEL defied the law, and was insolent in his mode of defying it. What we cannot believe is, that a Judge was quick to suggest excuses for such defiance, and to use his power over the business of his Court to shield the offender from the penalty of it.

Curious Mistake.

AN elderly maiden Lady, who has lived all her life in Little Trenid-dum, Cornwall, said that she had always considered Westminster Hall as a sort of Museum for stuffed Notabilities, as she had been invariably given to understand that it was *there* you could see "the most distinguished men in cases." Her view was moreover confirmed by the expression used by her young nephew just called to the bar, who told her that the other day he saw MR. HOSSAIB, the eminent Queen's Counsel, "*regularly shut up in a long case.*"

THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM.—The union of MR. MAPLESON with MR. GYE.



DEAR, DEAR BOY!

George. "OH! SHOULDN'T I JUST LIKE TO SEE SOMEBODY IN THAT DEN, AUNT!"

Serious Aunt. "YE-ES. DANIEL, I SUPPOSE, DEAR?"

George. "OH NO, AUNT; I MEAN 'OLD TWIGSBY,' OUR HEAD-MASTER!!"

THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

WHERE will the mania for advertising carry people? Not merely hoardings but houses are now covered with advertisements. Puffs are pasted on dead walls and painted upon pavements. Poster-bearers everywhere perambulate the streets, and omnibuses are made hideous by the placards which disfigure them. Railways are among the worst offenders in this way. Their stations are let out to advertising agents, and well nigh every carriage is a vehicle for puffery. Puffs are printed in their time-books, and even on their tickets. "The backs of these tickets to be let," was the inscription we saw yesterday upon a railway-ticket. Perhaps we next may see the backs of railway-guards and porters covered with advertisements. Why should not other people also adopt this useful notion? Such a notice, for example, as "My back to be let" would speedily, we fancy, attract a crowd of followers: and such a space would surely be a first-rate medium. Many a puffing tailor would be glad to make a man a gift of a new coat, on condition that it bore the maker's name in big red letters on the back: and what hatter would refuse to give away a hat, with an advertisement inscribed conspicuously outside it?

Cutting Their Own Throats.

(A very Irish Division.)

WE are told that the Government are prepared to consent to MR. M'EVOR'S Bill, for repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, on the understanding that amendments are to be introduced in Committee to put Roman Catholic Prelates in the United Kingdom on the same footing as the Catholic hierarchy in Canada and other Colonies. This compromise, we are told, will be violently opposed by the Ulster Members, who will take the *sense* of the House on the Second Reading. Will they? It is a pity they should court such an overwhelming majority against themselves.

ALL UP WITH EXETER HALL.

WALLS are said to have ears. If so, those of Exeter Hall the other evening must have experienced a sensation. They heard ARCHBISHOP MANNING hold forth in the capacity of Chairman to the Catholic Temperance Association. Shade of SPOONER! WHALLEY, man alive!

Extremes meet. Rationalism and Popery are extremes; positive and negative. Well, certainly there is something rational in what the members of the Catholic Temperance Association call their "war-cry," namely, "We have one enemy—not drink, but drunkenness, and we will not rest till we conquer." Let the United Kingdom Alliance note the distinction between drunkenness and drink. They have ARCHBISHOP MANNING, however, personally on their side. He advocated "the necessity of a wise alteration of the existing law, so as to shut up the public-house and the beer-shop." This intolerance is quite consistent with Popish claims to dictation; but the votaries of Bacchus would have as much right, if they could, to close the Roman Catholic chapels.

But a Romanist meeting in Exeter Hall, what a sign of the times! Popery is indeed spreading with a vengeance. It was little that High Church Parsons, running wild on theology, went over to Rome. Fervid dowagers and enthusiastic noblemen turning Papists did not signify; still less did the sequacious *valetaille* who followed them because they thought it genteel. But Popery in Exeter Hall! Roman Pontifex, thou hast conquered. Government proposes to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill conditionally. Pooh! Unconditionally; repeal it altogether. Let the House of Lords change bishops. Professing Protestants are now on one platform with Papists—they had better profess Protestantism no longer. There is an end of everything. Oh, DR. CUMMING! Let us talk no longer of Exeter Hall. Had we not better call it 666, Strand.

WHAT VOTE THE MANAGER OF A THEATRE ALWAYS HAS.—The "Casting" Vote.

TIES AND TAILS.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—Some Snob in the *Pall Mall Gazette* dares to uplift his voice against what he ventures to call the "restrictive and reactionary law which now regulates Men's Evening Dress." He means the civilised usage which makes a white tie and a black coat and etceteras *de rigueur* at club dinners.

How, I should like to know, are gentlemen to be distinguished from cads, if you take them out of their "ties and tails"? And how is

admission among the right sort to be so cheaply purchased as by going into the "tie and tails" aforesaid? Knighthood has its "collars," society has its ties. The white choker is the distinctive mark of the *comme il faut* man about town. Probably the snob who writes in the *Pall Mall* prefers Bluchers to Wellingtons, and is content with a flannel shirt, eked out with "gauntlet wristbands," and a "dickey." I daresay he wears changeable collars—perhaps is not above paper. I should not



BYRON COLLAR.



DOG COLLAR.



SHAKSPEARE COLLAR.

wonder if he bought his boots—such as they are—ready made, and dressed himself out of a "reach-me-down" warehouse. As a person who respects himself too much ever to be seen out of the regulation "tie and tails," after seven, I cannot admit that such a wretch is to

be argued with, even anonymously. Silent contempt is the only answer he deserves from, *Mr. Punch*,

Your faithful Servant,

CLUB-LAW.

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY.

THERE are some things which they certainly do *not* "manage better in France," and the teaching of veterinary surgery is one of them. Only hear what horrors are sanctioned by French schools:—

"Each veterinary student is obliged to practise twice on the living animal from twenty to thirty operations. . . . At Lyons eight or twelve vivisections are performed within two hours, at the end of which time the animal is destroyed, if not already dead from agony and loss of blood."

The "animal" referred to is that noble one the horse, and we mean no joke in saying that by cruelties like these the heart of a young student must certainly be ossified. French veterinary surgeons are clearly bigger brutes than those on which they operate. Even HOGARTH, in his picture of the *School of Cruelty*, has not equalled the tortures which take place in the French schools. In England the dissecting-room suffices for instruction of the student, and no one ever dreams of studying the horrors of the scientific torture-chamber. Vivisection in another sense would be performed here on the surgeons who were needlessly to practise it, for every living man of them would certainly be cut by every one who knew him.

STARTLING CONCESSION TO DEMOCRACY ON THE PART OF THE QUEEN.

(Communiq   by a disgusted Gentleman's Gentleman.)

It is announced that the Court will go into mourning for his late Majesty, LOUIS, Ex-King of Bavaria, but that the QUEEN will dispense with it at the Drawing-Room of the 12th, except for the household, on account of the injury which might be occasioned to trade!

Defer Court-mourning for an Ex-King out of consideration for the profits of a set of West-End shopkeepers!

Merciful powers, what are we coming to!

The next thing will be to call upon people of condition to postpone their own conveniences and habits to the interests of their tradesmen; as, e.g., by paying ready money, and setting their faces against servants' perquisites!

SUCCESS OF A FOR-LORN-HOPE.

SINCE the return of her new Member, Argyllshire may claim a room in the "House that Jack Built," as "the Maiden all-for-Lorn."

THE QUICK MARCH OF CIVILISATION.

THE facts related by a contemporary in the following announcement will supply our friends the pessimists with some addition to the gratifying evidence, afforded by contemporary history, of a receding civilisation:—

"THE PRODUCTION OF CHASSEPOTS.—According to the *Progr  s* of Lyons great activity prevails at present in the imperial manufactory of small arms at St. Etienne. In that establishment and in the private workshops of the town twelve thousand men are employed. Nine hundred Chassepot muskets can now be supplied daily."

Hooray! Nine hundred contrivances for killing and maiming people are daily producible for the benefit of mankind. Nine hundred thaumaturgic instruments for the working of wonders on the human frame—miracles of slaughter, of lacerations, compound comminuted fractures, and tracts of traversed muscular fibre mashed into pulp. And these wonders, if needful, are ready to be wrought on behalf of the POPE's temporal power. Truly the world is moving in a right direction—to the right about. Worthily are such illustrations of its present march recorded in the *Progr  s* of Lyons. Of course that journal is an organ of the progressive movement of Europe in which France is endeavouring with all her energies to take the lead. The *Progr  s* of Lyons represents the walk of a crab. Only civilisation seems to be going the crab's way at the speed of a racehorse.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!

"THE Bheels have risen at Punch." To allay the apprehension that the majority of civilised beings will feel at this alarming intelligence, wherever the sun rises or sets, *Mr. Punch* has got up a quarter of an hour earlier to assure the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the hemispheres and the vicinity, that he is *not* the person or party (there is good authority in the English classics for this use of the word) referred to in the disturbing announcement quoted above. No Bheels have risen at him, although he has now and then taken a rise out of BRALES. Whether some Indian namesake, a learned pundit, of course, has been attacked by insurgent contributors, *Mr. Punch*, is at present unable to say, but he has telegraphed to SIR JOHN LAWRENCE for information, and instructed him to march instantly with all his chivalry and cavalry to the relief of the sufferer, if only the most distant connection of the great house of *Punch*. Meanwhile, notice has been given to SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that he will be interpellated as to the meaning of this appalling rumour, and all the iron-clads, including the *Hercules*, are ordered to have their steam up in readiness.



A SERMON ON FASHION.

Extremely Naughty Dove (reading 'Le Follet'). "I REALLY MUST MAKE MYSELF DIFFERENT FROM THESE SWELLS; SO I SHALL GO IN FOR EXTREME MODESTY OF DRESS AND MANNER."

A CREDIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

The Weekly Dispatch announces that:—

"The Commissioner of the City Police is to have his salary raised from £1,000 to £1,850 a year."

The Corporation of London is to be congratulated on its appreciation of valuable services. The office of a Commissioner of Police is no less honourable than that of a Field-Marshal, whilst it is much more onerous, for the Police Chief is always on active service. The City certainly does show a due estimate of policemen. The gallant protectors of life and property within the domains of *Gog* and *Magog* are all fine able-bodied men, who look as if they were accustomed to live on prize beef. This argues decent pay. If Scotland Yard were in the City, SIR RICHARD MAYNE, ere now, would doubtless have received his full retiring pension.

"And doth not a Meeting like this make Amends?"

LORD CHELMSFORD, having been presented with the sack, has had an interview with LORD DISRAELI (we anticipate the title), who deprived him of the woolsack. As to what transpired at this affecting interview, the newspapers unkindly have left us in the dark: excepting that they mention that LORD C. and MR. D. (we cancel our anticipation) had "shaken hands" ere parting, and this, in certain circles, is commonly the prelude of a regular set-to.

Word-Pie in Parliament.

O THE words that we have eaten,
And to eat that we have still!
What for us those meals can sweeten?
Place, my Brothers. Yes; that will!

THE DEAF MAN'S PARADISE.—The Audit Office.

BY ROWLAND M'ASSER.

ONE of the Musical Magazines (*Publishers' Organs?*) contains this month a Song called "*Kissing her Hair*." The following additional verse has been composed, in the event of an encore:—

"Kissing her Hair"—scented and glossy,
Ah! well I remember my rapture,
At the ball where the talk had been "hossy,"
The run and the ultimate capture:
Withdrawn from the lights and the whirl,
We had paused in the *Tally-ho* valse,
When, my lips on the pendulous curl,
She whispered—"You Silly, it's false."

Beaks and Bell-Ringers at Cambridge.

BELL-RINGING is included among the manly sports which are suitable, of course, for the columns of *Bell's Life*. But the Magistrates of Cambridge do not approve of that recreation. They lately had before them two cases on successive days, in which Undergraduates were charged with ringing bells without lawful excuse; and they have threatened to send the next offender in this kind to prison without the option of a fine. Bell-ringers will probably take that to constitute a case for appeal.

A WORD FOR THE VULGAR TONGUE.

A COSMETIC, asserted to bestow "a beautiful complexion," is advertised under the denomination of "Milk of Cucumbers." What, do cucumbers give milk? Then the humbler classes are right in calling them cow-cumbers.

POOR COOKERY.—It does not seem likely that Ministers will succeed in getting the National Dish changed. Irish stew, we are afraid, will not yield to *Mayonnaise*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 9. The new LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS introduced a Bankruptcy Bill, and a Bill for abolishing Arrest for Debt—not a bad inauguration feat.

The President of the Board of Health stated to the Commons that the Department of Science and Art was publishing the "Art Catalogue" in *Notes and Queries*, and that the ultimate cost would be about £8000. It is the only dull reading in the pages of our delightful contemporary, and if LORD ROBERT MONTAGU would give us the £8000, we would undertake to supply articles much more to the liking, we imagine, of our friend, Mr. T—s.

The Chief Commissioner of Works said that the Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park would be replaced, with a concrete bottom, before summer. He

is probably in the confidence of the weather, and knows that summer will be late; but if LORD JOHN meant that the present hideous black wilderness would be converted into Laughing Water by the 24th of June, he had better walk over from Cumberland Terrace, and note the rate at which the work is proceeding.

The new CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—but would you like to know what he is like? Thus saith the trustworthy Correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*:—

"The House is very well disposed towards Mr. WARD HUNT, who has always been popular among the Members. His personal presence is much in his favour. He might almost sit for *Punch's* typical portrait of JOHN BULL. To be sure, he stands upwards of six feet in his stockings, and his head seems rather small to be a proper capital for such a massive column, but his countenance is frank and jovial, expressing bluff manners, good temper, and resolute will. His finance reputation is yet to be acquired, but it is generally supposed that MR. DISRAELI will lend him a hand, in the composition at least of his first budget."

The New PREMIER lent him a hand to-night, to help him to carry a little Bill about Irish Fines and Fees; but the loan was not useful. The Bill did not seem of the slightest consequence; but the Irish Members raised objections to it, and SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN said that it would throw all the Irish counties into confusion for the small sum of £80,000. We should have thought so much fun would have been cheap at the money; but Irishmen are not now as TYRONE POWER depicted them, and go in for the gravities. Government had to give up the Bill.

The Scotch Reform Bill was read a Second Time after a very dull debate, not graced by the presence of more than half of the Scotch Members. Our old friend, MR. HADFIELD, of Sheffield (ætat. 82), moved the rejection of the Bill, because it proposed to increase the numbers of the Commons. MR. SMOLLETT (great-grandnephew of TOBIAS) warned the House that the effect of the Bill would be to exclude gentlemen from the Legislature in favour of municipal spouters and rich railway jobbers. Under-Secretary SIR JAMES FERGUSON let out that if the Scotch particularly wanted two or three more Members, Government might not be disobliging. But we wait for BAXTER's Last Words. He wants to drive a harder bargain.

We don't want to frighten anybody, but a Bill for making Subways under us all is before the House. We believe that the object is to accumulate the gas, which escapes from the pipes, with a view to blowing a parish or so into the air, in case Fenians are thought to be lurking about. MR. PAUL, of St. Ives (how are the Seven Wives, with their sacks, cats, and kits?), will give further information.

Tuesday. To-night began the Great Irish Debate. It went on until Friday, inclusive, and was then adjourned. Mr. *Punch*, with his calm smile of superiority, begs leave to suppose that he can deal in a much more masterly fashion with the Irish Debate than the House could do with the Irish Difficulty. He is the friend of mankind, and therefore has no intention of afflicting it with any amplified account of the orations delivered on this occasion. He proposes to be Essential: and Essence, according to Locke, is the Very Being of Anything; and, in common parlance, the principal, constituent, concentrated qualities. The word is corrupted from *Existentia*. There, you shall learn something from an Irish Debate, an achievement hitherto thought impossible.

We met to learn from the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND what were the intentions of Government in regard to that "interesting" island. LORD MAYO talked for three hours; and, on the second night of the Debate, MR. HORSMAN neatly summed up the statement in three words:

INACTION. PROCRUSTINATION. RETROGRESSION.

A very slight dilution of this very concentrated essence will adapt it to all palates.

A. *Inaction*.—Nothing is to be done with the Irish Church until the Commission shall have reported, and this, said a Member of it, may be two or three months. We may add that LORD MAYO declared that Government would tolerate no "levelling" policy—which means that the present Cabinet will not touch the Irish Church. Did not LORD CAIRNS's appointment announce that to all who have understanding?

B. *Procrastination*.—A new and "roving" Commission to inquire into the relations of landlord and tenant. (*Laughter*.)

C. *Retrogression*.—Primary education to be left in the hands of the present Commission. A University, for Catholics only, to be endowed by the nation.

But it would not do to promise nothing at all in the way of an immediate instalment, and LORD MAYO seems to have acted in the spirit of the commercial traveller, immortalised, pictorially, by Mr. *Punch*. "Now, waiter, what is the smallest sum I can give you, without being considered mean?" The CHIEF SECRETARY promised.

To bring in a Bill that should secure compensation to tenants for improvements, should increase the leasing powers of limited owners, and should encourage written contracts between tenant and owner.

This is the Government solution of the Irish Question.

MR. MAGUIRE opened the debate with an able speech. We compliment him on the moderation of his language, but it was his business to make a black picture, and he laid on the black vigorously. LORD MAYO, in reply, scraped a good deal of it off with success. MR. MAGUIRE urged that Ireland was under soldier government. LORD MAYO said that it was for the protection of the Irish, and that all the officials were Irish, and many of them Catholic. MR. MAGUIRE showed that Ireland was in a state of decay, and LORD MAYO showed that she was in a state of advance. MR. MAGUIRE contended for the destruction of the Church, but LORD MAYO argued that this would be unjust, and also useless. And so assertion was met by contradiction.

MR. NEATE attacked MR. MILL's proposal that Government should forcibly buy the land and re-sell, and likened MR. MILL to JACK CADE. But the debate was renewed on Thursday with much more spirit. Three Great Bounding Brothers leaped into the arena and did their best.

MR. HORSMAN made a very dashing attack upon the Government for having no policy, and for, consequently, doing nothing. He denied the loyalty of Ireland, he denounced the Church, and he declared that the present Parliament ought to deal with the Question.

MR. LOWE despised the Fenians, disapproved of the new University, and was very condemnatory of ultramontaniam. He pulled MR. MILL's plan to pieces with much energy. He was for destroying the Church, but he evidently regards the Irish as very imperfect and objectionable creatures, utterly inferior to Englishmen, and disposed to give much more trouble than they are worth.

MR. MILL (behold him above) described the Government Scheme as a beggarly account of empty boxes, and defended his own plans. He accused MR. LOWE of not understanding political economy, and said that what was good political economy for England would not be so for Ireland, or for the savages of New Zealand. He cannot speak without being original, and he retorted the taunt of Utopianism by calling Members Kakopians.

A maiden speech of MR. JACOB BRIGHT, who rejoiced that a new political power had arisen,—that of working-men who had no vested interests in injustice and wrong,—and a vigorous reply on the whole case by MR. HARDY, were the other noteworthy matters of the Second Night.

On Friday, MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE (a past and future Minister), intimated that Government must not be "permitted" to turn a deaf ear to the Irish appeal for justice. The O'DONOGHUE boasted that the immense majority of the Irish were disaffected, and he got it rather hot from LORD CLAUD HAMILTON for assisting at the coffin processions in honour of the Manchester Murderers. MR. NEWDEGATE denounced the Jesuits as inciters to Fenianism. But the event of the night was a very fine speech from MR. BRIGHT, who was heard with admiration on all hands, and complimented by the Indian Minister for his eloquence and sincerity. We seldom quote; but must give part of his peroration for the benefit of those who read no reports:—

"I would counsel to all men moderation and justice. We are after all, I believe, of one religion. I imagine that there will come a time in the history of the world when men will be astonished that Catholics and Protestants have had animosity and suspicion amongst each other. I accept the belief in a very grand passage, which I once met with in the writings of the illustrious founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. He says that 'The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.' Now, may I ask the House to act in this spirit, and then our work will be easy. An inspired king and bard and prophet has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says—'To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.' Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just. The dangers which we see will vanish,

and we may have the happiness perhaps of leaving to our children the heritage of honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire."

The Debate was adjourned until the following Monday.

Among the smaller matters of the week were an admission by MR. HARDY that the system of Baby-Farming (exposed so admirably by MR. ERNEST HART in the *British Medical Journal*, to which reference was made) was atrocious, but he did not see his way to interference—a revival of the Cromwell Statue Question, whereof more when we get LORD JOHN's final answer—the carrying, by a large majority, the Abolition Clause in MR. GLADSTONE's Anæsthetic Bill for destroying the Church Rates—a statement that the Albany has stopped the Burlington House Works, and very likely the Academy will not move in 1869—and that the Lords on Friday enjoyed what may be called a rattling mill between the DUKE OF ABERYLL and the LORD CHANCELLOR about the PREMIER's "Education of his Party" Speech, and the letter explaining it away. Both lads did all they knew, both were much punished, and the claret flowed freely. The veteran RUSSELL awarded the stakes to the Duke, but the decision was contested, and the result was a wrangle.

THE ENCORE THIEF.

"MR. SIMS REEVES has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing twice everything which is put down for him in a programme, and bullied for not doing so. He was so treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.



At the usual hour yesterday morning, MR. PUNCH, the worthy Magistrate, took his seat on the bench.

The night charges having been disposed of,

BONASSUS BELLOWMORE, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

MR. SIMS REEVES, the eminent vocalist, stated that he had been engaged at Exeter Hall on the previous night to sing in HANDEL's oratorio, *Jephtha*. He had sung, to the best of his ability—

The MAGISTRATE. Then you must have sung very finely.

MR. REEVES bowed, and continued. He had given the great and very trying

air, "Deeper and Deeper still," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down, when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. MR. REEVES added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought, was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The Prisoner said that he would not be called stupid. He liked music, and chose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the privileges of an Englishman, and stood on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

The MAGISTRATE. The Statute of Frauds might be more in point. But don't talk such nonsense, man. What are you?

PRISONER. A cheesemonger.

The MAGISTRATE. Is anything known of him?

POLICEMAN, B 52. I believe he is a respectable man, your Worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he done last night.

The MAGISTRATE. Did last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

PRISONER. I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't MR. REEVES sing twice when I tell him?

The MAGISTRATE. Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this prisoner is intrusted with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

PRISONER. Very good, your Worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The MAGISTRATE. Send me in a first-rate Stilton, ripe.

PRISONER. It shall be at your Worship's house before dinner time.

The MAGISTRATE. It shall be paid for on delivery. If I like it, I will tell you to send me another, and that shall not be paid for at all. I like cheese, and I will have as much of it as I can get.

PRISONER. If I was not speaking to a Magistrate, I should call that stealing.

The MAGISTRATE. Of course, it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take a second song from MR. REEVES, for nothing.

PRISONER. O bother! A cheese costs me money, I pay the farmer, and I pay the carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The MAGISTRATE. A song costs MR. REEVES money. He paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practised, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the Hall, or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and great skill, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

PRISONER. I don't see it in that light.

The MAGISTRATE. Then try and see it in the light of a prison-cell. I shall deal with you as I should deal with any other rogue, who buying one cheese of you, stole another. You will go to the House of Correction for a month.

MR. SIMS REEVES interceded for the prisoner.

The MAGISTRATE. Well, MR. REEVES, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way, but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he was stupid, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The MAGISTRATE kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.

THE DANGER OF SELF-DEFENCE.

MR. G. THACKER, Farmer, of Brownhills, Norton, hears a noise in his father's fowl-pen at night. He takes a gun, and, accompanied by his sister, goes to the spot with a candle. A man, who had been robbing the pen, springs out upon him, and knocks the candle from his hand. There is a struggle between them; the gun goes off by accident, and the thief, one JAMES HAMER, a miner, is shot dead. Statements of these facts were deposited before a coroner's jury. A report of the case thus concludes:—

"This completed the evidence, and the jury were left to consider their verdict; and after a short time they found that the deceased was killed by the gun accidentally going off in the struggle. MR. G. THACKER will, in due course, be taken before the Magistrates on the charge of having caused the death of HAMER."

A coroner's jury finds that a thief, in a struggle with a respectable man, on his father's premises, was accidentally shot, and "in due course" the respectable man is taken before Magistrates on the charge of having caused the thief's death. This is practical logic, so far as it goes. To make it perfect the Bench should have committed the accused for trial on a charge of manslaughter, or perhaps murder. Let honest men know that the idea of shooting a thief, even in self-defence, is not to be entertained. When, therefore, you go to disturb a fellow who is robbing your house, you had better never take such a thing as a gun with you, lest you should have the misfortune to be involved in a grapple with him, and chance to shoot him.

Punch's Contribution.

THIS Life-Boat Institution—hear!
It saved a Thousand Lives last year:
People with cash—it rests with you
To make, next year, one Thousand—Two.

Moral.—14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE best county to go to in Winter—*Summer-set-shire*.
THE best county when you don't want to be in a draught—*Door-shut-shire*.

FLOREAT ETONIA!

A FIFTH-FORM Etonian describes his younger brother, who works very hard in pupil-room, as "a Sapper and Miner."

UNHEARD-OF TYRANNY.

LORD BUSHFIELD, the great game preserver, is so strict that he will not allow even an egg to be poached on his estate.

THE BEST "NOTE."—HENRY LESLIE'S Quire.



FAMILY GROUP BY STODGE,

WHO HAS BEEN MARRIED SOME TIME NOW. HERE HE IS HARD AT WORK ON HIS ACADEMY PICTURE, AND TAKING CARE OF THE CHILDREN WHILE MRS. S. HAS GONE TO THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE!

DIZZY IN DIFFICULTIES.

(By a Member of the Country Party.)

I TELL 'ee what, mun, whether you're a Tory or a Whig,
The longest way to market is the way you drives a pig.
If you makes any footmarks, they as follers 'em 'ool find
What zigzag hoof and hobnail prints you two have left behind.

One at a time is bad enough to drive, be't sow or boar;
But, if you wants a job o' work, try drivin of a score.
And hard as ourn to manidge be, take swine, both gurt and small,
The Irish Pig's the wust un, the pigheadedest of all.

There's BENJAMIN our Ruler, wi' them Irish Pigs to drive,
Which, if he can accomplish, he's the cleverest chap alive.
Sitch obstinate contrairy baists did ever martial zee?
Ah BENJAMIN, thy task is one as I don't envy thee!

Hark, how they grunts, and squeakes, and squales, as much as for to say,
"I wun't, I wun't, I wun't go right; I 'ool goo my own way!"
Look how they bolts, this side and that, or sets their snouts on high,
And scramen ten thousand murders like, swate cratur, to the sky!

Protestant Pigs, and Popish Pigs, all pullun left and right,
Wun't yield to one another nare a mossel nor a mite.
There's Landlord Pigs, and Tenant Pigs, as stubborn to command,
They all be ill-conditioned Pigs in that there plaguy land.

There's Celt Pigs and there's Saxon Pigs; there's Orange Pigs, and
Green,
There's Pigs fed all on 'tatur; and they Pigs be wretched lean.
Then there be them there Fenian Pigs, that there half Yankee breed;
A set o' more unruly pigs on wash did never feed.

Look at 'em! When did Christian zee a crazier herd o' swine,
Since them as once run headlong, and was drowned in the brine?
Now, BENJAMIN, take my advice, though I be but a clown;
Mind none on 'em doan't run between thy legs, and vling thee down.

THE POPE AND THE PETTICOATS.

IN spite of what the song says, it may be questioned if the POPE has recently been living a very "happy life." Besides his cares of state, and fears about his throne, other smaller worries have been troubling his existence. The ladies have annoyed him by their vanities of dress, and by coming to his churches decked out as for the opera, and flaunting their fine fashions in his holy face. His Holiness is one of the best tempered of men; but the flaring, glaring way in which the women have been going it has been enough to "rile a saint," as a Mormonite would say. So we can hardly be surprised that, speaking to an audience of some two hundred ladies, His Holiness gave vent to the following strong terms:—

"His Holiness severely censured the licence of the toilette, condemning the 'fantastic headresses' in use, and the 'scandalously indecent' robes. He exhorted his audience to oppose to such 'propaganda of the devil,' a counter display of modest feminine attire."

"Propaganda of the devil!" There's a stinging phrase for you! What a contrast to the pretty words which ladies generally use when they chat about their toilettes! Fancy a duck of a new dress, or a darling sweet silk jacket, being stigmatised as "propaganda of the devil"! Still, without exactly echoing such strong language as the POPE's, we agree with him in thinking that a lady should dress decently. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of absurdly following the fashion, she is pretty sure of spending all her thoughts upon her toilette, and will not think much of a lecture, even from the POPE. But to our mind any lady must be a proper goose, who stoops to wearing dresses "fantastic and indecent" like those which are Old-Nick-named the devil's propaganda.

Justice to Ireland.

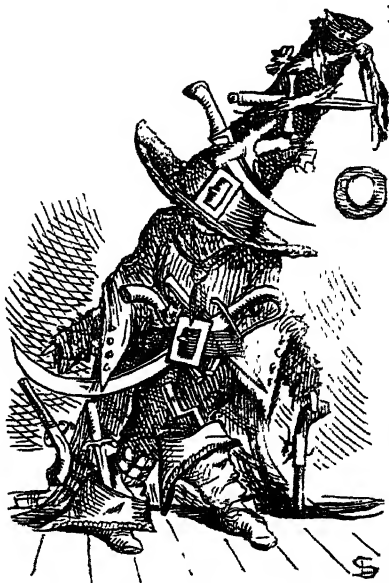
MR. O'BRYEN, in his earnest speech about Ireland, deprecated the use of the offensive phrase of "the Irish members' eternal whine." It is very rude. Suppose in future, we say, instead of eternal wine, eternal whiskey.



DIZZY'S DIFFICULTY, OR MRS. ERIN'S PIGS.

DIZZY. "I'D LOIKE TO ZEE ANY O' YOW DROIVE UN!"

COMPENSATION FOR HAMPSTEAD HEATH.



ON Wednesday last week, at a meeting of the Marylebone Vestry, in reply to a question respecting negotiations for the purchase of Hampstead Heath:—

"MR. SHAW, the representative of the vestry at the Metropolitan Board of Works, said he believed the negotiations were in *statu quo*, owing to the exorbitant price of £8,000 per acre, which had been demanded by SIR THOMAS WILSON."

If a Railway Company desires to cut a line through a man's park, destroying the repose and beauty thereof, which its owner wishes to preserve, and accordingly demands an exorbitant price for the land, the law empowers the Company to bring the man to terms by a jury in a Court of Law. Why should not an Act of Parliament enable the Board of Works to take the same course with SIR THOMAS

WILSON? "Has avarice any more right to be respected than idealty?"

ANOTHER CRY FROM THE CUSTOMS.

A WEEK or two ago *Mr. Punch* called public notice to the fact that a great grumbling had reached him from the Custom House. The clerks there, it was stated, were the worst paid of all the Civil servants of JOHN BULL, and, as they had this grievance, like Englishmen they grumbled at it. With his usual benevolence *Mr. Punch* took up their case, and complained to MR. BULL, through their mutual friend LORD DERBY, who then managed his affairs. In the course of his complaint *Mr. Punch* was pleased to tender his advice to MR. BULL, that he had better behave liberally and pay his servants well, than get the name of being a stingy, screwy, skinflint, whom everyone that worked for him would do their best to cheat.

MR. BULL of course has listened to the Voice of Wisdom, and the Chancellor of his Exchequer is engaged, with other experts, in calculating what may be the smallest sum that MR. BULL can offer to his servants, in increase of their wages, without its looking mean. When this problem has been solved, *Mr. Punch* will have to state if he approves of the solution. Meanwhile he begs to mention that the Custom-house in London is not the only place where British customs are collected, and where British Customs clerks are miserably paid. MR. BULL should blush to read such a statement as the following, lately put forth in the *Civil Service Gazette*:—

"In connection with the memorial of the London Clerks of H.M.'s Customs, under consideration of the Treasury, we are glad to learn that the clerks at the principal outports have, with the Board's permission, forwarded applications to their Lordships. That the grievances complained of by their London brethren are felt in a still greater degree by the Outport Clerks is undeniable, and we trust that the anxiously expected amelioration will be extended to all the clerks throughout the Service, and that the irritation and discontent arising from the exceptional treatment which has so long characterised the department may henceforth and altogether cease."

"Irritation and discontent" among your servants, MR. BULL? And you stupidly pretend to boast of being a good master, Sir? Good workers want good wages, and when men are discontented with the money they receive, they are apt by human nature to render service grudgingly, and neglect their work. Depend on it, you will not find it pay you to be stingy, even at your outports. For only look at this, Sir:—

"There can be no good reason why the Outport Clerks who collect one-half of the entire Customs revenue should be differently treated from their London brethren who collect the other half, or that the same work and equal responsibility should be better remunerated at one port than at another. Let these invidious distinctions be swept away, and a liberal scale be arranged for the whole body of the clerks, and the committee now at work at the Treasury will have succeeded in removing one of the most glaring anomalies in the Service, and securing the heartfelt gratitude of a great department of the State."

With such a property at stake as your Customs, MR. BULL, you are silly to be stingy to those who are collectors of it. The better you pay them, the better you will find their service will pay you. Your new manager has declared that he will do his very best to pursue "a liberal policy," and, in the small matter of paying your poor Customs Clerks, you will be wise if you insist upon his keeping to his word.

A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS

(*Heligo-landium*).

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is collecting funds for the establishment of an Anglican Bishop for North Germany, with Heligoland for his see!

Heligoland is a small sandy island, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, belonging to England, with a population of some three thousand Frisians, and as many rabbits, a banished British Governor, and a good many public, lodging-houses, and gambling saloons. It is in short a sort of Hamburg Margate—but a Margate at once marred and gated *Oceano dissociabili*; a Margate towed out to sea, as it were, and moored some twenty miles outside of the Goodwins.

"Bishop of Heligoland" sounds comical. He certainly will have a see to overlook, but it will be the German Ocean, and it is difficult to imagine what duties he will find to do (now that the duties are taken off most things that enter the island) unless it be that of exchanging confidences and condolences with that "Banished Lord," the British Governor. We can imagine these heads of the Church and State of Heligoland, "by the sad sea-waves," and "we listen while they moan"—not the waves, but the Governor and Bishop—first antiphonically, then chorally, to some such effect as this:—

Antiphonically.

Governor. The sea's all about!
Bishop. Fled are crouper and trout!
Governor. The bathers are gone!
Bishop. And the play-season's done!

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. And we can't get out! we can't get out! we can't get out!

STROPHE.

Antiphonically.

Governor. Here I'm a British Governor, with no Englishmen to hold,—
'Neath my parental sway!
Bishop. Here I'm a British Bishop, with no Anglicans to scold—
In a Hierarchal way!
Governor. So here we both are stranded,
Bishop. Landed here and Heligo-landed,

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. With no work, and little play! and still less pay! and still less pay!

ANTI-STROPHE.

Antiphonically.

Governor. Would we were countermanded, English Church and State
disbanded,
And pilots, punters, handed to the Prussian pipe-clay
school:
Bishop. For in our opinions candid, there's nothing on this sand-
head,
For a Bishop to look over, or a Governor to rule.
Governor. Here's no Church for Confirmation,
Bishop. And no Commons for jawbation,

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. Oh, would we were recalled, and our passage
paid to Google!

Antiphonically.

Governor. For that's the Port of Hull.
Bishop. Which it's flat, and very dull,
Governor. But of life and lark it's full,
Bishop. Compared with the strand of Heligoland.
Governor. Where we stand, hand in hand, banished, banned!
Bishop. With nothing to do, to dispel devils blue,
Governor. But to play the Van Amburgh to punters from Hamburg,

Chorally.

Governor and Bishop. And pop at the rabbits that burrow the sand!

Roman and Improbable.

A New Cardinal is to be made, says a Correspondent from Rome. Is it to be an Englishman? The Papal Court, *on dit*, is somewhat against English-Manning it at present. If an English Head is required there's a publisher with a name made to hand: why not let us have one Cardinal *Virtue*?

CONVIVIAL DEFINITION.

HEALTH Officer for the Metropolis—A Toastmaster.



"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN!"

Volunteer Captain (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!"

Considerate Clerk. "GOVERNMENT TARIFF'S HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!"

[The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.]

THE CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

AIR—"On Board of the Arethusa."

COME all who can face the plain truth told,
And object to be scolded, or to scold,
Both sides of the water, let's cry "Hold,
Enough of the *Alabama*!"

HISTORICUS' columns let's cut short,
Put SEWARD and STANLEY out of court;
With logic and law

They have played "see-saw,"
Till of talk both JOHN and JONATHAN tire,
And would rather put out than poke the fire,
Apropos of the Alabama!

Let the arbitrators settle the doubt
If by our *laches* she got out,
To chivy the Yankee clippers about—
This troublesome *Alabama*!
And over each "how" and "what" and "why,"
The arbitrators are meant to try,
Leave quibble and quirk,
And get to work;
With a brace of clear heads and an umpire fair,
And we'll soon have the facts all straight and square,
In the case of the *Alabama*!

Like circus-horses that paw and prance,
You may lead a diplomatic dance
For a life-time without a foot's advance
In a case like the *Alabama*.
Still SEWARD found "*Con*" to LORD JOHN'S "*Pro*,"
But when STANLEY took office, he cried "*Hullo*!"
'Twixt RUSSELL and me
The case stood—d'ye see—
"No, no," says LORD STANLEY, "that can't be.
My cases don't stand, but keep moving," says he,
"And so must the *Alabama*!"

Then JONATHAN lend JOHN BULL a hand,
And your own long-winded Sec. command,
No longer on quirk and quibble to stand
In the case of the *Alabama*.
Though shelling out we own a bore,
We'll pay any debt you can prove, and more;
And we won't split straws
About "why" or "because,"
But "as we'd be done by," we'll try "to do,"
Though we suffer for letting our fingers through
This troublesome *Alabama*!

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CONTINUATION OF CHAP. III.

The parachute descended safely, landing its cargo upon a Benician Island.

An old Boatman and his daughter found the wanderer on the shore.
The Boatman's name was MARTIN.
His daughter was known as ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER IV.

* * SIXTEEN years * afterwards.

In the pleasantest room of the pleasantest house in one of the Benician Islands, built in the Gothic style upon the crater of an apparently extinct volcano, sat an elderly man and a young lady.

"MR. PIEL DORNTON† will be here this evening, to sign the contract," observed LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT‡ to his niece, GRACE.

* *Sixteen years.* Six of the Authors wish to state that they were totally against such an absurd interval. What's got to be done they would undertake to bring about in seven. So they've told the Directors and the Editor.

† The Directors repeat that they have the greatest possible confidence in the Editor's good sense, but they did not think that he would have allowed such a name as this to be given to the hero of the Novel.

Editor's Note to the above.—He is not the hero.

Authors' Note (by a majority). Yes, he is.

Note of Authors' in a large minority. No, he is not.

Note.—The Editor trusts to the good sense, gentlemanly feeling, and kindly forbearance of all concerned to prevent a rupture. From the MS. in his possession he thought it was the hero.

‡ MARCHMONT is thought by all the Company a good name. But as there was great disagreement upon the question of his rank, and whether he should be in the Army or Navy, it was thought better to make him a Lieutenant, an office which belongs to both services, and it was finally determined that the uniform should be left to the discretion of the artist. Signed by Editor, Authors, and Directors.

Also, to avoid all description of Miss GRACE, his niece, she also shall be an artistic

"Will he?" replied GRACE, her beautiful countenance suffused with blushes.

"Will he?" thundered the Lieutenant, who was an old irascible Peninsular hero, and brooked neither questioning nor doubt.

In a second something flew from his hand, and whirling past his niece's ear, within an inch of her golden hair, was dashed into a thousand fragments against the mantelpiece.

It was the tea-cup.*

Her eye darkened for a moment, where a splint from the crockery had struck her, but she soon recovered her good humour, and playfully taking up the classic urn, poured the contents upon her uncle's head.

He smiled.

"The sooner the better," she returned, replying to his observation about MR. PIEL DORNTON.

"*Sooner or Later*" was the warrior's innocent, but somewhat homely repartee.

GRACE felt the inuendo, though she said nothing at the moment; but years after, this dwelt in her memory, and the poignant satire embittered the otherwise happy hours of her young life.

Their house, better furnished than any other in the island, had been carefully fitted up with dumb bells, so as not to disturb the Lieutenant's repose, who was something of an invalid.

She sounded, and an intelligent Boomerang entered the room.

"Clear away," she said, addressing him in his own language.

The Boomerang, a fine handsome fellow, regarded his young mistress with an expression of unutterable melancholy, and commenced his evening's work, using his feet like hands, with a dexterity which only early education could have given him.

creation, as the Authors and Editor feel sure they can trust implicitly to the good faith, gentlemanly feeling, and good taste of the Artistic staff engaged, not to play the fool.

* *Foot Note.*—A few of the Authors remember this incident in the farce of *Box and Cox*. Being put to the vote it was allowed to remain by a majority of one. The Editor does hope he may rely upon the good feeling, forbearance, &c. &c.

Sometimes as she cast down her eyes, the poor Boomerang was sighing at her feet.

While these domestic arrangements are being carried out, let us say a few words about MR. PIEL DORNTON.

The REV. PIEL DORNTON had been in the island for nearly sixteen years. He was very rich. He had enormous feet and hands: no one knew how they had been acquired. He had no relations; that is in the island; nor did he speak of any one connected with him as existing elsewhere. He was unmarried; at least he had always given out as much. In build he was if anything somewhat above the middle height, with a strong leaning towards corpulency, which in a man of twice his stature, and of a less emaciated appearance, would have been unnoticed, or would have passed for an evident mark of good breeding; but in DORNTON it led the shrewd external observer to a wrong estimate of a character which was in other respects amiable, though perhaps a little too reserved for his associates. Generally, and among those of the other sex, especially his coleopterous propensities were the theme of unbounded admiration.

The Artist, who illustrates this work, will perfect the sketch.*

On his arrival in the island he had announced himself as a Clergyman, and the good Bishop, having immediately collated and inducted him, subsequently, gave him letters of introduction to all the most savage tribes, among whom the proficiency of the new minister upon the harp of Ancient Judah was to have been soon turned to account by the astute prelate.

But for one person.

GRACE MARCHMONT? †

Or another?

Was GRACE always in his thoughts? Perhaps.

OR ANY OTHER WOMAN?

Rising from his solitary meal, the Clergyman said "Grace," after dinner, to himself, and walked down towards the shore.

It was the cheapest and shortest route to the Lieutenant's house.

"Why give more?" he asked himself, as he descended the steep.

Footsteps behind him!!

He peered over the ledge of the rock; not a soul.

Taking from his neck the badge of his calling, he paid it out over the cliff. When it had reached downwards, some two hundred feet or so, he carefully fastened it to the stem of an old tree.

Chuckling to himself, the Clergyman readjusted what remained of his white tie, and walked slowly on.

No footsteps this time, but a young man in a boat.

The REV. PIEL DORNTON shuddered.

"Bah!" he muttered to himself, "this is cowardice!" and filling a tumbler of brandy from a magnum, which he invariably carried in his breast-pocket, he drank it off.

"So," he said, "Calmer now. Calmer."

He could read two names on the boat. "The Penguin, by JOSEPH."

Slowly he drew forth a pistol, and pointing it steadily at the oarsman, took such sure and certain aim—

CHAPTER V.

SLOWLY he drew forth a pistol, and pointing it steadily at the oarsman, took such sure and certain aim as would have undoubtedly terminated JOSEPH's existence, but that it was unloaded.

It flashed across his memory now that he had been at the Episcopal Palace in the early morning, and there had seen

The Bishop drawing a charge.

Little had he then thought how it would affect his after career.

The man in the boat, JOSEPH, looked up on hearing the snap of the trigger.

"*Pas pour Joseph!*" ‡ he sang out in a clear tenor voice, touching his cap reverently to the Ecclesiastic, and at the same time giving a strong pull with both sculls, which caused him to disappear within the water-cave.

The Clergyman remained wrapped in meditation.

* The Artist begs to state he has not been treated fairly; that is, if this is the hero. He understood him to be quite a different character. He will not alter his drawing. They may call the picture somebody else, if they like, and write up to it. But he is not prepared for coleopterous people. (Artist.)

Editor's Note.—Beautiful picture, but finished perhaps just a little bit too soon before the Authors had entirely agreed upon the character of their work. Everyone is very much pleased with it, and the Editor does hope he may depend upon the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned in this New Novel not to bring about a rupture, where everything should be, and indeed in reality is, one harmonious unity.

† The Author, who wished this tale to be a Poem, in Seven Books, using his liberty of publishing a note, begs to record his own conviction that this is the place for a song. Besides mention having just been made of the harp, what fitter opportunity can present itself? Again, "MARCHMONT" rhymes with "parchment" sufficiently for all practical purposes.

Editor's Note.—The Editor, with the other Authors and Directors, has promised that a song shall be put in on the first opportunity. The Editor and the rest reserve to themselves the right of judging when such opportunity occurs. But at the same time the Editor does really hope he may depend upon the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, &c. &c. (vide previous note).

‡ They do not talk French in Benicla. Directors' Note.

If the Directors interfere, we will not write any more. Authors' Note.
The Editor does hope that the kindly feeling, &c. &c. (as before).

"*Vidi te!*" said a voice behind him, and turning, he recognised the kindly old Bishop looking at him slyly through the crook of his highly ornamented crosier. "*Eamus id! hicesit Lictor veniens,*" he said, in old monkish Latin.

It was a Coast-guardsmen coming over the hill.

"JOSEPH, you have escaped me this time," said DORNTON to himself, as he parted with his superior, and wended his way towards Marchmont House.

He could not knock at the door. Strange, he was shy and nervous as a boy in his first love.

He climbed up the conservatory and looked through the top.

By the light of the lamp* he saw her fair form like a bright angelic picture, and he felt a thrill pass through his frame.

Slowly he drew forth the pistol, and took deadly aim.

"Tush," he said to himself, smilingly, "'tis but a mere matter of habit," and replaced the weapon in his tail-coat pocket.

But there was another form close to GRACE's.

Whose? The thought was madness. WHOSE FORM?

Dashing through the thin panes of glass which ill served to prevent his entrance, he burst into the room.

What sight met his gaze!

GRACE, in full ball costume, lying on the sofa, covering her eyes with her hands, and by her the aged Lieutenant, clutching the poker in his nervous grasp—

DORNTON ran forward, and—

(To be continued.)

* Some of the Authors wish to call this Novel, "Scenes from Clerical Life."
Editor's Note.—They won't, though. Wait till the End. Then change the title if you like.—Ed.

AN OMEN TO QUACKERY!

ON the north side of the Strand,
Nearly close to Temple Bar,
Once there did the dwelling stand
Of a wight famed wide and far;
Who surpassed in name Old FARR.

But it fell upon a day—

Down, right souse,

Came the house

Of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

O PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY!

'Twas upon a Saturday,

Thy house fell;

Fare thee well,

O PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY!

There, a quacksalver by trade,

HOLLOWAY, compounded Pills;

There a certain Ointment made.

They would cure all human ills

He declared in puffs and bills.

But one morning it gave way.

Down it went,

Tenement

Of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

O Professor, &c.

Space to make for Courts of Law,

It would soon have had to fall;

This had forced him to withdraw,

Men, slabs, mortars, pots and all.

Therefore crumbling roof and wall,

When they came down, as we say,

With a rush,

Did not crush

Sham PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

O Professor, &c.

But, auspicious omen, hail!

Thou in type portendest, clear

Emblem to the dullest eye,

Quackery's downfall to be near;

May thy verity appear!

Quacks, on public health who prey,

Read your fate,

Sealed when, late,

Fell the House of HOLLOWAY!

O Professor, &c.

From that Eternal City.

THERE has been a creation of Cardinals this last week at Rome. It may not be generally known that the first thing Cardinals do after their great elevation, is to collect themselves, and send round the Hat.



CONSIDERATE.—(A HUNTING STUDY.)

Tiny Groom (on tinier pony). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT I WANT TO SHOW MY MISSIS THE WAY UP HERE. SHE'LL BE RUN HOVER, A WAITING AT THEM GATES!"
["Missis" determines to keep T. G. before her in future.]

SHAKSPEARE IN-PARIS.

HAMLET set to music! What a lovely notion! *Musique par AMBROISE THOMAS; paroles par WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE!* Hamlet sweetly warbling "To be, or not to be," to the beat of a conductor, and accompanied by fiddles! Hamlet with a ballet introduced in the mad scene: dancers draped transparently, all capering and frisking, while Ophelia sings a waltz, and then very picturesquely drowns herself by lime-light! The Ghost stalking on the stage to the sound of a dead march, and then singing a long solo, descriptive of his sufferings! Alas, poor Ghost! Alas, poor WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE! "Bless thee, how thou art translated, to please our lively neighbours!" Fancy "*Etre, ou ne pas être*," as a sentimental ditty! Imagine Milord Hamlet with a tremulous vibrato, singing an *addio* to his friend "*ce pauvre Yorick!*" Conceive, as a fit prelude to this exquisite *morceau*, the opening of the church-scene with a chorus of old grave-diggers, one of whom, ere long, when the scene begins to flag, may dance a comic *pas*, or give a rattle with the cross-bones!

In winding up his notice of "this most successful opera," one of "our own Paris correspondents" naively says:—

"If M. AMBROISE THOMAS has not created a *Hamlet*, he has given to the world an Ophelia who will never be forgotten."

Created a *Hamlet*! Imagine a French tune-maker creating a *Hamlet*! One might as reasonably talk of the "creation" of *Othello*, when defiled as a burlesque. *Mais chacun à son goût.* Only we wish our lively friends, when they want to spoil a play, would keep their paws off SHAKSPEARE. Why can't they sing VOLTAIRE, or bring CORNEILLE out at the opera? It is bad enough to try to translate *Hamlet* into French: but we can not stand seeing "*Airs from Hamlet*" at the music-shops, and hearing them brayed forth by blatant German bands, or squeaked about the streets by beastly barrel-organs.

ARNOLD VON WINKING.

PUNCH'S NOTION OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."—Brandy and water *with*—and a cigar.

IMPROMPTU.

(By a Huntsman after a fall over a Blind Wire-Fence.)

My dear Sire,
 The Late Squire
 Never had a fence of wire.
 How it would have raised his ire
 When he went to take a flyer
 If he'd hit a fence of wire.
 Nothing in the country's worse
 It is modern hunting's curse.
 Many a misfortune dire
 Happens through this fence of wire.

A Dream of the Future.

THURLOW LAW, Temple, just called, who is to be married directly Lent is over (AGNES ETHELDREDA is ritualistic, and working a "frontal"), is of opinion at this stage of his life that the playbill at the Strand exactly foreshadows his own little drama as it is to be—*Orange Blossoms* (inaugural ceremony at which LAW will appear in a new suit); *Paris* (wedding excursion); *Coal and Coke* (the fireside, and perusal of a professional author). THURLOW also appreciates the St. James's bill, with *The Chimney Corner* and *A Happy Pair*!

CHANGE OF NAME.

(By the Poor-Law Board.)

THE Poplar district to be known as the Un-pop'lar district.

Following a Clever Lead.

DEAREST ONE.—You did make me so wild, but you have now made me so happy. You referred me for an answer to that admirable and popular periodical, *Punch*, No. 1166, page 28, line 15, but, darling, I could not go out and buy that number, for fear of being observed. But at last I have seen it, and your beautiful words fill me with delight. I am happy indeed, and I hope this advertisement will not only gratify you, but will increase the circulation of the charming magazine—I mean periodical.—Ever your, ARGUS-ERY.

'IGNORAMUS' ON SOME GEOGRAPHICAL TROUBLES.



S I was waiting, this morning, for an "Atlas," I stepped into a shop, and bought a map, to help me to understand the newspaper articles on "Russophobia," and Central Asia, a distant district which, for aught I knew to the contrary, might be that Asia Major I am always expecting to turn up as the indispensable counterpart of Asia Minor; an Oxford training having taught me to believe that where there's a Minor there must also be a Major.

The purchase of this map set me thinking of the many maps and atlases I had been obliged to buy during the last fifteen years—indeed, ever since my interest in

Epirus and the Aegean began to slacken—and of the many lessons in Modern Geography I had been constrained to give myself, to fill out my spare education, and effect my rescue from the total darkness of ignorance in which I must otherwise have blundered on, touching those various regions of the earth where War has left so many deep and crimson scars to attest her terrible presence.

I believe I first began to impoverish myself in this way when the war with Russia broke out; making excursions into the Crimea, plunging into the Black Sea and the Baltic, and dipping into the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, which last-mentioned expanse of waters I had always taken to for its melodious name, and fanciful association, in my very irregular mind, with a favourite pear. The next item in my expenditure with MAFPMAN was for India, of which rather important country, previous to the rebellion, I had possessed but little more than what may be termed a nursery knowledge, mainly represented by TIPPOO SAIB, tigers in jungles preparing to spring on defenceless white men, the Black Hole at Calcutta, the Great Mogul, crossing-sweepers in white turbans, the cruel Car of Juggernaut, and, above all, the burning of widows, considered by far the best thing to think of just before going to sleep on a winter's night in a warm bed, which, for the occasion, might be looked on as the mail from London to York, with the wind driving the rain against the windows. A serious geographical trouble was the war between Austria, and France and Italy, with its—constant intrusion of this antagonist on my privacy was such an annoyance that I must beg the printer to employ small capitals—QUADRILATERAL, and notorious battle-fields chiefly remembered now by new dyes and bright dresses. But no part of the globe involved me in so much anxiety as Schleswig-Holstein, for years the terror of newspaper readers, the bore in the European family, the poor relation always dropping in and never welcome, until at last Prussian and Dane came to blows, and compelled us to determine whether S.-H. was a diplomatic myth or a geographical reality, and, to explore in maps provinces of which I, and I dare to say, tribes more of the "better educated classes," were as ignorant as we are to this day of Lapland or Turkistan.

All over the world have I known trouble. Danubian Principalities, Japan, Poland, China, States of the Church, Bhootan, Lombardy, Mexico and Austria, have been heavy trials; but never did I picture myself so far from home and ten to four as Abyssinia. RASSELAS! Where's RASSELAS? Just stepped out, Sir, to Fleet Street to ask how his friend SAMUEL JOHNSON is, after attending his Mother's funeral at Lichfield. JAMES BRUCE, Esq.—he was here a moment ago telling me there were no musical instruments, not even a lyre, in Abyssinia—where has he gone? To dine in Arlington Street with HORACE WALPOLE and GEORGE SELWYN, and relate to them those marvellous stories about juicy steaks cut from live oxen, which CAMERON, and RASSAM, and STERN, may some day confirm in the exciting narratives we are all hoping they will soon return to deliver in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly.

Aden is now familiar to me as Household Troops, Annesley Bay has displaced Pegwel Bay in my regard, and Massowah and Zoulla are no mere acquaintances, but friends of long-standing, like Margate and Ramsgate. And yet could I draw an outline map of the country? I doubt it, so great is the depression in my cranium where the prominence denoting philo-geography ought to be; for all my life long I have experienced the greatest difficulty in distinguishing a peninsula from a promontory, and the shock I felt on Saturday evening last on finding that there was a sea of which I had never even heard—the Ochotsk Sea—I have not yet recovered from. But there is something else than the geography of Abyssinia to comment on. What was your guess when you read that the Aboona of Abyssinia was dead?

If I had seen such an announcement under the head of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, I should have expected to find that the Aboona was a rare animal of the country which had died unexpectedly through change of scene and diet. As it was I suspect my thoughts ran on a favourite Sultana of KING THEODORE'S. All wrong, the Aboona being Abyssinia's Archbishop of Canterbury, whose life, let us hope, was not disturbed by such a diversity of clergy and variety of robe and ritual as prelates in England suffer from.

But I must end, and it shall be, where I began, in Central Asia. I must take my map home and study it. I must be ready with my geographical knowledge against the time for which articles and letters are already preparing us, when the Oxus and Jaxartes (only rivers, I assure you, not, especially Jaxartes, pagan divinities) will be admitted into the best society, and met with at every London dinner-table; when Cashmere will have other costly asso-

ciations beside shawls; and the constant mention of Afghanistan and Cabul, Herat and Candahar, the Tughani and the Valley of the Ili will bring earthly trouble once more on
IGNORAMUS.

WE DON'T BELIEVE HALF OF IT.

A LETTER from the Capital of Civilisation, Liberty, Morality, Wisdom, and Human Excellence in every particular, especially Refinement and Elegance with Economy in Female Dress, informs us that:—

"What is called the imperial pamphlet, under the title of '*Les Titres de la Dynastie Napoléonienne*,' has appeared with the motto of '*Vox populi vox Dei*.'"

NAPOLEON THE THIRD calls himself EMPEROR, both *Dei gratia* and by the will of the French people. According to the motto of his Imperial Majesty's pamphlet, these appear to be just two phrases for one thing.

Did not a certain people once shout *Les aristocrates à la lanterne*? This was *vox populi* certainly. Another people, once upon a time, shouted for a certain BARABBAS. That was *vox populi* too. What more can be said in such cases, unless you add *vox diaboli*? The Universal Suffrage to which the French People owe their Second Empire, and present freedom of the Press, liberty of meeting, and immunity from oppressive conscription, was surely no better than *vox populi*, if it was no worse. When the Man of December adopts for the motto of his Monarchy, *Vox populi vox Dei*, does he not rest his title on the ground of a saying which at best expresses only a half-truth?

There is a cry which has been heard here in England by the Elect of the French People, whose forces now hinder the people of Rome from electing their own Sovereign. The British public sometimes cries "No Popery!" Here you have *vox populi*. Does LOUIS NAPOLEON consider it also *vox Dei*?

WEARING THEIR OWN HAIR AGAIN.

HERE is a delightful piece of news from Paris:—

"At the last Ball at the Hôtel de Ville a revolution was apparent in the ladies' style of headdress. No chignons, but the hair flowing over the shoulders, and a ringlet or two drawn in front, after the manner introduced by the PRINCESS OF WALES in 1838."

Crinoline has gone the way of all departed fashions, and chignons now are doomed to follow the same fate. In cases such as these there is no appeal against the Judgment of Paris. Venus bows to Paris in all matters of the toilette, and Ugliness is sure to imitate whatever Beauty does. Farewell ye chignons, therefore, and ye gregarines infesting them! Farewell ye frowsy frisettes, stolen from the neighing steed! Farewell ye pads of alien hair clipped in Caucasian back slums! Farewell, a long farewell to more than half your greatness, ye fashionable heads! And O ye monstrous hairpins, whose huge nobs the hilts of small swords and of daggers counterfeit, farewell! The Chignon's occupation's gone!

Butter in Excelsis.

THE French paper, *La Liberté*, is given to that slavish eulogium characteristic of Imperialistic literature. It says that in the Irish debate, "MR. GLADSTONE spoke like a statesman, MR. DISRAELI like a writer in *Punch*." MR. DISRAELI spoke very well, and we have done and would do all fitting honour to his great talent, but the ascription to him of such immeasurable superiority over MR. GLADSTONE is fulsome flattery, offensive to gods and men.



A PARADOX!

Studious Lodger. "IT'S A PITY, MRS. PRIGGINS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MATHEMATICS, OR YOU'D READILY COMPREHEND HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS THAT THIS STEAK WHICH I SENT FROM TABLE LAST NIGHT A RECTANGULAR PARALLELOGRAM, IS NOW AN IRREGULAR PENTAGON!!"

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER VI.

—AND seized the weapon.
 "In my own house!" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Never!"
 So saying he stirred the fire, which in the Benician Islands becomes a necessity during the July evenings.
 "And GRACE?" inquired the Clergyman.
 "Is well," she replied, going towards the piano.
 "Music!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, placing two fingers in his mouth, and giving a shrill whistle.
 WHOSE FINGERS?
 His own.
 She struck a few brilliant chords on the instrument, and then broke into a *Tarantella*.
 "Shall we polk?" asked the Clergyman, seizing the Lieutenant round the waist.
 "With pleasure," was the answer; and, gracefully curving and bending, they went round the room.
 Oh! those happy evenings in Benicia!
 "Now for the Contract," exclaimed GRACE.
 They all seized pens, but before PIEL DORNTON could affix his signature a loud report as of a cannonade burst on their ears.
 The House divided.
 "Smithereens!" exclaimed one of the three. The Lieutenant was the speaker. In another instant the speaker had left the chair. Amidst confused cries
 THE HOUSE SUDDENLY ROSE.
 "Ha!" cried the Lieutenant, as clutching at his niece, they went up slowly in the air together. "I know!"
 "What!" exclaimed the agonised girl.
 "The volcano on which our house was built was not extinct—the architect was wrong."

CHAPTER VII.

FREEDOM.*

CERTAINLY PIEL DORNTON was in luck. The volcanic eruption which had caused LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT'S house to be raised from the ground had forced him through the window, whence he fell, the worse for a few bruises on the velvet lawn in front.

"Fallen on the lawn," the Clergyman said to himself. "That promises well for a bishopric *in futuro*." He knew Latin and spoke it, when nobody was listening.

Marchmont House had disappeared, and with it the Lieutenant and GRACE, *but the contract of marriage was still in PIEL DORNTON'S hand.*

PIEL looked cautiously round. He was a bold bad man, but even bold bad men sometimes are obliged to look round cautiously. "It

* Resolution carried by a large majority of Authors engaged on this work; viz., "That headings be affixed to every chapter, to be chosen by vote."

. The Directors present their respects to the Editor, and wish to know what's become of the young men who were engaged at an enormous expense to illustrate this novel. Why, they want to know, hasn't there been a picture of any one as yet?

Editor's answer to the above.—All the Artists have sent in pictures of the same situation, and as each one had taken a different view of the time, place and characters, it was difficult to select the one exactly illustrating the great sensations in the foregoing chapters. The Editor, however, *does* hope that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contredans* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

Notes. (a) Thirteen of the Authors were out of town when this was written, and agreed to leave the description of the voyage, and so forth, in the hands of the remainder, two of whom professed to have travelled all over the globe, and were able to vouch for all their localities. These two were under the control of the other five, among them are two professed naturalists, an archaeologist, a geologist, and a pisciculturist. Four of them are members of the Acclimatisation Society, and the two first are Fellows of the Royal Geographical; at least, so they say.

(b) We, the Directors, think that the above description is too much like the Child's Noah's ark, but we are loth to interfere with the clear course of the story. Only do get on.

(c) They are getting on. It's all right. The Boomerang is—in disguise. PIEL DORNTON is—, and altogether it is most interesting as far as I've read. *Editor.*

To the Authors, from the Editor.—Now, gentlemen, send in your MSS., the Editor's in the room.

was easier for him," he recollected his father saying this, "to look round than to keep square."

At the thought of his father, DORNTON paused and murmured, "Still taking it in through the pores. So many years ago. How quickly the time has passed."

His eye fell upon the paper in his hand. The sound awoke him from his reverie.

He walked to his own house, and unlocking a desk which opened with a spring, he drew from a secret drawer a small bottle of black ink, a steel pen, a holder, a sheet of white paper, and an ordinary blotting pad.

Then he lit the fire.

He was evidently uncertain as to his next proceeding.

He rang the bell.

A servant in a large mask and a deep sepulchral voice answered the summons.

DORNTON asked if anyone had called, and receiving a reply in the negative, told the man that he was not to be disturbed for the next three hours.

He sat down before the desk, and spread out the contract before him.

To it were affixed the names of CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEONARD MARCHMONT and GRACE MARCHMONT.

What was he doing with that pen, and that black, black ink, which seemed to grow blacker and blacker under the hands of PIEL DORNTON?

He was writing.

It was a troublesome task apparently, for he laboured at the work slowly and wearily.

The clock-hands passed over the second hour, and still PIEL DORNTON worked on with the black wicked ink and the hard remorseless steel pen scratching the paper before him.

Had he been less absorbed in his occupation he would have noticed that to the topmost branches of the stately elm in front of his window was fixed a small cradle, which being moved gently to and fro by the summer south wind rocked its occupant as tenderly as if it had been set in motion by the maternal foot. Not that if he had seen it he would have taken much note of the circumstance, it being the common practice of the poorer classes in this part of the world so to dispose of their children when they themselves cannot pay for a nurse during the hours of their daily toil.

Had he known that within that cradle lay an infant, he would have in all probability pulled his blinds down; but as it happened, it entirely escaped his observation.

There lay the little creature, apparently quite content to play with the bells of its plated rattle, and suck the imitation coral.

Yet the child did not shake the bells, but held them in its little hand, grasping them so firmly as to prevent the slightest sound catching the ears of the anxious writer at the *escritoire*. Moistening the red-dyed bone between its chubby lips, the infant ever and anon cast a furtive glance towards PIEL DORNTON.

It was midnight before he had finished.

"The next thing," he said, "is to go to work with a will."

WITH A WILL!

Then he arose from his chair and regarded his work with satisfaction.

"It is worth the risk," he murmured to himself; "it is worth the risk."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST.

WITH a sharp heavy splash which sent the water up twenty feet high, the house, so singularly detached from its foundations by the volcanic action recorded in our last chapter, fell on the upheaving bosom of the ocean.

The question now was, whether the building would sink or swim.

It was an anxious moment for all three, for the faithful Boomerang who was just entering the room with a lamp when the explosion took place had been carried with them.

In the peculiar construction of their mansion lay their safety. The Architect had been a man of extreme fancy and great ingenuity (he had, indeed, been subsequently recommended to the British Government as a fit and proper person for a sinecure at one of their large establishments—the Hanwell College) and had fashioned the under flooring of the drawing-room, forming the ceiling of the kitchen, after the manner of the keel of a large boat.

What had always been an eye-sore to LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT now proved their salvation. The house floated on the waves, drawing about four feet of water,



without the occupants feeling any more inconvenient motion than they would have experienced on an ordinary sea voyage.

They were somewhat afraid to open the low French windows, whence they had formerly stepped on to the lawn—and they felt the want of air.

But on the second day they discovered three trap-doors in the roof, and the Boomerang having found a saw, in a short space of time with the aid of a few nails and a hammer, joined the three traps together, so that the whole of one side of the sloping roof could now be opened and shut at pleasure.

Fortunately the remains of the tea, with muffins, dry toast and butter, were still upon the table. The Boomerang, who, by the way, had been in their service for nearly fifteen years, was named NUTT—at least so he had always given them to understand—now rose with the occasion, and exhibited a spirit, a determination, and a knowledge which, though it did not strike them at the time, was far above any educational acquirements of the ordinary Boomerang native.

The Lieutenant sat moping in his arm-chair. GRACE played a little upon what remained of the piano; but NUTT assumed the directorship, and at once, as a practical man, portioned out the tea, the dry toast and butter, so as to put them all on allowance for four days. "His religion," he said merrily, "taught him charity, and he always made allowances for everybody."

So they ate sparingly three crumbs each of toast, two drops a-piece of tea, and then sat on the ledge above, with the half-roof lifted up, and gazed upon the murmuring sea.

She was abstracted, and as the poor Boomerang regarded her placid features he heard her uttering gently a name—"PIEL."

Looking down into the room, he saw the Lieutenant stealthily moving towards the sugar.

In a second he was down silently, and seizing the old man by the wrist, forced him back into his seat.

"Sugar!" gasped the wretched man.

"No," replied NUTT kindly, but firmly, "we must feed equally."

"And," added GRACE, nodding to her Uncle, "as to the sugar, if you do not like it you must lump it."

They were the first unkind words she had ever spoken to him. She felt it was necessary, and that upon her resolution now depended their common fate.

(To be continued.)

EPICURISM ON UNPRODUCTIVE ELOQUENCE. (NEVER MIND WHOSE.)

BOSH, bunkum, statistics, quotations, and stuff,
Palaver more, argument less, than enough.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

THIS LITTLE DUCK WEARS AN EFFECTIVE AQUATIC JACKET, STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FOR THE BOATING SEASON.

BELOW THE LOWEST DEEP A LOWER DEEP.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK has lately astonished the audience at the Bouffes by falling through the bottom of his box into a *baignoire* (luckily empty) beneath.

It has been popularly reported that the Duke is too rich ever to come to the bottom of his strong box; but he evidently can not only get to, but *through* the bottom of any box less strong than his own.

We had always heard there was no strength in the Duke's public case. It seems now that the weakness extends from his public case to his private box, and that the Duke has accomplished a feat we had thought impossible, of falling still lower than he had done already. On his re-appearance, let us hope the band received him with "*Hail, Star of Brunswick!*"—said star being invited, it is presumed, to hail, in consideration of its being prevented from reigning.

MILLIONS AND MILLIONS.

THE EMPEROR has published a Pamphlet, showing that the Napoleons owe their Imperial position to thirty millions of votes.

MR. HORN has published a pamphlet showing that the present Imperial Government, for fifteen years, has cost the country 800 millions of francs a year more than the Governments which preceded it. In other words, we have NAPOLEON debtor to France, 30,000,000 of votes, France creditor to NAPOLEON, 31,000,000,000 of francs. So that every vote has cost France 1,033 francs = £41 5s., or thereabouts.

This strikes us as very handsome interest indeed for fifteen years loan of a Napoleon.

Curiosities of Nomenclature.

We should be careful what names we give to our establishments. While "*The Blackrod Grammar School*" (see Commissioners' Report) sounds painfully appropriate, "*The Mountjoy Convict Dépôt*" reads as dimly incongruous. (To save future historians confusion, be it noted that the Usher of the Black rod, &c., is no connection of the well-known Parliamentary Functionary.)

A RICH COLE MINE.

From a distinguished Police Constable at the South Kensington Museum, to his Sweetheart at Shrewsbury.

You ask me, SUSAN, for to state unto yourself and friends
The sort of Show at Kensington as on my care depends,
Which I proceed to do, my love, with all my heart and soul,
The Show reflecting credit on myself and MR. COLE.

The place were Brompton Boilers, but them things is took away,
(I bleeve they're gone to Bethnal Green, but really cannot say)
A stately red Museum stands, a truly noble sight,
More striking than the British M., as that is only white.

I let the public enter in, the glorious sights to see:
On Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, I let them enter free,
On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, they approach in different manner,
Defraying sixpence which they call, if playful-like, a tanner.

The Public is a stupid pig, my girl, and that's a fact,
They really want an awful deal of telling how to act,
This Show is truly wonderful, if persons only knew,
Yet not one Swell in twenty knows the sights as he might view.

We've all the Vernon pictures, and the Sheepshanks ones beside,
The pick and choice of British art, in fact the British pride,
Purchased regardless of expense by them as trouble took
To give them to a public as will hardly come and look.

I couldn't tell you half the names, but figures makes it clear,
A thousand and twelve over I have counted, SUSAN dear:
A thousand and twelve over, SUE, and every one a Jem,
And what are called Shadeovers, though there's no shade over them.

Next, thank my Royal Mistress for this best of many boons,
I exhibit the late RAPHAEL's original Cartoons,
Which here in all their glory may be pleasantly beheld,
It was not so at Hampton Court, which also fusty smelled.

But that's High Art, at which the Swells as on the painters fawn
Because they are the fashion, when they're not a looking, yawn;
So come with me, my SUSAN, to the gorgeous sights down-stairs,
Gold, jewels, silver, ivory, enamel, china wares.

That play we saw the night when you unkindly did behave,
The chap went down burglariously and plundered of a cave.
Aladdin were the party's name, and what he saw was fine,
But nothing to the treasures in this Cave of COLE's and mine.

We've ransacked every jewel-box for things no price could buy,
We've watches, trinkets, amber, pearls, and splendid Bigotry,
The meedy evil relix as I've heard from them as knows
Alone would make South Kensington the true A 1 of shows.

A Trojan's column, large as life, at least a fairish slice,
WREN's model of St. Paul's before he took the King's advice,
And such Italian pulpits, cut and carved to that degree,
I suppose they'd stupid parsons, so required fine things to see.

Old painted coaches and sedans, as like could tell some tales,
As bright as them I see at France, I mean to say Versailles,
And lovely music instruments as melts your eyes in tears
To think the ladies they belonged is dead two hundred years.

Which France reminds of purchases that's only just come in,
(I says to COLE, says I, you know the way to frisk the tin)
We've got some crack Art Furniture, as took the highest prize
I never saw such heavenly blue, except in SUSAN's eyes.

Of creature comforts let me speak, of which I can report
Refreshments are provided of the very primest sort.
But O that ass the public, when on our map they read
"Provisional Arrangement" they think *that* the place to feed.

And now, dear SUE, I've told you not the half of what I guard,
That Swells don't come more fluently does seem uncommon hard.
A place like this of mine and COLE's, at once a Show and School,
The man or woman as don't see is nothing but a fool.

All the Difference.

GREENBERRY, hearing that TROLLOPE was to be made a Peer, expressed his pleasure at this distinction being conferred on one of his favourite authors. He was soon undeceived, and laughed at for supposing it possible that Literature in this country should receive such a recognition. Men reminded him that ANTHONY TROLLOPE was only a Story-Teller, while SIR JOHN may have been a Tory-Teller.

THE GREAT ZAGAZIAS.

(A Bumpkin Ballad.)

JOSIAS GUTCH was GUTCH's name,
Which he took at his christening,
You might yourself ha' heard the
same,
Had you been there a listening.

JOSIAS had a labouring friend,
Whose name was not JOSIAS,
Though I.A.S. was at its end,
And it was ZACHARIAS.

Jos was a worker in the fields,
A sort of hedge-and-ditcher-man;
ZAC lived by what the garden yields,
And therefore was a richer man.

Now once upon a holiday
Jos, having no employment,
Thought he would have a jolly day,
Devoted to enjoyment.



And so he sought the market town,
To see the yearly fair there;
And coming home told ZACCHY BROWN
Of all the sights as were there.

"The fust thing as I zeen"—(but, yes,
'Tis here we must announce it,
"Zeen" stands for "Seen," as every "s"
As "Z" these men pronounce it.)

"The fust thing, ZACCHY, as I zeen
Wor zomethin' like a Zircus,
As they'd put up upon the green,
Just oppozite the Work'us."

"I've zeen a Zircus too," says ZAC,
"With horses and young wimmin
As had small clothes upon their back,
Which they looked very zlim in."

Says Jos, "Aye, that t'ain't nout at all,
Fur when I got outside it,
I zeed a pictur on a wall,
And zo I ztopp'd and eyed it.

"Aye, that's the Jock for me," says I.
"What was?" asks ZACHARIAS.
"The name writ up," was his reply—
'Twor the Great Zaga-zias."

"Great what?" cried ZAC, and scratched
his head.

"I'll tell you," says JOSIAS;
"Didn't ye mind, ZAC, what I zaid?
'Twas the Great Zaga-zias."

"I've zeen," says ZACHARIAS, "too,
Queer beasts as four foot goes on,
But not a Zaga-zias, noo—
At least not as I knows on."

"It worn't a tiger, eh?" "Noo, nor
A lion," says JOSIAS.
"It worn't nout else but what it wor—
'Twor the Great Zaga-zias."

"Wor it alive?" "D'ye think I'd pay
To zee a Zaga-zias
As worn't alive? Noo, noo, you may
Make zure there, ZACHARIAS."

"Well, I gives tuppuns at the show
Of lions, tigers, lots on 'em;
And also leppards, which you know,
Be beasts as has great spots on 'em."

"Great bears wor lyin' at their ease
Sly lynxes a watchin',
And monkeys too, and chimpanzees
Continually scratchin'."

"I've zeen all them, the blessed lot,"
Says MUSTER ZACHARIAS;
"But what I want to know is what
Be this here Zaga-zias?"

Says Jos, "He worn't about the show,
Though I looked round and round un,
And if he had been there, you know,
I'd zartin zure ha' found un."

"So back I goes right oop to door,
Where I had had to come in,
Just where in front zix men or more
Were trumpetting and drummin'."

"My tuppuns I wants back," says I,
The folks grinned standing by us,
'Cos why?' says I, 'that board do lie,
There baint no Zaga-zias."

"What not zeen 'im," says he to me,
A pointing at the paintin'.
Zays I, 'that's what I've come to zee,
Zo don't you zay he baint in."

"He's in," says he. Zays I, 'which be
The way?' Zum steps wor nigh us,
Zo down I went, and in a tent
Zeed the Great Zaga-zias."

"Lor! Zuch a brute, with zuch a fute!
And zuch a mouth, my eye! as
I never zeed, I han't indeed,
Has the Great Zaga-zias."

"He makes a noise, he grunts and blows
Like wrostlers when they're grapplin',
His great long nose do touch his toes,
And takes a bun and apple in."

Cries ZAC, "Why mun, I think you can't
Know what you zay, JOSIAS;
That beast there wor an Nellyphant,
And not the Zaga-zias."

"The Zaga-zias that beast wor,
I tell ye, ZACHARIAS:
I paid my tuppuns, and they swore
It wor the Zaga-zias."

"It wor an Nellyphant," ZAC cries,
"You saw his tusks and trunk too."
"D'ye think," says Jos, "that I tell lies.
D'ye think that I be drunk too."

"An Nellyphant, ask any one,"
Says laughing ZACHARIAS.
Says angry Jos, "you zio your fun;
It wor the Zaga-zias."



At last to ask they did agree
The Parson without bias,
Who went with them himself to see
If 'twas the Zaga-zias.

The Parson drove 'em in his trap,
Drawn by his old mare Margery.
"Woa, lass!" cries Jos, "there be the chap!"
'Twas WOMBWELL'S Great Menagerie.

"There be the pictur', that's the one.
Look oop!" JOSIAS cried, "There!
That be the Zaga-zias, mun,
As they have got inzide there."

The Parson said, "You're wrong, J. G.,
'Tis not the Zaga-zias—
That is an elephant." "You zee
I'm right," cries ZACHARIAS.



"If 'tis an el'phant, all the zame,"
Objects the hard JOSIAS.
"Why write above it that there name—
'Here's the Great Zaga-zias?'"

The Parson read and stared, then he,
Turning, exclaims, "Good gracious!
What you make ZAGA-ZIAS, we
Pronounce as thus, SAGACIOUS."

"Where's el'phant writ?" asks Jos GUTCH,
warm,
"The placard isn't spacious,
They've left it out, and drawn his form
Beneath 'THE GREAT SAGACIOUS.'"



L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

EDWIN SENDS HIS WIFE TO A SALE TO BUY SOME FURNITURE—"AND LOOK HERE, ANGELINA," SAYS HE, "DON'T ATTEMPT TO BID YOURSELF; BUT JUST GLANCE ROUND THE ROOM, CHOOSE A BROKER WHOSE APPEARANCE INSPIRES YOU WITH IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE, MAKE A FAIR ARRANGEMENT WITH HIM, AND LET HIM BE YOUR AGENT IN THE MATTER."

A CONVERSATION ON KILLJOYS.

SCENE—A Smoking-Room.

BRADSHAW.

STOKES.

Brad. Been to any of the Theatres lately?

Stokes. No, I'm ashamed to say. It's very stupid of a fellow to sit mooning at home when there is so much intellectual entertainment to be had at every playhouse; and not only that, but also at every music-hall. What an exquisite song that is—"Not for Joseph!"

Brad. Capital. Really, considering what abundance of recreation there is for any fellow of decent mind to enjoy if he chooses, one feels that one ought to make an effort, and dine earlier. It's too bad to allow one's self to prefer a cigar.

Stokes. Talking of that, here's something that, once in the way, might even entice you from cigars. Then, indeed, possibly it would make you give up smoking altogether. And it's likely enough to beat any play, even of the highly comic order that is now popular.

Brad. What are you talking about?

Stokes. The British Anti-Tobacco Society.

Brad. The Anti-British-Tobacco Society you must mean; anti-cabbage.

Stokes. No, I don't. Here it is advertised in the *Times*—(reads)

BRITISH ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.—A Conference at Exeter Hall. To-morrow (Saturday) Evening, 21st March, at 7 o'clock precisely, to discuss the question, "Is Smoking Injurious?" REV. EDWARD WHITE in the Chair. Supported by DR. EDMUNDS, ROBERT E. WAINWRIGHT, ESQ., JOHN H. ESTERBROOKE, ESQ., MR. THOMAS REYNOLDS, and others. Admission free.

There! No charge for admission either. The counterblasts of these British Solomons must be worth hearing.

Brad. British Solomons! British pumps, British prigs, British meddling, officious, fussy humbugs!

Stokes. Don't be angry. It will be good fun to see these solemn buffoons, and hear them, seriously, with grave faces, and probably under violent excitement, declaim in strong language attended with furious

gesticulation. In a scene on the stage they would make the people roar.

Brad. They make me savage. I hate all these impertinent Societies with their movements anti this, that, and the other, anti every practice, pleasure, and enjoyment of their neighbours—anti wine, beer, and spirits, anti Sunday excursions.

Stokes. You see, by the way, they have got a Committee.

Brad. Hang them, yes! We shall soon get bound hand and foot by a set of platform agitators—these not anti-humbugs, but the reverse; humbugs-anti. The next thing will be an anti-beef and mutton, or anti-butcher's meat agitation by the Vegetarian Asses. We shall have anti-racing societies, anti-hunting, anti-shooting and fishing, anti-theatrical, anti-pictorial, anti-poetical—

Stokes. Societies of the Philistines.

Brad. Brutes! We shall have anti-amusement associations; anti-billiards, anti-croquet, anti-cards, anti-dancing, perhaps even anti-football and anti-cricket: a set of leagues, altogether, anti-social, including perhaps, ultimately, an anti-matrimonial alliance.

Stokes. Well, you have already the monastic orders.

Brad. No, no; the anti-comfort and enjoyment fanatics of Exeter Hall have nothing of the monk about them. Publicity is what they like, not seclusion. Besides, they are specifically British; varieties of the British Snob. How foreigners must laugh at them, and at us for giving them any hearing!

Stokes. Well, if we listen to them; we too can laugh at them.

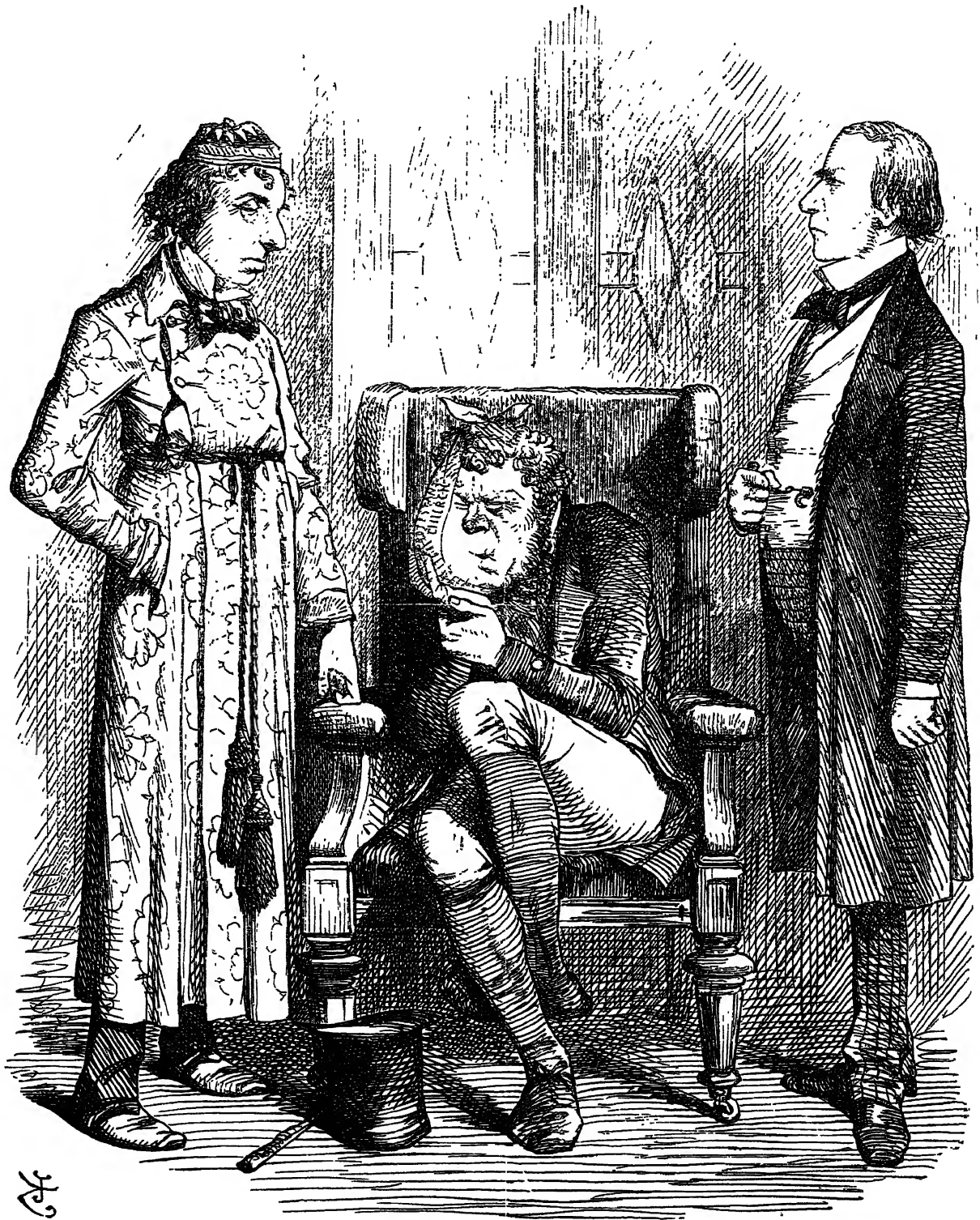
Brad. My good fellow, it's no laughing matter, when you find these coxcombs influencing legislation, and actually getting restraints imposed on your personal freedom!

Stokes. There's something in that. But don't grind your teeth.

(Conversation closes.)

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

1 We have every reason to believe that the next edition of the "Corn Flower Waltz" will be dedicated to MESSRS. BROWN & POLSON.



PADDY'S BAD TOOTH, OR DOCTORS DIFFER.

DR. GLADSTONE. "I SAY THAT IT OUGHT TO COME OUT AT ONCE!"

DR. BENJAMIN. "I'M DECIDEDLY IN FAVOUR OF STOPPING!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, March 16. Fourth and last night of what we have been calling the Irish Debate, but which in presence of certain facts to be mentioned presently, it may be convenient to distinguish as the MAGUIRE Debate. For it hath a sequel, which, moreover, may be even more memorable than what led to it.

Even as ROBERT BRUCE (they say) halted his entire army, at an important crisis, until arrangements could be made for the comfort of a Scottish matron whom Juno Lucina had visited at that inconvenient date (of course we don't believe a word of it) *Mr. Punch* delays his rush into the ranks of Hibernian battle, while he bestows a favouring and encouraging smile upon the Younger GLADSTONE, who to-night made his *début*, and acquitted himself as one worthy of his sire. His name being HENRY, we were happy

"To see young HARRY with his beaver off,"

and we wish him many a crowded hour of fight and fray, and all the honours to be won thereout.

Many men had hit out, GREGORY had remembered his swashing blow, and BRUEN had given a good hug, when the clock struck ten. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY translates a drama in which a bad man hears a clock strike ten—remembers that he heard a clock strike ten in his infancy, bursts into tears, and becomes a virtuous character for ever. We are not aware that anybody burst into tears when the clock struck on this occasion, but probably more than one person burst into a perspiration. For the Chariot of the Hour brought MR. GLADSTONE, and there was That in his eye which meant business.

It boots not (boot is from the Anglo-Saxon *Botan*, to profit, and hence the large profits of bootmakers) to detail the series of blows which he dealt at the policy and plans of the Government. Had he stopped after this, nobody would have been much hurt. But he brought to our mind a former master of Eton, who, having screeched reproof at an offending lad, added, "I've a great mind to flog you." Then, after a considerable pause, which gave the culprit much comfort, he would add, "And I will, too." MR. GLADSTONE drew down a tremendous storm of Opposition cheering by declaring that the time had come for Dis-Establishing the Irish Church.

["Dis-establishing," by the way, is a detestable word, but you must not say "subverting," because the Church is supposed to be able to stand without state aid—why not "divorcing"—for incompatibility of disposition of revenue?]

Then MR. GLADSTONE informed the PREMIER that unless his speech, for which we were looking, materially differed from the speeches of his colleagues, the Opposition meant not only to ask the Decided Opinion of the House, but to take a Practical Step.

Then we all looked at the PREMIER.

And he looked at us, as he stood at the table, and waited until the cheering of MR. GLADSTONE's side, and the answering cheers of his own men should have ceased.

It boots not to detail his sarcasm, and his counter-attack, in which he commented upon the conduct of those who demanded that in the first hours of his Ministry he should deal with a question of 700 years, a question which they, when in office, had never dared to touch. Here he made some good play. He had next to say something on behalf of Religion, and the desirability of connecting it with Government, and of having a Church to keep Faith steady. He denied that anybody but dissenters and "philosophers" opposed endowments. But this was his thunderbolt:

"I deny your moral competence to deal with the Irish Church without an appeal to the Nation."

He was for attending to necessary business, and would then cheerfully hasten to appeal to the enlarged sympathy of our countrymen, which fortunately last year's Reform Act had secured.

MR. MAGUIRE withdrew his motion, and the House went into the interests of Oysters and Mussels. Then it adjourned about two o'clock in the morning of Saint Patrick's Day. That Saint's anniversary in 1868 will be remembered.

Tuesday. The Commons had a great wrangle about the constitution of the tribunal to which Private Bills should be referred, and there was a division, but we should think that you don't want to hear anything about this. DODSON moved something, and then we got into a Fog.

The Anæsthetic Treatment of Church-Rate Bill was considered, as amended, and mind the last comma but one, as that shows the sense.

MR. BRUCE brought in his Education Bill, and explained it, but it was not to be pressed, if the Government scheme, to be set forth to the Lords by the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, were satisfactory. MR. BRUCE is for Compulsory Education, with Religion, but gives power to a parent disapproving of the instruction, to take his child away. Whereof more—and a great deal more—at fitting time.

Wednesday. Previous work having been awfully dry, to-day we got at the Liquor. MR. ABEL SMITH moved the Second Reading of his Bill about Sunday drinking. He proposes that all public-houses shall

be closed on Sunday, except from 12-30 to 2-30, in the day, and from 8 to 10 in the evening. No drinking on the premises.

MR. LOCKE opposed, believing that the working men did not need the legislation in question. So did MR. LABOUCHERE, who said that it had been urged that the women were in favour of the Bill, the fact being that it was the woman, in London at least, who drank the most, and that as soon as the husband had laid down the shilling for food, and gone off to his work, the wife went off to the public-house to drink gin with her gossips. This was his fancy sketch, and of course there was given an answer in the shape of another fancy sketch of crowds of women standing round their husbands at the gin-shops and begging for a share of the wages in order to buy food.

MR. GLADSTONE could not see that we ought to desist from our crusade against drunkenness, only because it was said to be on the decline. But he was unwilling to do the working-class good against their will. He thought well of a proposal for giving a six days' licence to such publicans as desired it.

MR. ROEBUCK was very indignant with the Bill, and asked its promoter whether, "when passing by his club on Sunday, he did not turn in to read *Punch* and take a glass of Sherry." We hope he does, as both are virtuous actions.

MR. HARDY, for Government, would oppose the measure, but would not oppose full inquiry into the question.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES supported the Bill, and pointed out that the club suggestion was not in point, a club being a private house into which no one could go but the owners, and the artisans were, with his full approval, forming clubs for themselves.

There was a good deal more talk, and there was much jeering, on both sides, at the petitions on the subject, those for the Bill being signed by women, Sunday-school scholars and the like under the influence of the clergy, and those against it, by the frequenters of the public-houses, and under the influence of the publican. Finally

The SPEAKER decided that by reading the Bill a Second Time, the House affirmed its principle, the Bill was read a Second Time, and sent to a Select Committee.

Thursday. The BISHOP OF LONDON made, as might be expected, a rational and moderate speech in presenting a petition from some Senators of Cambridge in reference to throwing open the Universities. The bishop epigrammatically said that the petition was not numerously signed, because the prayer did not accord with popular excitement on either side.

It is pleasant to turn from coarse politics to fine China. A singular discovery has been made at Bow. Evidence has been detected as to the manufacture there of English porcelain, and moulds have been found whence china now at South Kensington is stated to have been made. The Practical Geologists of Jermyn Street are charged with the matter, and report that MESSRS. BELL & BLACK, on whose property the discovery has been made, evince liberal willingness to make further research in the interests of English art. If any goose questions the ability of our departed potters, we shall henceforth be able to say Bow to the goose.

LORD MAYO introduced the Irish Reform Bill. This is the Tory Radical Reform for Ireland:—

1. No alteration in the county franchise.
2. Borough franchise reduced from £8 to £4—adding about 9,000 to 30,000.
3. Same lodger franchise as in England.
4. The boroughs of Downpatrick, Dungannon, Bandon, Kinsale, and Cashel to be disfranchised, and the seats to be given to the counties, and Portarlington to give up its seat to Dublin.

No Member spoke up against disfranchisement except MR. O'BRIEN, Member for Cashel, who protested, remarking that his borough was larger than many English boroughs which retained their men, and moreover was a classic borough, for it was the first place that had returned SIR ROBERT PEEL. But the Duke first sat for Trim, and where is Trim?

MR. GLADSTONE said that there were good principles in the Bill, but it did not go far enough with Extension.

Friday. A Railway Bill was explained by the DUKE OF RICHMOND. One of its features is compulsory—there is to be communication between passengers and guard. But it appears by figures that a railway carriage is the safest place in the whole world.

MR. GLADSTONE gave Notice that on the following Monday he would present the terms of a Resolution on the Irish Church. He hoped the Government would help him to a night; if not, he should do his best to take one. MR. BRIENT made an opportunity, in the course of the evening, of complimenting MR. DISRAELI on certain postal improvements, and of hoping that if he remained in office long enough, he would effect some more. Possibly the PREMIER thought he had enough to do in looking after his own post.

A WORD TO DOMESTICS.—A good servant should always be ready to "answer" the bell or the door, but never a master or mistress.



SENSATION NOVELS.

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAT BOOK YOU WAS READING."

Lodger. "OH, I TOOK IT BACK TO THE LIBRARY THIS MORNING, I——"

Mary. "OH! THEN WILL YOU TELL ME, SIR, IF AS HOW THE 'MARKIS' FOUND OUT AS SHE'D PISONED 'ER TWO FUST 'USBANDS?!"

A FRENCH MORALITY!

If anybody but *Mr. Punch* had said what he is going to say, anybody would not be believed. But from information which *Mr. Punch* has received through his own eyes and ears, he is able to make this startling assertion. There is now in performance at a London theatre a play taken from the French, in which there is ardent love, very stirring interest, and a sensation effect, and yet not only is there no offence, or suggested offence against morality, but the whole purpose of the play is to exhibit high principle, severely tried, but triumphant. We keep on reading and re-reading the above lines, they seem so absurd, but we are not writing in our sleep—*Mr. Punch* saw the play with his own fine eyes. Go and see the wonder for yourselves; the piece is called a *Hero of Romance*, and is performed at the Haymarket. MR. SOTHERN has the principal part, plays it with great finish, and executes a leap in the dark from which LORD DERBY would recoil; and MISS ROBERTSON, the heroine, is a great deal more than charming. MR. COMPTON has walked out of his line into another which he makes his own most artistically, and the Manager, who has nothing to do, manages, with the aid of an amazing get-up, to seem everybody. Two of the scenes are admirable paintings and building up. The play is very attractive, but the Miracle of Morals is what specially wins for it *Mr. Punch's* applauding smile. Is Gaul among the prophets?

Question for Railway Contractors.

MUCH interesting information has been elicited from SIR MORTON PETO before the Court of Bankruptcy in evidence touching the financial management of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. In connection with that subject, there is a question which does not appear to have been put to the honourable baronet. Does the firm of Peto & Co include among its partners any such gentlemen as *Bardolph, Gadshill, Pistol, and Nym*?

THE UNITED SERVICE.—Solemnisation of Matrimony.

DAME PARTINGTON AND HER MOP.

(An Oxford University Prize Poem, respectfully dedicated to the signers of a certain Address to a certain Archbishop)

DAME PARTINGTON stood on the shore,
As stern as old woman could be:
And her wonderful mop she bore,
With which to sweep back the sea.

Before her crept up the tide,
Behind her arose the towers
That rise in stately pride
Round Isis's mystic bowers:

To mask each yawning gap,
Where the rampart is crumbling down;
On her head was a trencher cap,
On her back was a Master's gown.

Proudly that gown she wore,
As one of her worth aware;
And her mop-handle bore
"Tests" carved in letters fair.

Now and anon she backed,
"High and dry," from reach of the brine,
To save her reticule, packed
With Articles Thirty-and-Nine,

In the which, as her ballast and stay,
And sheet-anchor she seemed to confide,
As in forcible-feeble way
She apostrophised the tide:

"If it's coming—let it come,
DAME PARTINGTON is here!
Wild waves might frighten some:
DAME PARTINGTON knows no fear!

"These waves may rise and roar,
And with weaker bars make free;
But e'er they flood *this shore*,
They've to deal with my mop and me!

"Through sand the brine might sop,
But 'tis rock on which I stand:
What I hold *looks* like a mop,
But it is a magic wand.

"Though Ocean come up like 'the bore,'*
It comes but to lick my feet—
The swifter its rise, the more
Precipitate its retreat!

"I trust to the Articles here,
This impious sea to stop;
I trust to the walls in my rear,—
But most I trust to my mop.

"And if the friends I serve,
From the raging and roaring deep,
Their walls wish to preserve,
They'll see that this mop I keep!

"For save this mop is nought
That trusted to can be,
'Gainst the wild wave of Free Thought,
And Inquiry's rising sea.

"DAME PARTINGTON is here
At her post to resist the main;
And if saucy waves come near,
To sweep 'em back again!

"But rob me of my mop,
And gone is my magic power;
My Articles I drop
For the wild waves to devour.

"My rock is turned to sand;
My towers and walls decay:
Free Thought is Lord of the land,
And sweeps Altar and Throne away!

"If your loaves and fishes you'd save,
And crozier and mitre a-top,
Sole barrier against the wave,
Uphold DAME PARTINGTON's mop!"

* The phenomenal tide-wave of the Severn.



APPEARANCES.

Plushington. "I say, STODGE, SINGULAR THING—YOUR LANDLADY ADDRESSED ME 'MY LORD' WHEN I ASKED IF YOU WERE WITHIN!"

Artist. "NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR FELLOW. IT'S YOUR HAT AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE! IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'LL ENCOURAGE THE IDEA. IT WILL GIVE HER CONFIDENCE IN ME, AND— EH?" [*Plushington will be delighted.*]

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A BISHOP.

THE following statement appears in a newspaper paragraph uncommonly well headed. Note, that the St. Barnabas Church to which it refers is that of Heaton, near Bradford, Yorkshire, not in Pimlico:—

"On a recent Sunday morning an elderly gentleman, who had been noticed as a stranger in the congregation, walked into the parsonage of St. Barnabas at the close of the service, and introduced himself to Mr. MITTON as DR. BARING, Bishop of Durham. He told the young clergyman that he had previously heard of his ability and worth, and had the pleasure of offering him the living of Bishop's Auckland (the parish in which the episcopal palace is situated), and which had become vacant by the appointment of the Rev. G. H. WILKINSON to the incumbency of St. Peter's Church, Westminster. Mr. MITTON, full of surprise and thankfulness, accepted the living, which is worth between £700 and £800 a-year, and will forthwith enter upon its duties."

The heading prefixed to this narrative is "REMARKABLE CASE OF CHURCH PREFERMENT." Capital! A good living given by a bishop, unsolicited, to a clergyman who is no relation to him, on the pure ground of personal fitness for its duties, constitutes, indeed, a case of Church Preferment which cannot but be considered very remarkable.

Crack Shots in Concert.

ON Saturday the 7th of March, tame pigeon shooting commenced. The members of the Gun Club assembled numerous in their enclosed ground, Shepherd's Bush, to partake of that truly sportsman-like recreation. Should those gentlemen, during the season, continue to meet on Saturdays for the purpose of popping at pigeons, they will give us reason to consider whether their *réunions* might not with propriety be called the "Saturday Pops."

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.—On the Organ.

SONG FOR THE SELECT COMMITTEE.

(On the Sunday Liquor Bill.)

SAYS a drunken artisan,
"Make me sober if you can,
Shut the public-houses up on blessed Sunday;
I shall just lay in a store
Of strong drink the night before,
And shall booze besides on Saturday and Monday.

"Beer would spoil, get flat and stale.
Go without my Sunday's ale
If I must, by Sabbatarian regulation;
Gin, you beggars, to be sure,
Overnight I shall procure,
And that won't produce the less intoxication.

"'Twill be but such moral coves,
As resorts to fields and groves,
When the Sunday gives 'em time for an excursion.
That your Sabbatarian laws,
Will to want refreshment cause—
But you won't make me abstemious by coercion.

"Public-houses if you close,
You'll shut Clubs up, I suppose;
Put the Swells upon a level with the Masses.
If you don't, just you look out—
I say mind what you're about—
You had better not insult the working classes."

AN ADMIRABLE PRECEDENT.

SAYS the *Inverness Courier*:—

"Last week Mr. GORRIE, editor of the *Orkney Herald*, was publicly presented with £100, subscribed by gentlemen connected with Orkney, including the EARL OF ZETLAND, Mr. DUNDAS, M.P., Mr. LAING, M.P., and many others, in appreciation of his editorial talents and usefulness."

We congratulate Mr. GORRIE, who instructs, if we recollect aright, about 67 islands—some called "Homes," because there are no homes on them—and we are much pleased with the conduct of Grand Master ZETLAND, and the other contributors. We should be happy to see the Orkney example followed; and a tribute of the same kind to Mr. *Punch* would be a delicate attention from gentlemen connected with the adjacent isle called Great Britain.

WELL! WHY NOT?

Bradford Barracks, Yorkshire,
March 18, 1868

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you rather an amusing incident which occurred near here the other day, and which you may think good enough to insert in your paper:—

SCENE—Interior of Fashionable Hairdresser's Shop. HAIRDRESSER about to Brush SWELL's Hair by Machinery.

Swell (perceiving for the first time the Screen attached to brush, nervously asks). What is that thing on there for?

Hairdresser. To keep the little 'airs from blowing hinto the face, Sir. *Swell* (thinks it a capital invention, but finds after a little that the hairs are worse than ever, and exclaims), Confound your screen, the hairs are all coming into my eyes.

Hairdresser (bowing with great politeness). But not into mine, Sir.

[*SWELL collapses.*]

Yours, &c., BOSH.

Generosity to Ireland.

JUSTICE to Ireland, Britons true,
You'll grant, and trust its healing action.
Giving her only what's her due,
D'ye think to give her satisfaction?

WAITING FOR REPORTS.

MOST Governments have had sins of omission to answer for, in their behaviour to Ireland, but the present Administration will also have laid to its charge sins of Commission.

AWKWARD REMINDERS.

(A Chapter from a New Political Romance.)

"I have been reminded in the course of this debate of expressions which I used five-and-twenty years ago. I could remind other gentlemen of the expressions they used on the same subject five-and-twenty years ago; but I do not much care for that sort of thing."

"Not care for that sort of thing?" said Mr. Punch, laying down the *Times*, and turning to a volume which lay on his writing-table. It was a punchy small 8vo, with two labels, the upper one inscribed "D'Israeli's Novels and Tales," the lower bearing the names of "Coningsby" and "Henrietta Temple."

Mr. Punch had only lately bought the volume, but he remembered to have read one of the stories in it when *Coningsby* first made a sensation. A quarter of a century had elapsed since then, and the dashing political novelist had transferred his powers of ingenious construction, fluent utterance, and daring invention, from the library table to the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons, where he now sat in the proud position of Prime Minister.

"Not care to be reminded of the expressions he used five-and-twenty years ago," repeated Mr. Punch, slowly turning over his *Coningsby*. "I don't wonder at it. It can hardly be pleasant, with the history of 1866 and 1867 fresh in men's minds, to be reminded how, in 1844, Young BENJAMIN DISRAELI wrote:—

"The principle of the exclusive constitution of England having been conceded by the Acts of 1837-8-9," said CONINGSBY, "a party has arisen in the state who demand that the principle of political liberalism shall consequently be carried to its extent; which it appears to them is impossible without getting rid of the fragments of the old constitution that remain. This is the destructive party; a party with distinct and intelligible principles. They seek a specific for the evils of our social system in the general suffrage of the population."

"They are resisted by another party, who having given up exclusion, would only embrace as much liberalism as is necessary for the moment; who, without any embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; and then will manage them as they find them as well as they can; but as a party must have the semblance of principles, they take the names of the things that they have destroyed. Thus they are devoted to the prerogatives of the Crown, although in truth the Crown has been stripped of every one of its prerogatives; they affect a great veneration for the constitution in Church and State, though every one knows that the constitution in Church and State no longer exists; they are ready to stand or fall with the 'Independence of the Upper House of Parliament,' though, in practice, they are perfectly aware that, with their sanction, 'the Upper House' has abdicated its initiatory functions, and now serves only as a court of review of the legislation of the House of Commons. Whichever public opinion, which this party never attempts to form, to duce, or to lead, falls into some violent perplexity, passion, or caprice, this party yields without a struggle to the impulse, and, when the storm has past, attempts to obstruct and obviate the logical and, ultimately, the inevitable results of the very measures they have themselves originated, or to which they have consented. This is the Conservative party."

"I care not whether men are called Whigs or Tories, Radicals or Chartists, or by what nickname a bustling and thoughtless race may designate themselves; but these two divisions comprehend at present the English nation."

"With regard to the first school, I for one have no faith in the remedial qualities of a government carried on by a neglected democracy, who, for three centuries, have received no education. What prospect does it offer us of those high principles of conduct with which we have fed our imaginations and strengthened our will? I perceive none of the elements of government that should secure the happiness of a people and the greatness of a realm."

"But in my opinion, if Democracy be combated only by Conservatism, Democracy must triumph, and at no distant date. This then, is our position. The man who enters public life at this epoch has to choose between Political Infidelity and a Destructive Creed."

"Thus, then," said MILBANK, "is the dilemma to which we are brought by nearly two centuries of Parliamentary Monarchy and Parliamentary Church?"

"This true," said CONINGSBY. "We cannot conceal it from ourselves, that the first has made Government detested, and the second Religion disbelieved."

The italics are meant to indicate, what it would be hopeless to attempt in description, the effect which Mr. Punch gave to these words as he read them. Let the reader imagine all that is most cutting in sarcasm, pointed in invective, and scathing in contempt, conveyed by the inflections of the most wonderful of human organs—an organ ranging from the deepest bass of virtuous indignation to the highest falsetto of screaming fun—and he will have some faint conception of the force given to these passages by Mr. Punch's reading.

England listened; and, as the voice of the admirable reader paused on the concluding sentence, burst into a guffaw that rang from John o'Groat's to the Land's End, from St. David's Head to Orfordness.

As the laughter died away, Mr. Punch's flexible voice was heard again,—“Is it indeed the truth that a Parliamentary Monarchy has made Parliament detested, and a Parliamentary Church has made religion disbelieved? Is it not rather clever Humbug and unprincipled ambition availing themselves of the emergencies of party, and the privileges of a Church, that have worked this feat?”

"*Voyons, Herr Spruch-Sprechher.*" So saying, he turned from his *Coningsby* to his *Times*, and read, with the same malicious but masterly emphasis, this extract from MR. DISRAELI's latest Defence of Establishments:—

"If you admit that it is wise to connect the principle of religion with government, the mind is naturally brought to endowment. It is the practical mode of carrying the system into operation. It gives a corporate character to the religious

principles which influence men. A Church—an ecclesiastical endowment—a Church, whatever its character—for when I use the word 'Church' I speak not only of the Church of this country, or even of the Roman Catholic Church, but of any body of religious men who have an organisation—such a Church steadies faith. It is a bulwark alike against incredulity and fanaticism, and I do not myself practically see how such a state of things can be carried on unless you adopt the principle of endowments. I should say this particularly with regard to this country, because the spirit of our legislation of late years has extended into so many subjects—into education, charity, the reform of criminals, and other matters—which it is utterly impossible to carry into effect unless the State has at its command the active and dignified co-operation of a body of men like the clergy, set apart for such noble and spiritual purposes."

Again the guffaw arose, more irrepressible than before. Punch waved his *baton*, and all was silence. "You have heard the Strophe," he said; "now for the Antistrophe." And he read from *Coningsby*:—

"The only consequence of the present union of Church and State are, that, on the side of the State there is perpetual interference in ecclesiastical government, and on the side of the Church a sedulous avoidance of all those principles on which alone Church government can be established, and by the influence of which alone can the Church of England again become universal."

"There is, I think, a rising feeling in the community, that parliamentary interference in matters ecclesiastical has not tended either to the spiritual or the material elevation of the humbler orders. Divorce the Church from the State, and the spiritual power that struggled against the brute force of the dark ages, against tyrannical monarchs and barbarous barons, will struggle again in opposition to influences of a different form, but of a similar tendency; equally selfish, equally insensible, equally barbarising."

By this time the feeling of outraged propriety had overborne the sense of the ludicrous, and there was no laughter from listening England.

"What! all amont?" said Mr. Punch. "Be not alarmed. That was the cockerel's note of twenty-five years since. It is not thus he crows now,—now that he uplifts his cock-a-doodle-doo from the steeple,—where he fulfils the appropriate function of weather-cock." And, turning once more to the *Times*, he read:—

"I am in favour of ecclesiastical endowments; I believe they have contributed greatly to the welfare of this country. I believe they are one of the greatest securities for civilisation, and I believe that they are beloved on the whole by the population of both islands."

"*Utrum horum mavis, accipe,*" said Mr. Punch, turning with light laugh, and ever-ready Latin, to Mother Ecclesia, in the venerable person of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "BENJAMIN is, indeed, the Angel of the Church, the 'Angelical Doctor' of these Evil Days; but tell me, Mother, for it is thine to split straws, and take distinctions between natural and non-natural senses, which reading of the oracle are we to be guided by?"

THE EASIEST OF WAYS AND MEANS.

LAY the lash of taxation on where you will its incidence is unpleasant. But different quarters are comparatively more or less sensitive; let the scourge cut into the less. There is one that should be so callous as to be incapable of suffering from any fiscal infliction, if truth inspired the proverb according to which "pride feels no pain." Now, therefore, BENJAMIN, read, and perpend the subjoined statement, which concerns the work of your situation:—

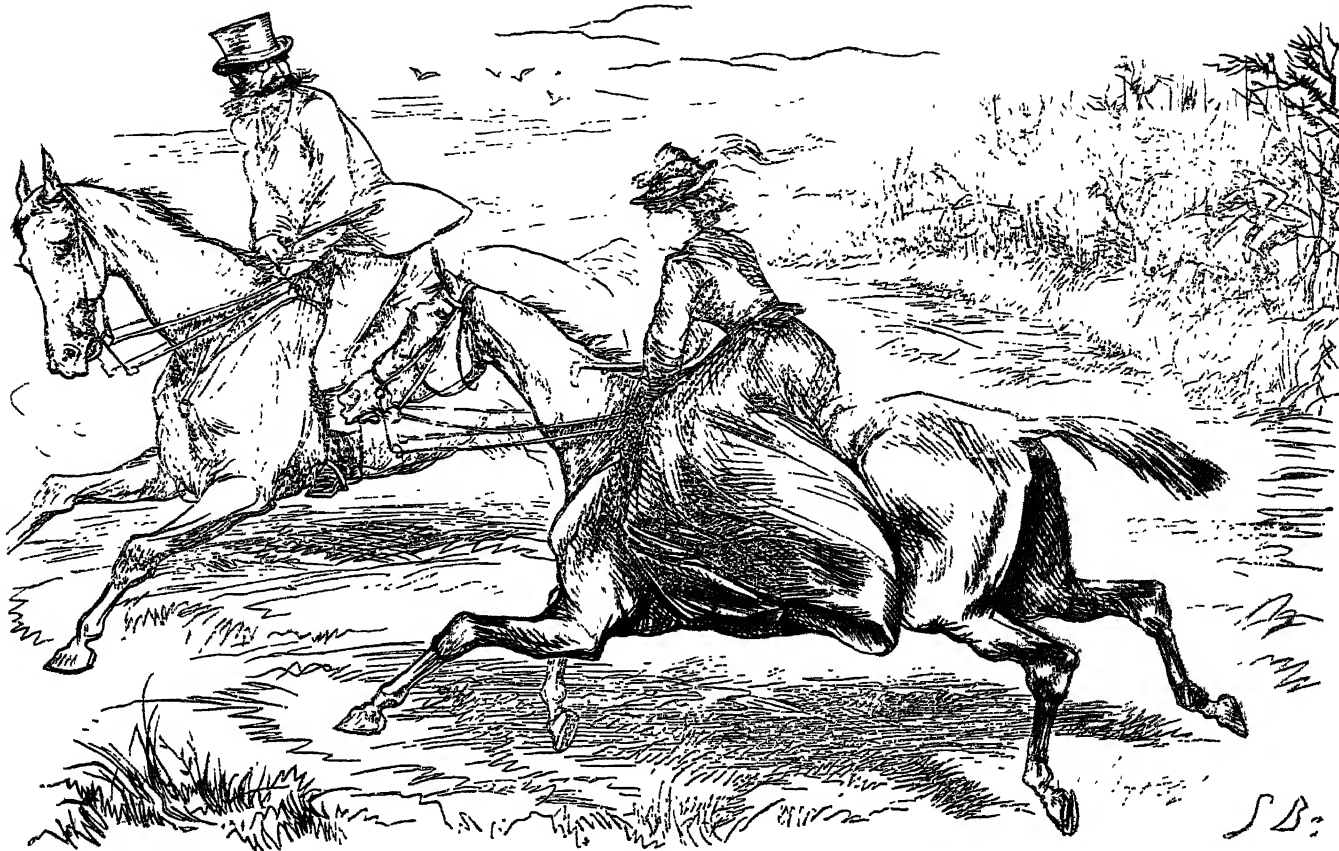
"ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—The number of persons using armorial bearings is constantly increasing. In the financial year 1855-56 the tax produced in Great Britain only £54,769; in the year 1865-66 it produced £85,024. A return which has been issued shows that in this last year the tax was paid by 55,603 persons; 15,077 of them, being persons keeping four-wheeled, two-horse carriages, paid a tax of £2 12s. 9d each, and the other 40,526 paid 18s. 2d."

Of course proverbs must be taken with large grains of salt. The pride that cherishes the "boast of heraldry" is probably not so entirely devoid of tenderness in the pocket that it would be altogether senseless of any expense it may be required to sustain; but it can stand a good deal. You see that it does, in paying the present tax on Armorial Bearings, which it pays willingly. Would it not, perhaps, stand a great deal more? Very likely; and then the question is, how high you would be able to screw that impost up without making people disuse the things that render them liable to it—as one would say if talking of matters concerning parties whom one could presume to call GARTER, CLARENCEUX, NORROY, & Co.,—without checking consumption.

However, there is an opposite plan, which might perhaps be successfully adopted, for raising the national wind by the scutcheon-tax. Everybody in these days can practically have a coat-of-arms if he will pay for it. Suppose the tax were considerably reduced. Might not the consequence prove to be a very large increase in the number of its payers? Is there not reason to expect that if you allowed the Public a reduction, they would more than make up for it by taking a quantity?

At any rate the tax on Armorial Bearings, as a source of revenue, has this immense merit that it is optional; and what can be fairer than that they who choose to bear arms should, at least rather than the single class of Income-Tax payers, pay for our battles?

* See MR. DISRAELI's Speech of Monday, March 16.



PUTTING IT MILDLY.

Miss Scramble (who has followed Major Crasher over big fence). "I SAY, JUST TELL ME, HAVE I HURT MY HAT?"
Major Crasher. "WELL, IT IS A LITTLE OUT OF SHAPE, PERHAPS!"

THE FIGHTING-COCKS.

HIGH WYCOMBE'S roaring Radical,
 Conservatism's glory:
 South Lancashire's keen Liberal,
 Old Oxford's model Tory!

Each on his foe's old dangle perch'd,
 Point spur, and ruffle feather, Cocks!
 Cock of the walk if one must be,
 Both of you are its weather-cocks.

If virtue were consistency,
 What casuist shall settle,
 Of these two doughty champions
 Which is "pot" and which "kettle"?

And yet there is one difference,
 At least, between your cases:
 It is that DIZZY has changed masks,
 While GLADSTONE has changed faces.

CHEESEPARING OFF ON THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

ALDERMAN LUSK, Member for Finsbury, and ALDERMAN CANDLISH, Member for Sunderland, can hardly know how wretchedly dull is the life of a poor officer of the British Army in a garrison town, otherwise they would never have objected in Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates to a vote of £3000 for officers' Billiard Tables. One would think that Finsbury and Sunderland must be both of them very illiberal constituencies to be represented by MR. LUSK and MR. CANDLISH. How could LUSK, an Alderman of the great Corporation of London, have been capable of such small economy? It is not so much to be wondered at in CANDLISH, who must be connected with the Savells.

A STYLE OF ITALIAN OPERA SUITABLE FOR RAILWAY COMPANIES.
 —The Opera Buffer.

AN EMPIRE IN BANKRUPTCY.

THE French empire will, financially, be soon in a nice fix, according to the balance-sheet which M. HORN has issued. Assuredly this Horn makes rather doleful music. Here, by way of a finale, is a sadly mournful strain:—

"The financial credit of France and her political credit are fallen lower than before 1852, and her internal condition is characterised by general embarrassment, which is turning to misery. To continue as we are is impossible, and there remains for France no choice between reform and bankruptcy."

Reform and bankruptcy! Scylla and Charybdis! Look either way he will, the EMPEROR can hardly find much pleasure in the prospect. What a tempest would arise from the stormy MARSHAL NIEL, if reform should take the shape of a reduction of the army! How would M. HAUSMANN rave at a Reform Bill which should clap a stop upon his organ of destructiveness, and check him in the costly work of pulling down half Paris! How would the lovely EMPRESS pout at a proposal to reduce her yearly pin-money, and to put her on a limited allowance of new bonnets! Yet, on the other hand, the EMPEROR would hardly like to figure in the Court of Bankruptcy. With all his strong ambition to be likened to his Uncle, he would scarcely wish to be discovered out at Elba. (Oh!) Will he then do penance in his balance-sheet, we wonder, and turn over a new leaf in the Imperial account-book? If he listened to the voice of wisdom, this would be his course: and if he would gain the good opinion of the world, his first act of reform should be to lessen his large army. Let him follow in the footsteps of his friend, MR. BULL, and the course which he pursues will cease to be the road to ruin. M. HORN shows him at present on the horns of a dilemma, embarrassed by the choice between reform and bankruptcy.

Correspondence.

THE Military Authorities have stopped all "drumming out of the Army." "What," asks NOODEL of us, "have the Horse-Guards to do with any drumming out of the Army, while to my own knowledge as a constant admirer of military bands, they still allow drumming in the Army. Are we under martial law?"



THE CHARITY SERMON.

Pet. "MA, LET ME HAVE SIXPENCE, TO PUT IN THE POOL!!"

IDEAS ON ADVERTISING.

(BY A WONDERING MIND.)

I WONDER what would be the effect on the circulation of that part of the Press which addresses itself to the educated Public, if it took to putting up, and posting about, such advertisements as these:—

READ THE TIMES. (Threepence.) Leading Journal.

SATURDAY REVIEW. (Sixpence.) Superior Class Censor.

PALL MALL. (Twopence.) A. 1. Evening Paper.

PUNCH! (Threepence. Fourpence, Stamped.) The Most Amusing Publication in the World.

I wonder whether any increase of readers which advertisements of that sort might procure a respectable paper would consist of instructed and thinking persons, or of other people.

I wonder if a Bishop will not tell me by-and-by that he has received a circular like this:—

Messrs. SPELTER & Co., Ecclesiastical Decorators, Plumbers and Glaziers, respectfully beg to invite the attention of the CLERGY to their SUPERIOR STAINED CHURCH WINDOWS, which they are prepared to supply GRATIS. Arrangements have been made by Messrs. S. & Co. with numerous Patentees, Manufacturers, and Mercantile Firms and Parties in Extensive Business, to execute Designs in Coloured Glass for their respective Advertisements, as of Bedding, Soap, Upholstery, Linendrapery, Cocoa, and Cod Liver Oil, &c. Messrs. S. & Co. propose to subordinate these ornamental devices to a higher purpose than that of secular profit, by rendering them available for the composition of those

"Storied windows richly light,
Casting a dim religious light,"

of which a fair pattern is exhibited at Westminster Abbey in a memorial window, representing the progress of the construction of a Railway,

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS!

Who killed the Cat?

"I," said ARTHUR OTWAY,
"If in rather a hot way,
I killed the Cat!"

Who'll weep o'er his grave?

"I," said RUSSELL, V.-C.,
(And KNOX, NORTH, DUNN with me)
"We'll weep o'er his grave!"

Who'll ring a joy-bell?

"I," said JOHN BULL,
"With a good heart I'll pull,
And I'll ring a joy-bell!"

PRESTIGE WITH A HOOK.

M. HORN, in his "sweet remembrancer" of a pamphlet, *Le Bilan de l'Empire*, addressing his fellow freemen, neatly says:—

"Debt alone sustains us, very nearly in the same manner as the hanging man is sustained by the cord round his neck."

Very nearly. This qualification is exquisite. By the enormous debt which France has been made to incur by the maintenance of "bloated armaments" for the glory of dictating to Italy, and keeping Europe in alarm, she is not yet quite hung up. But, adroitly suggests M. HORN, if she doesn't mind, she very soon will be.

A Fair Complaint.

SIR,—How dull Parliament is! I shall cease to take in the *Times* and other newspapers unless MR. WHALLEY does something worthy of his name. I really haven't had a single laugh out of him this Session. If Mr. Low Comedian in any other theatre was so utterly unworthy of his position, he'd soon be dismissed by the Manager. Why do not his Peterborough employers stir him up?

Yours,

ANTONY LOLLUP.

Lounge Club.

THE APPROPRIATION CLAWS.—A Pickpocket's Fingers.

and designed to illustrate the life and works of an eminent Engineer. Reverend gentlemen are particularly requested to consider the advantage they would find in substituting the reliable blazonry of commerce relative to GENUINE ARTICLES, TRUE CONVENIENCES and COMFORTS, and REAL LUXURIES, executed with scrupulous regard to positive fact, for grotesque and inartistic illustrations of the superstitious legends of the Middle Ages. Messrs. SPELTER & Co. trust that by the acceptance of their proposal to furnish sacred edifices with Pictorial Advertising Church Windows, they will be enabled to experience the gratification of combining Utility, Ornament, Sound Doctrine and Devotion, with Economy.

I wonder, indeed, but I shall not wonder, if I shall soon see churches whose windows are actually glazed with advertisements in glowing colours. That is what British taste appears to be on its way to when we behold illuminated posters lining all the approaches to a place for the performance of classical music; for instance, the Monday Popular Concert Room at St. James's Hall.

Fly not Yet.

At a meeting of the Aeronautical Society, it has been announced that a Member, named SPENCER, has flown; and that as soon as he shall have perfected his wings, will fly the length of the Crystal Palace, where, we suggest to our friend MR. GROVE, the flutterer had better be engaged. This is the first flying Spencer we have heard of since *Mawworm's*.

DEFINITION. (BY A QUAKER.)

Full Dress, an empty ceremony.

Answers to Correspondents.

Historical.—Yes, he was called OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, from having only eight notes in his voice. (*Vide another note in SINGER'S Shakespeare.*)
Pale Face.—No, we never heard of any such establishment as "The Convivial Hospital."

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER IX.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

WHEN GRACE awoke on the fourth morning she was surprised to find NUTT already up, and apparently engaged in placing lumps of sugar about the roof. In his hand he held a small cruet. To her inquiries, he merely said, "Wait, and you will see."

She waited for an hour, and NUTT hearing a slight scream, rushed to her.

"Oh!" she said, "I am very foolish, I know, but an enormous creature flapped up against the side, and took away some of the sugar. There—look—there he is in the water."

NUTT watched the living thing narrowly, and then replied, "I thought as much. That is the Pangoffin, or Mew-pig. It is only seen in the summer in this southern climate, and then but for a month. It is a great delicacy, and is almost if not entirely unknown in England,

and the more northern countries. It shows us, moreover, our exact situation. We are," he added, looking cautiously round, "Longitude sixty-seven by two and a half, latitude twenty-eight by ninety, and therefore we cannot be very far distant from the small cluster of islands known as the Parsongkor Daycoovert group. The cruet which I now hold in my hand contains common table salt. It is an excellent substitute for fire-arms."

GRACE was somewhat surprised at this, but urged him to continue his interesting conversation.

The poor Boomerang's eyes glistened at the implied compliment. Mastering his emotion with a cotton pocket handkerchief, he proceeded:—

"The sugar which you see I have placed about the roof will serve as a safe bait for the Pangoffins, who will alight and attempt to carry a piece away. That one just now succeeded only on account of your screaming."

"I will be more careful in future," said GRACE.

"When a larger one than usual has perched, I shall take the cruet, and extracting a dainty pinch of the saline condiment between my finger and thumb, I shall sprinkle it upon his tail. This operation



has a mesmeric effect, the bird staggers, and after a few feeble endeavours to regain his liberty, he falls and dies."

"You speak," exclaimed GRACE, in wondering admiration—"you speak, like a book." He was about to say something when,

"There," she exclaimed, suddenly, Look!

CHAPTER X.

EDUCATING A PARTY.

NUTT stepped forward, quietly, and in a second more had captured a fine plump Pangoffin, which had perched itself near a lump of sugar.

"You must pluck him," said NUTT, laughingly to GRACE.

The Lieutenant looked up for one moment. "You must examine him first, and pluck him afterwards," said the old man.

"He is thinking of his first army examination," whispered GRACE. "Poor Uncle! The events of the last few days have completely shattered him."

LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT was evidently not long for this world.

"The Pangoffin, you will observe, MISS MARCHMONT," said NUTT, "is something between a pig and a trout, and while it has all the exquisite fat of the turtle, possesses none of the coarseness generally inseparable from the flesh of a dirty feeder."

GRACE blushed.

"The tea-pot will serve us for a stew-pan, and while he is being cooked, distill the liquor through the spout into a tea-cup, which you will find will furnish your uncle with a nutritious soup."

"Let the stewed Pangoffin stand for an hour, then divide it into six equal parts."

"That will be one for each of us, and three over," said GRACE, who was already beginning to show an aptitude for abstruse calculation.

"True," replied NUTT. "One of the other three parts we will use for a different but not less useful purpose."

A groan from the sofa interrupted their conversation at this point.

It was the Lieutenant.

"He cannot last out two days," observed NUTT, after feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue. "However, I will prescribe for him."

So saying, he took one of the chairs, and turning it upside down, commenced unscrewing the little brass wheel on one of the legs.

This wheel he then rubbed gently with his pocket handkerchief, upon which it left a slightly greasy smear.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "let us never despair. Your uncle, unknown to us, has taken the sugar at which the first Pangoffin had a peck, and, as might have been expected, it has not agreed with him. Now for my remedy: each of these little brass

wheels contains a certain amount of oil, which from time to time has been rubbed into them, in order to render their transit across the carpet easy; this oil can be extracted, and being placed in a cup, will make excellent medicine for the Lieutenant. In the absence of a chemist's shop, these little wheel-casters, I think they are termed—will give us the nearest approach we can obtain to

CASTOR OIL.

The Lieutenant groaned.

"Quick! quick!" exclaimed GRACE, raising her Uncle up in her arms, "or it may be too late."

CHAPTER XI.

WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

PIEL DORNTON walked towards the window.

"It is a risk," he repeated, and pressed the papers which he held in his two strong hands.

"There are no witnesses; why not?" he said to himself.

Looking upwards he perceived the cradle: and started.

NO WITNESSES!

"The child is out late," he said, frowning. "Mrs. DIXON should be more careful. How does she know but that a high wind might—"

He paused.

Should he never be free?

The southern breeze which had hitherto rocked the cradle forwards and backwards, was gradually dropping, and in its place was springing up a stronger and sharper blast which, driving down from the north often visits the Benician country, sometimes in its fury tearing up trees, rending rocks, and carrying away men and animals for twenty miles with irresistible violence. This dreaded breeze is called the Azuwos. It was springing up now.

PIEL DORNTON gently undid the rope by which the cradle was suspended.

The wind blew fiercer.

PIEL DORNTON rang the bell. "Tell Mrs. DIXON I wish to see her."

With a heavy crash the cradle fell.

In a minute the frantic mother was kneeling by the side of her infant.

"Who has done this?" she exclaimed.

PIEL DORNTON passed down the garden on his way from the house.

"My dear Mrs. DIXON," he said, in his softest tones; "you left your baby on the top of the tree." She paused and pressed her brow.

He continued, quietly, "When the southern wind blows, the cradle is rocked, I know; but when that wind drops, and the Azuwos arises, the cradle, Mrs. DIXON, will fall, then down must inevitably come the cradle, the baby—"

"Aye, PIEL DORNTON," interrupted the woman, savagely, "AND ALL."

She was kneeling on the grass, with her baby clasped in her arms, and both hands stretched high above her head towards the starry sky.

PIEL DORNTON, papers in hand, passed on.

"MARY DIXON," he muttered, "You mean mischief."

But for the present, the WILL.

Turning the corner he entered the bank of MESSRS. CHEKK, DISS, COUNT, & Co., the great Benicia Agents.

What was he doing there?

CHAPTER XII.

IN BANCO.

THE Clerks received him.

"We were just closing," said old grey-headed MR. SNAGG, the Senior Cashier; "but pray walk in, MR. DORNTON. What can we do for you, Sir?"

"Cash this," replied PIEL DORNTON, presenting a cheque for two million six hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds.

"Will you have it now," inquired MR. CHEKK, "or wait until it is given to you?"

PIEL DORNTON preferred the former alternative. "I shall also require money for this," he added, presenting a formidable-looking document.

"The signature is a good one," said MR. SNAGG, smiling. "I don't think there'll be much difficulty about that. I will just make a memorandum of the transaction."

So saying the methodical old man drew out a neatly-bound ledger and made the following entry:—

"Paid to the REV. PIEL DORNTON on account of LIEUTENANT CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEONARD MARCHMONT's cheques to said account, and also on account of the aforesaid CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEONARD MARCHMONT's last will and testament, the sum of three million sterling, allowing the present price of Benician stock and discounting the same at 93½."

Here followed the date and the signatures for himself and the Partners.

And so PIEL DORNTON went back to his house the acknowledged HEIR of the late CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEONARD MARCHMONT.

The Directors (to the Editor) express themselves much pleased with the first illustration to the interesting novel, *Chickin Hazard*. They do not profess to know much of drawing, but isn't the house a little out of perspective? [Being bound by

the rules of the Novel Company to communicate with the Artist, and receive and publish both letter and reply, the Editor has great pleasure in announcing that he has received the following from the Artist. Ed.]

"Dear Eddy,—I will not be interfered with: if I am to draw at all, it must be with a free pencil. I'm glad the Directors like the picture, but if I am to do everything in perspective, why you must give me more space. Hang it, you give the Authors five times (I've measured it) as much room as you do me. Why shouldn't one number be only a picture; extra work, of course, requiring an extra honny-raryum. I don't know if this is the word, but in English I mean 'pay.' Yours, &c., 'The Artist.'

From the Authors.—The majority of the Authors have decided that the representation of the Boomerang is a mistake. A small minority (who dined with the Artist the night before—we've found that out) say it's excellent. You, as Editor, should tell the young gentleman that he must keep to our plan, or you'll get somebody else.

Note in haste from the Artist.—"Either my representation of the Boomerang is the one or not. If not, I won't do any more. Why should I go on drawing up to the Authors' ideas? I can't undraw the thing: I can withdraw though—and will. Let them make their confounded Boomerang suit mine.—Yours, The Artist."

Note by the Editor.—The Boomerang turns out to be—in disguise. I can't say more at present. * * * Since writing the above the Editor is happy to inform the Directors that a compromise upon most equitable terms has been effected. The recent illustration will be taken to represent the disguise, from which in future pictures the Boomerang will gradually emerge. And the Editor does hope that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any contretemps occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

From Directors to Editor.—Why don't you publish opinions of the Press? Puff it Sir, puff it.

Editor to the Directors.—The Press hasn't expressed any opinions. Don't tell me to puff it—you can puff it yourselves. I know my work.

The Editor begs to state he has received numerous offensive letters from the shareholders. It is not in accordance with the rules to publish them. Let all offensive communications be addressed in future to the Directors.

MORE FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chickin Hazard."

SIR,—

The drawing sent herewith requires some little explanations.

This morning, at 10.30 A.M., I had prepared everything necessary for the illustration of Part IV., which Part I expected to receive in manuscript at 10.35, according to promise. My models (male and female, including the individual whom I have engaged to sit for the Boomerang), my Reader, who deciphers MSS., and selects the subject, my Instructor in Navigation, my Tropical Ornithologist, and Entomologist, and the gentleman from Kew, who has kindly undertaken to coach me in the Benician Flora, were all waiting in my studio to help me in the execution of the required woodcut.

11 o'clock struck; no MS., but a telegram from one of the gentlemen connected with the Letter-press of *Chickin Hazard*, and suggesting a subject! I went to work immediately with all my staff. At 11.35 (just as I had finished the illustration) another telegram from another gentleman, which rendered a totally different composition indispensable.

I went to work once more. At 11.46' 19", another Telegram! and so on till 2 P.M.

I then made up my mind to choose my own subject; and that none should feel aggrieved, I have ventured to select for illustration an incident, which may possibly not be described in the Letter-press, but which nevertheless must force itself on the mind of the reflective reader; namely, GRACE's toilet on the roof of the ark.

I have endeavoured to show how, through the discretion and ingenuity of the Boomerang, GRACE is enabled to perform her ablutions, and put on her back hair as privately as if she were in the seclusion of her own Benician bower.

Trusting that the difficulties I had to labour under will prove a sufficient excuse for the liberty I have taken in thus acting on my own responsibility,

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

GASTON DE MALACHEIL.

Epitaph on a Barrack Cat.

(By COLONEL NORTH, M.P.)

THIS Cat of nine tails,
That set up nine wales,
Though a cat of nine lives
No longer survives,
But lies here with NORTH's wail
For each separate tail!

An Apology.

FOUR new Peers were announced. Three of them might as well be Peers as anything else; but the fourth, SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, is a scholar and an author. It is needless to say that the announcement was, in his case, a mistake. We apologise to the Peers-makers for having inadvertently suspected them of intending to include a celebrity in a batch of insignificancies. We ought to have known better.



BATTLE OF THE SPURS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

HABET!

1. THAT the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard being had to personal interests.
2. THAT it is expedient to prevent the creation of new interests.
3. THAT the QUEEN be asked to hand over to Parliament her interest in the temporalities of the Irish sees and other dignities.

That is the triple cord with which MR. GLADSTONE stood up, on Monday, March 23rd (*dies notanda*, colour chalk to your taste), and proposed to execute the Irish Church.

MR. DISRAELI, counsel for the Irish Church, Religion generally, Faith, the Altar and the Throne, and the Angels, procured stay of execution until the following Monday.

He next day wrote a letter to the Dartmouth Union (not the work-house of that delightful place, but a Society calling itself "National," of which LORD DARTMOUTH is Chairman), and said that "we had heard something lately of the crisis of Ireland." In his opinion

The Crisis of England is at hand!

"For the purpose is avowed, by a powerful party, of destroying that Sacred Union between Church and State which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilisation, and is the only security for our religious liberty."

Ere these lines reach the eyes of the Universe, *Mr. Punch* will have remarked, in a mild and Shakspearian manner,

"Now they are clapper-clawing one another."

Of course this is the beginning of the fiercest and most important fray which it has been his duty to record, and he feels impressed accordingly. But it is somewhat inconvenient to be always in hysterics. Moreover, although his convictions upon the propriety and expediency of removing the Irish Church are graven with a pen of diamond upon a tablet of adamant—diamond cutting diamond—he begs leave to refer the pensive public to his Cartoon for what he will venture to call, in cookery-book language, "the Same Another Way." There will be plenty of sesquipedalianism without his aid. Nevertheless, he knows how to do the big bow-wow at the proper time.

In the Lords, the CHANCELLOR explained his new Bankruptcy Bill. No person who reads *Punch*, and acts up to his teaching, can ever be in pecuniary difficulties, but the heathen may be interested in knowing that—

Imprisonment for debt is abolished.

But if, after judgment, Snip the tailor thinks you are bolting to Boulogne, he may set Snap the bailiff on you, and bring you before Snorum the judge, who may commit you in default of bail.

Only in open County Court is a man to be committed, and by the judge, instead of the present system of locking up a working man because a scoundrel tally-man has duped the wife into taking credit for trash.

But the County Court may arrest a Quarter of a debtor's earnings.

You may not make yourself a bankrupt, as now.

But you may, after twenty-one days after your advertisement that you can't pay anybody, no creditor interfering.

Scotch system of Trusts in Bankruptcy to be tried; that is, creditors choose any trustee they like to assist in the winding-up, and they may have inspectors over him.

No suspension of final discharge for more than three years.

After-acquired property to be available for creditors, after proper maintenance for family, and paying later debts.

County Courts to be the Bankruptcy Courts; but for London and twenty miles round, a Tribunal, which shall also have appellate jurisdiction over all bankruptcy.

The Law Lords discussed. LORD WESTBURY was strong for a big Chief Judge; LORD CHELMSFORD approved his successor's Bill; LORD ROMILLY advocated the cheap and simple way in which the estates of the dead are sorted in Chancery (clear your mind of cant; old Chancery jokes are gone by), and the Bill was read a Second Time.

"Time," says SHAKSPEARE, "is a Bankerout, and owes more than he is worth," so we hasten on to remark that (after the awful Irish notice) SIR JOHN PAKINGTON moved the Army Estimates. He wants Fourteen Millions of money, 138,691 men, says that recruiting has greatly improved, (it will improve still more, we hope, now that MR. OTWAY, whom we heartily congratulate, has carried his resolution against Flogging in the Army), and that the Enfields are nearly all converted into Sniders. We hope that the Militaire will repay to SNIDER the love that SCHNEIDER has for the Militaire. This allusion will puzzle posterity. Let posterity be puzzled. It will be, many a time and oft. For instance, what does TOM HOOD, the elder, mean by this:

"Burn the Brecks of meddling vicars
Picking holes in ANNA's Urns?"

Does posterity know that a vicar of the name of BRECKS insisted on defacing a monument erected by a widow whose Christian name was

ANNA? Shall it know that a very fast songstress in Paris has made a sensation by singing "*J'aime le militaire*"?

Tuesday. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH introduced the grand Government measure on Education. It has one very good feature, namely,

THERE IS TO BE A MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

The rest of the Bill is mild enough. There are to be grants for secular schools, but there is nothing compulsory about the measure. The Duke again administered his anodyne—we are not so far behind other nations. But, Duke, we are. You argue from sloppy and generalised statistics, against sound ones, and it is of no use prophesying smooth things to please the parsons. We ought to be ahead of all nations, instead of living in a fool's Paradise. However, the Minister is a gain, and once we get him, we'll work him.

The Commons discussed Licences to trade, and no doubt grievances are to be proved. But we can't relieve piece-meal. MR. GLADSTONE never loses a chance of letting the Publican know what the ex and future C. of X thinks of him. "Out of the seller of spirits, and out of what he sells," said MR. GLADSTONE, "it is our accepted conviction that we ought to get as much as we can." Which words will bear fruit in their season. Fine spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues, and we know who will touch up fine spirits by the issue of licences with fines.

MR. GLADSTONE's Bill for the Gentle Slaying of the Church Rate came in for its last stage, and after a feeble attempt to get adjournment, numbers 131 to 28, the Bill was read a Third Time, and passed with cheering. It is to be hoped that the PREMIER has signified to the Peers that the measure must be accepted, or the next will be worse. The child's rhyme indicates what the present Bill is, and what the future may be:—

"Here comes a Candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a Chopper to chop off your head."

Wednesday. Perfectly dull, except that MR. BERESFORD HOPE brought in a Bill about TANCRED's Charity. This TANCRED is not the hero of TASSO, or of MR. DISRAELI, but was a pig-headed old Yorkshireman of the last century, who left his property in what is called a charitable and Bounderby way. Without detailing the old donkey's caprices, except that two of them provided that deer should be kept up, and women excluded from his place, it may be mentioned that the Charity Commissioners propose to upset most of his nonsense; and that this Bill, which was to perpetuate some of it, was thrown out.

"Ed, oimè, grida, è qui TANCREDI ucciso."

Thursday. On the motion of EARL STANHOPE, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act,—the Act (it may be necessary to inform the *post nati*) which was typified by *Mr. Punch* in the immortal Cartoon of LORD JOHN RUSSELL who wrote "No Popery" on CARDINAL WISEMAN's door, and then ran away. It was a Protest, however; and now Protest-ants can afford not only not to mind whether the POPE calls a clergyman Bishop of Holborn or Bishop of Hippopotamus, but to be glad that any effort is made in behalf of any respectable sect of Christian religionists.

A Vote for Volunteers, not nearly liberal enough, was taken, and there was a debate on the Bribery Bill, which went a little way. Then came the Mutiny Bill, and MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS, hindering it, was told by COLONEL STUART KNOX that he was talking nonsense, and on making a lumbering sort of remonstrance was ordered by the SPEAKER to confine himself to the question. MR. OTWAY—we are happy to repeat it,—carried by 152 to 127—his motion against administering to soldiers the punishment which should be reserved for, and most lavishly bestowed upon ruffians who commit crimes with violence.

"Descend, ye Nine, descend and sing,
Till soldiers' cheeks with triumph flush:
Descend, ye Nine, descend and sting,
Till ruffians' hides shall redder blush."

Friday. EARL RUSSELL, afraid that England and America are growing too affectionate, did what he could, by a recapitulation of his own mistakes during the Rebellion, to cool down the feelings of the former, and bring her back into an attitude of "proper pride." But the chill fastened upon his own amiable endeavour.

Miscellaneous talk—clever speech by MR. GREGORY on the British Museum, good one by MR. DISRAELI, who has a Bill ready for the Extrusion of the Beasts—debate on Compulsory Pilotage: the ship-owners said to like the present system, because, if they have a compulsory pilot, they are exonerated from liability; the Trinity House inclines to a voluntary Palinurus—an interesting Indian debate, LORD CRANBORNE protesting against a protest by the Viceroy, who accused him of discrediting English rule—complaint that the Fenian editors in the Irish gaol are not allowed the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News*: they ought to be allowed the latter, as *Nothing in the Papers* would open their minds wonderfully to grand truths and true morality.

But the event of the evening was the Government answer to the GLADSTONE challenge. The PREMIER, like *Lara*, will not "wait for their assault," but proposes to charge for himself, so LORD STANLEY's

spur of fire is to head a rush upon the enemy. He moves an Amendment (which must be voted on first) to the effect that, "though Modification in the Temporalities may, after pending inquiry, be expedient, any proposition tending to Disestablishment ought to be left to a new Parliament." The manœuvre has brought down a storm of wrath, but if the affair of the Cocks is a battle for place, all is fair in war, and if an affair of principle, and the House is in earnest, MR. DISRAELI might as well try, as DICKY SUETT said, to bolt a door with a boiled carrot.



CANINE.

Pet. "MA, DO SPEAK TO GEORGE. HE SAYS I MUST BE A MONGREL, 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT A BLACK ROOF TO MY MOUTH!!!"

HOLIDAY WORK AT HULL.

THE numerous Sabbatarian readers of *Punch* will rejoice greatly in perusing the subjoined glad tidings:—

"FINED FOR SELLING FISH ON A SUNDAY.—At the Hull Police Court, on Tuesday, a fish-hawker was summoned on the information of a police constable for having sold some plaice on a Sunday morning. The officer said he saw the defendant sell the fish on the east side of the Humber dock basin. Defendant admitted that he had sold sixpennyworth of plaice, but he was a poor man, and did not know that he had done any more wrong than a smack-owner who had sold his £10 worth of fish. Defendant was fined 5s. and costs."

A fine of five shillings may seem a slight punishment for the crime of selling fish on a Sunday. But perhaps the criminal convicted of that enormity at Hull could not pay. He said he was a poor man. Not paying his fine he would have been sent to prison. Very likely he was. Our Sabbatarian friends may cherish the thought that he had a week's low diet and hard labour in the House of Correction.

It is satisfactory to see, as in this instance, Sabbatarianism vindicated pure and simple. When a tradesman is fined for keeping his shop open on a Sunday, it may be said that he is punished principally for an offence committed against other people, the assistants, or servants whom he deprives of their lawful rest. But the penalty imposed on a hawker for desecrating the Sabbath by labouring in his vocation, is punishment inflicted simply and solely for the offence against the Sabbatarian religion. The hawker is punished for nothing more than desecrating the Sabbath personally, by himself. This is religious liberty—the liberty to enforce religious observance.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.—He grinds his organ in the street. I grind my teeth in the house.

AN OXFORD MISERERE.

"By the Statute passed in Congregation at Oxford on Saturday last, Undergraduates are allowed to reside in lodgings during the whole of their University course, without having their names entered on the books of any College or Hall. A strong but ineffectual fight was made by the Conservative party in Congregation to throw out the statute, or hamper it with restrictive conditions. It remains to be seen whether they will be more successful, by aid of the non-residents, in Convocation."—*Oxford Intelligence*, March 26.

UPON us is come the abomination—
Anathema sit—of desolation!
Here's treason triumphant in Congregation,
And small hope left e'en in Convocation—
Miserere!

Here's JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, that pestilent prater—
Sapping and mining—a turn-coat traitor!—
To let loose in a rush on his *Alma Mater*
The lava-flood from Dissent's foul crater—
Miserere!

While Truth's well-water—that *aqua fortis*—
Applied as a solvent in Church and Court is!
Till sound old Faith rare as sound old Port is,
And our Articles are in *articulo mortis*.
Miserere!

With *Comtist* oxides Church-fetters are crusted,
And RENAN rots what MANSELL had rusted:
While GLADSTONE, the bulwark that once we trusted,
Has "caved in" a-top, and at bottom, "busted,"
Miserere!

Gone the test of the faith—our Thirty-nine Articles!
Ecclesiae corpus a chaos of particles!
While the matricide's crime a godless bar tickles,
Which COLERIDGE's poisons calls wholesome "cathar-
ticals"—
Miserere!

Gone the test of the purse—our College system.
Poor scholars brought back—as if Oxford had missed 'em!
And Church-Militant told to her service to twist 'em,
While she's robbed of the shillings with which to enlist
'em!
Miserere!

Gone the test of manners—the hob-and-nob-ery
Of tufts and tutors, which sinners call snobbery;
Each common-room a scene of bobbery!—
And Dissenter's schism-shop, or "corroborie."*
Miserere!

As if, with Church feuds (*primæval* and *medi*)
Our CONGREVES and CONINGTONS hot and heady,
Our RAPEES rash, and JOWETTS unsteady,
We hadn't schisms enough already!
Miserere!

When the Universities are turned "National,"
That is Latitudinarian and Rational—
With a Broad Church by its new lights to fashion all,
And a STANLEY and MAURICE to play the—dash and all—
Miserere!

* See, for a description of this dance of naked savages painted black and white, (what a type of Oxford under the new regime!) the *Journals of the Australian progress of his Royal Highness the DUKE OF EDINBURGH*.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

"FLORENCE and her Memories." (Such is the attractive title of a lecture announced for delivery at Exeter Hall. Several questions suggested themselves on reading the placard. What Florence? Whose Florence? Why FLORENCE, rather than MARIAN, or EMILY, or AUGUSTA? What is the nature of her "Memories?" Engagements? Conquests? Triumphs? Parties? Rivals? Defeats?—Will the lecture be followed by others of a similar description? After "FLORENCE and her Memories," shall we have "CLARA and her Confessions," or "ROSE and her Revelations"?)

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OLD CLOTHES SHOP.—"Nothing New."



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

First Swell (on foot). "NOT SOLD HIM YET, THEN, FWED?"

Second Swell (mounted). "NO, CAN'T GET MY PRICE; NO, FACT IS, 'HAVE THREE FELLOWS COMING TO DINNER ON THURSDAY. WE'RE GOING TO EAT HIM! WILL YOU COME?!"

First Swell. "THANKS—SORRY I CAN'T. ENGAGED TO DINE OFF A FAMILY PONY OF RAGGLES'S!!"

AN "OFFICIAL ENGLISH" DICTIONARY WANTED.

THE art of calling a spade a spade seems sadly out of fashion with our Poor-Law Inspectors. Instead of swallowing their squeamishness, and speaking in plain English, and telling us plain truths, they use fine official language to veil in some degree the horrors they discover, and which it is their duty plainly to disclose. Their official English teems with euphuistic epithets, which no unofficial dictionary can help us to translate. For instance, who could guess that "insufficient" and "inadequate" meant half what is ascribed to them by MR. ERNEST HART?

"'Inadequate' and 'insufficient' stood for the evils which had been exposed in connection with the Bedminster Union, the scrubbing of black gangrened hands in mistake for dirt, the holding a patient's hand against a place hot enough to ignite a match, and a number of other cruelties, only prevented from being inquired into by the resignation of the master and principal officers, and to his (MR. HART'S) mind the Poor-Law Board too often connived at the quashing of an inquiry, which, although it might cause a scandal, would show where the weak points were. But if there were no official inquiries the accidental inquests brought to light the evils. Quite lately inquests had been held on paupers 'done to death' in provincial work-houses, and one showed how a child was killed by being placed in scalding water, and then having the blisters rubbed off with a towel. These were some of the facts which would help the Poor-Law Board to a translation of the words 'inadequate' and 'insufficient' in their inspectors' reports."

Or who, without the help of MR. HART'S translation, could have imagined that fine phrases, like those he further mentions, veiled such terribly foul facts?—

"Thus, 'want of classification' meant that people with bronchitis were put in beds with people with the itch, as at Bury Union; it meant the aggravation of the sufferings of the sick, in short, by neglect of the most cruel and indescribable character; 'insufficient attendance' meant no labelling of bottles, neglect of giving to the sick their proper diets or at the proper times, leaving the sick to their own help or no help at all, the mixing of the convalescent sick who needed rest and quiet with the noisy lunatic."

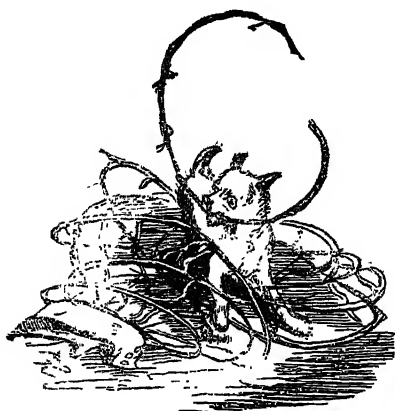
As language was invented to conceal our real thoughts, so fine official language has likewise been invented to hide the real facts. But

far better sicken people by telling them plain truths, than gloss over evil doings which are sure to bear ill fruit. Clearly our Inspectors, if they are to be of use to us, must learn to write in language which we can understand. Otherwise, the Poor-Law Board must issue a new phrase-book, in which "official English" will be put into plain Hebrew, or something else approaching to our mother tongue.

NONSENSE PROVERBS.

WHAT 's in the pot mustn't be told to the pan.
There's a mouth for every muffin.
A clear soup and no flavour.
As drunk as a daisy.
All rind and no cheese.
Set a beggar on horseback, and he will cheat the livery-stable keeper.
There's a B in every bonnet.
Two-and-six of one and half-a-crown of the other.
The Insurance Officer dreads a fire.
First catch your heir, then hook him.
Every plum has its pudding.
Short pipes make long smokes.
It's a long lane that has no blackberries.
Wind and weather come together.
A flower in the button-hole is worth two on the bush.
Round robin is a shy bird.
There's a shiny lining to every hat.
The longest dinner will come to an end.
You must take the pips with the orange.
It's a wise dentist that knows his own teeth.
No rose without a gardener.
Better to marry in May than not to marry at all.
Save sovereigns, spend guineas.
Too many followers spoil the cook. (N.B. This is *not* nonsense.)

FASHIONABLE DEFORMITY.



CONSIDERING that the month is not November, Guys are plentiful in Paris. Else we should not see recorded such freaks of dress as this :—

"The latest novelty is a puff petticoat, which sticks out in a bunch, and causes the 'female form divine' to look rather like the Gnathodon or Dodo."

Strange are the mandates of the fashionable modistes! Here is Beauty ordered to put on the outward seeming of Deformity, and Youth and Loveliness disfigured in a manner to resemble old decrepit Mother Bunch! Beauty, unlike Charity, must be "puffed up" a little, if it follows the new mode.

To MRS. HUMPTY, or MISS DUMPTY, this may matter very little; but surely ladies of good figure are much to be condoled with, when an ugly fashion robs them of the charm of a fair shape. Women are a *race moutonnière*, we know, in blindly following the fashion; else we should say that ladies who wear dresses, deforming them like Dodos, must really be great geese.

PADDY'S NEW PICTURE-BOOK.

'Twas a sight Saxon eyes to bewilder
JOHN BULL saw through PAT's cabin-door;
PAT, enjoying a pipe with the "childther"
Round his knees clustered close on the floor.
The boys, with their keen Celtic faces,
The girls, with their sweet Celtic eyes,
And lithe limbs, whose natural graces
Defied tattered linsey and frieze.

By the hearth sat the wife at her stocking,
With her needles in rhythmical play,
While her foot kept the rude cradle rocking,
Where a rosy young Celtikin lay.
From the brown hearth the turf-reek ascended
With the blue curls of Paddy's *dudeen*,
And cool light, and warm shadow were blended
On the prettiest group ever seen.

PAT was busy, but not upon treason—
Nor pike nor revolver was there—
With a wide-open volume his knees on,
Whose title JOHN read, printed fair:
"Irish history—People's edition—
Eighteen sixty-eight—volume two"—
Volume one, all of wrong and sedition,
On the hearth, burnt to ash, smouldered blue.

Round the new volume, cheap, but clear-lettered,
The children pressed close to his knee,
And the father's slow spelling was bettered
By his babes, 'enter scholars than he.
He might trip in his moods and his tenses,
But the import they caught in the rough;
For those bright Celtic wits and keen senses
E'en half-uttered words were enough.

But the pictures! Ah, there was the glory
Of the book, to old listeners and young!
'Twas they gave a point to the story,
And a glow, in advance of it, flung,
That lit the dark cabin with splendour,
Like the outburst of sun after rain,
Till from hard the old faces waxed tender,
And the young more of youth seemed to gain.

For frontispiece, England and Erin
Crowned with shamrock and oak seemed to stand:
With Justice her sheathed sword bearing,
And her scales, even-poised, in her hand.
And facing this picture of union,
The Heir of the Crown of the Isles,
While Erin, in loyal communion
Of creed and class, brought him her smiles.

A page further on, 'twas a prison
Where law-breakers sat, but the sun,
The great sun of Justice, new-risen,
Had blent "green" and "orange" in one.
By an Irish-American plotter,
A Downshire grand-master I saw—
And Ascendancy's pillars a-totter
By the firmly-based columns of law!

And the same sun of Justice whose beaming
No foul party colours could smirch,
A few pages further, its gleaming
Had spread from the Cell to the Church.
And in its fair radiance were clustered,
Unhindered, the Protestant few,
While the Catholic myriads mustered,
To receive, not their dole, but their due.

No longer sly slave and hard master,
Like lions with lambskins at play,
Walked Popish and Protestant pastor
And worshipper, each his own way.
And there Irish landlord and tenant,
By fair-dealing no longer foes,
One grown honest, the other turned element,
Made the waste places bloom like the rose.

For that new light of Justice in Heaven,
Was reflected by strange light on earth,
As with new peace new plenty was given,
Where lately reigned hatred and dearth.
These things in the new Irish history
That PAT showed his children, JOHN saw;
A morality 'twas—not a mystery—
And JOHN shouted ERIN-GO-BRACH!

THE FUTURE LOUNGE. (1870.)

ADELA TO EMMELINE,

I CANNOT write any more at present, dear, as I have only an hour and a half left for dressing for the Drive on the Thames Embankment. The trees are all out now, reminding one of the charming Champs Elysées, and the river has lately been scented with some delicious perfume. The promenaders are not allowed by the Police to bring ever such tiny bottles to be filled in the river. TOM has a beautiful Gondola, and the Life Guards' Band plays on the Westminster Pier in the afternoon.

In haste, your ever affectionate,

ADELA.

P.S. Papa has now taken one of the new flats, so address to—
3, Buccleugh Terrace, Embankment Avenue.

"The Crisis of England."

VEIL of Isis! what's a crisis?
Double pull on Whip's devices,
Talk in vein of KING CAMBYSES,
Spouters shouting into phthisis,
Independents raising prices,
Ladies' gallery cooled with ices,
Caves emitting sly advices,
Bets like "juvenile LORD DICE's,"
This is what he calls a Crisis,—
Brothers—*tenebris risus*?

All the Difference.

IN the future disendowment of the Irish Church, among other difficulties, there will be the case of MR. GUINNESS, who did so much for St. Patrick's Cathedral. So, at the outset, the question is in this instance less of pounds than of guineas.

A PISCICULTURAL FENIAN.

THE *Limerick Chronicle* describes a "torpedo" found a short time since in an upper room which had been the lodging of a gentleman named MURPHY. MR. MURPHY is a reputed "Head Centre." His torpedo appears to have been a Fenian fish out of water.

A MUMBLE.

"AZZILLA." Query, As ELLA?

CAUTION TO CLUBS.—You had better get the Select Committee to smother SMITH's Sunday Liquor Bill. Those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.

GUESSES AT THE CATALOGUE.

Guess at the Motto. "Look here, upon this picture, and on this"

Hamlet, a play by Shakespeare.

473. Dressing for Church *J. E. Millais, R.A.*
 "I chose not her, my heart's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
 In gems and garlands proudly decked,
 As if themselves were things divine."
474. The Wooing o' t *T. Faed, R.A.*
 "Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Looked askient and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
 Ha, ha, the wooing o' t."
475. Tancred and Argantes *Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*
 "The shock that dashed
 Each steed to earth, where each in anguish gnashed
 Its teeth, and shrieked its noble life away,
 Scarce bowed their haughty heads. They, unabashed,
 Sprang lightly up, war's perfect masters they,
 Drew the gold-hilted swords, and stood at desperate bay."
476. The Collar of Malachi *D. MacLise, R.A.*
 "Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold
 That he won from her proud invader."
477. Procession at the Consecration of the First Temple. *S. Hart, R.A.*
 "Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays
 With priests' and warriors' voices between."
478. The Witches' Warp and Woof *Gustave Doré,*
 "See, the grisly texture grow,
 'Tis of human entrails made,
 And the weights that play below
 Each a gasping warrior's head."
479. Life upon a Cast *A. Elmore, R.A.*
 "When maidens listen
 To burning words, with eyes that listen,
 And lips that saying, mean not 'Nay.'"
480. The River's End *T. Creswick, R.A.*
 "As a bright river that from fall to fall,
 In many a make descending, bright through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
 In one full lake of light it rests at last."
481. Jaques departs to visit the Duke *J. R. Herbert, R.A.*
 "To him will I. Out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learned."
482. Serena as Ariel at the Earl's Moorish Ball. *W. P. Frith, R.A.*
 "If sweet Serena, on this signal night,
 Shine the first idol of the public sight,
 If gallantry's first eyes pronounce her fair,
 By the sure sign of one unceasing stare,
 The die is cast—he weds—the point is clear;
 She cannot slight the vows of such a Peer."
483. The Murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou *E. M. Ward, R.A.*
Prince. I am your better, traitors as ye are.
King Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [Stabs him.
Gloicester. Sprawl'st thou, take that to end thy agony. [Stabs him.
Clarence. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Stabs him.
Q. Margaret. O, kill me too!
484. Sea and Shore *J. C. Hook, R.A.*
 "The bridegroom sea
 Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
 And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
 Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
 Then proud, runs up to kiss her."
485. Bishop Burnet ordering the raising the sides of the galleries in St. James's, Piccadilly *J. C. Horsley, R.A.*
 "When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames,
 Who worship (they think) in the Church of St. James,
 Were content on their lovers kind looks to bestow,
 And smiled not on him as he bellowed below."
486. Psyche *F. Leighton, A.*
 "Though ne'er to mortals bliss was given
 Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
 Here's the only face in Heaven
 That wears a cloud amid its joy."
487. Royal Obsequies *P. Calderon, R.A.*
 "When a prince to the fate of a peasant hath yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim lighted hall,
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute round the canopied pall.
 Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming,
 Through the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,
 And down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall."
488. The Vision of the Sea *R. Ansdell, A.*
 "Where
 Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay
 One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
 With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
 Stain the clear air with sunbows. And near this commotion
 A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
 The fin-winged tomb of the victor."
489. Conjugal Love in the Middle Ages *H. S. Marks.*
 "Then wold I say, 'Now good left, take kepe
 How meekly looketh Wilkin oure shepe.
 Come now, my spouse, and let me be thy cheke.
 What alleth you to gratchen thus and groant?'"
490. A French Aristocrat before the Revolutionary Tribunal. *H. O'Neill, A.*
 "He dropped his mantle, tore aside his vest,
 A ribbined cross was on his knightly breast.
 It covered scars. He declined no more reply,
 None, but the scorn that lightened in his eye:
 He kissed his cross, and turned him to the door—
 An instant, and they heard his murderers roar."
491. A Knight well armed *V. Prinsep.*
 "As a knight should gaze Count Otto gazed,
 When Bertha in all her beauty blazed,
 As a knight should hear Count Otto heard,
 When Liba sung like a forest bird;
 But he thought, I ween, about as long
 Of Bertha's beauty or Liba's song
 As the sun regards the clouds that play
 Round his radiant path on a summer day."
492. Loyal Sir Byng *G. D. Leslie, A.*
 "Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing.
 And pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest men droop,
 Marched them along, fifty score strong,
 Great hearted gentlemen, singing one song."
493. Eclipse of the Reformation *W. F. Yeames, A.*
 "When persecuting zeal made royal sport
 With tortured innocence in Mary's court,
 And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
 Enjoyed the show, and danced about the stake."
494. Kailyal on the Car of Jaga-Naut. *E. J. Poynter.*
 "Now bring ye out the Chariot of the God—
 The Maid of perfect form and heavenly face,
 Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride,
 Upon the bridal car.
 The ponderous car rolls on and crushes all,
 Through blood and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.
 And all around, behind, before
 The bridal car is the raging rout,
 With frantic shout and deafening roar,
 Tossing the torches' flames about."
495. Ocean Nymphs *W. B. Frost, A.*
 "Where
 Down, through tress-lifting waves, the Nereids fair
 Wind into Thetis' bower, by many a pearly stair."
496. Harmonies *J. A. Whistler.*
 "Who sees not music's colour hath no ear,
 Who hears not colour's music hath no eye."
497. "Only Eleven to the Holidays." Salette *J. Durham, A.*
 "The indented stick, that loses day by day
 Notch after notch, till all are cleared away,
 Bears witness, long ere his dismantled come,
 With what intense desire he wants his home."
498. Marble Group The Genius of Convocation, clutching with either hand the Bishop of Natal and Mr. Mackenzie, stamps upon the Dean of Arches, and flings himself upon the bosom of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is sustained by Faith, Hope, Charity, and Mr. Punch, and by his contempt for the entire business *Punch, P.B.A.*



LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.

(FOR FOXHUNTERS ONLY.)

Non-Sporting Man. "WHY, BOB, OLD FELLOW, HOW WRETCHED YOU LOOK! AND WHAT ARE ALL THESE BOOTS AND THINGS ABOUT FOR?"

Bob. "WELL, THEY'RE GOING TO BE PUT AWAY TO-MORROW FOR SEVEN MONTHS. ISN'T THAT ENOUGH TO MAKE A FELLOW LOOK WRETCHED?"

AN EXPLOIT IN ABYSSINIA.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

THE personal prowess of our countrymen is very remarkable. It is wonderfully exemplified in the exploits which, when occasion takes them to India and other partially civilised or uncivilised countries, they are wont to perform upon the natives. In particular, they are uncommonly good hands at kicking those who offend them. You may call this an Irishism. Never mind. Thinking of that, reminds us to say that, amongst those countrymen of ours who are especially wont to astonish the natives by the feats of the foot abovenamed, we by no means intend not to include, but, on the contrary, do somewhat expressly class Irishmen. It would not at all surprise us to learn that the following narrative was penned by a hand, of which, in national parlance, it might be said that the natural weapon is the shillelagh:—

"Before leaving Ad Abagha we had rather an amusing episode with the natives, which might, however, have proved costly. Being averse to start at so early an hour as seven o'clock, we did not strike our tents till after the troops had left, and were left alone in our glory on the top of the hill. A crowd of the Aborigines, on plundering bent, rapidly collected, and the eyes of an Argus, and the hands of a Briareus were required to protect our numerous chattels. All at once I perceived a dusky individual sloping off with a bridle. I gave chase, and overtook the thief. Now, my stature is diminutive, and my physique anything but formidable, but, like Mr. Jaccas's clerk, I have the greatest regard for portable property, and unlike *Othello*, I deny that 'he who steals my purse, steals trash.' Moreover, my blood was up at the audacious theft, so I made a furious onslaught on my stalwart but fortunately unresisting adversary, and kicked him from top to bottom of the hill with the greatest gusto."

The hero of the adventure above related is a gentleman attached to the Abyssinian Expedition, and connected with the London Press. His entire letter impinges on the mind's ear with a Hibernian resonance, especially notable in the quotation, first of *Iago's* words as those of *Othello*, and next in assigning a dissent from the valuation of a purse

THE PRIME PREEMIEER.

'Tis thought, by them that sets their mind
On lofty state and station,
That fine amusement they would find
In rulun of the nation.
But I take it that what wi' work, worry, and fuss,
No slavery's moor severe;
And there's nobody I oodn't like to be wuss
Than the Prime Preemieer.

Start young in Parliament 'a must
In trade as politician,
And all his youth fret out there, fust,
His gizzard with ambition.
By the time that he gets to the top o' the tree,
To an end his lease med be near—
A poor farmer I'd sooner a precious deal be
Than a Prime Preemieer.

But what to me most strange appears
Is, whether Whig or Tory,
He mostly reaps but scoffs and sneers,
Instead o' praise and glory.
Purty nigh all the peapers and slashun reviews
Pursues un wi' gibe and wi' jeer:
So I'd fur rather wear hobnailed boots than the shoes
Of a Prime Preemieer.

When, arter all your pains and care,
You finds yourself in clover,
You don't bide hardly no time there
Afore they votes you over.
To be badgered and bullied and kicked o' one side,
Arter labourun year by year;
Why, what honest man 'ood, wi' a mossel o' pride,
Be a Prime Preemieer?

The Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

CHURCH Parsons, High and Low,
What sneaking spite they show,
Against plain, honest, outspoken DEAN STANLEY!
They suggest that he's a pal
Of the BISHOP of NATAL:
How Divines are apt to hate a man that's manly!

CONUNDRUM.

Q. It is made with a train, it travels with a train, it is of no use to a train, but a train cannot travel without it.
A. A Noise.

expressed in them as a reason for objecting to being robbed of a bridle. As an illustration, however, of the alacrity at kicking, characteristic of our countrymen, comprehensively considered, the foregoing extract is splendid. No matter how stalwart and gigantic the native may be who displeases one of them, nor how slight and diminutive may be that countryman of ours, English or Irish, the latter never experiences the least difficulty in kicking the former down-stairs or down-hill, and not only does it with the greatest ease, but also, again to quote an example of phraseology deliciously distinctive, "with the greatest gusto." But the writer who thus racily expresses himself, his stature being diminutive, and his *physique* anything but formidable, states, not merely that he kicked his stalwart adversary down a hill, but that he kicked him from the top of a hill to the bottom. Can this gentleman's nationality be doubtful?

FASHIONABLE MODESTY.

CONSIDERING the follies which are put forth in *Le Follet*, we rarely find much pleasure in the news which comes from Paris in the matter of the fashions. Here, however, is a statement which most thoroughly delights us:—

"The dress is not worn so low as last year, either on the back or front."

It sadly lowers one's opinion of the sense of the fair sex to consider that, with many women, modesty is nowadays a matter of mere fashion. For many a month past dresses have been worn so low as barely to be decent. Ladies who of late have been modestly attired, could lay no claim whatever to being in the fashion. Decency, however, is once more to be the *mode*, and, as few ladies have the courage to disobey their dressmakers, we may hope that for a while, until the fashion changes, we may be able to dine out, and even go to dances, without blushing for our partners.



MANNERS!

Young Mistress. "JANE, I'M SURPRISED THAT NONE OF YOU STOOD UP WHEN I WENT INTO THE KITCHEN JUST NOW!"

Jane. "INDEED, MUM! WHICH WE WAS SUPRISED OURSELVES AT YOUR A COMIN' INTO THE KITCHING WHILE WE WAS A 'AVIN' OUR LUNCHEON!"

SANTIAGO!

MR. PUNCH must really get a new hat; he has so many courteous salutations to make, just now, that the brim of the present one is unduly flexible. But that brim shall come off and put him to an open shame, sooner than he will refrain from saluting a lady who has just stepped into the editorial arena, gracefully and without *fanfaron*, as might be expected from the author of *George Geith*. We wish MRS. RIDDELL all the good fortune which we know she is going to deserve, with her *St. James's Magazine*. Her publisher's name is of good omen. SKEET, the first Lord of the Admiralty informs us, is "a long scoop used to wet the sails of vessels." May he wet those of the good vessel, *St. James*, with the water of *Pactolus*. That's pretty. We further compliment MRS. RIDDELL on her going in, as becomes a woman, for good old Toryism. We would not give two-pence, *sans-culotte* as Mr. Punch is, and thirsting to imbrue his pike in blue blood, for a lady who did not believe in MARY as against KNOX, CHARLES as against CROMWELL, the CHEVALIER as against GEORGE, PITT as against FOX (if she ever heard of either) and LORD JOHN MANNERS as against GLADSTONE. It is the joy and right of weakness to lean on what it thinks is strength, especially if strength is handsome and pensive, so we gratulate MRS. RIDDELL on the sturdy Tory article, with which she frights the Radicals, and a good deal more upon the new and going to be capital novel with which she freights the *St. James's*. But we must buy a new hat.

"Oysters, Sir!"

A GREAT reduction in the price of natives may be hourly expected. According to *Land and Water* there is an "Oyster Bed at—" of all places in the world—"the Pyramids," probably in the Pool generally found with them. Hopes are entertained that this now somewhat rare shell-fish will next be discovered nearer home—in the Staffordshire Potteries, or on the Mendip Hills.

MATRIMONIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

(For Particulars inquire over the Way.)

A GENTLEMAN, heir to large property, but born blind, is in WANT of a WIFE. Beauty not requisite. She must be intelligent, amiable, and accomplished; but plainness will be no objection if anything short of palpable disfigurement.

THE Friends of a YOUNG LADY wish to procure her a SUITABLE HUSBAND. She is sensible, sweet tempered, and pretty, her only defect being that she is unable to sound the letter H. A DEAF GENTLEMAN would find this an excellent opportunity.

UGLY WOMEN! UGLY WOMEN! UGLY WOMEN!—A YOUNG MAN who has run through all his property, but now sees the ERROR of his WAYS, and is a REFORMED CHARACTER, wishes to MARRY and SETTLE. He would wish to SETTLE any fortune that his wife might bring with her on herself, with Remainder in the hands of Trustees to the Survivor for Life. Any Lady of strictly moral and religious principles and an affectionate temperament, whose INCLINATION for HOLY MATRIMONY has, notwithstanding pecuniary affluence (say from £30,000), been opposed by disadvantages of personal appearance, may Secure a FOND HUSBAND, who is considered very HANDSOME, but, being himself indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

Roman Initials.

THERE are, it is said, in the Roman Church four "sacred congregations" of which the POPE has decided that his expected successor, CARDINAL BONAPARTE, shall be a member; namely, the congregations of bishops and regulars, whose functions respectively concern rites, regular discipline, indulgences, and holy relics. Of these four congregations three appear to preside over departments which, being those of rites, regular discipline, and relics, may be correctly described as the Roman Three R's.



STUDY IN A HIGH WIND.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 30. Mr. Punch cites, with pleasure, a charming passage from the PREMIER'S brilliant novel, the *Young Duke*:—

"Ah, that terrible House of Lords," said MAY DUCRE. "Scarcely forty-eight hours and all will be over, and we [Catholics] shall be just where we were. You and your friends manage very badly in your House," she said, addressing herself to the Duke.

"I do all I can," said his Grace, smiling; "BURLINGTON has my proxy." "That is exactly what I complain of. On such an occasion there should be no proxies. Personal attendance would imply a keener interest in the result. Ah, if I were Duke of St. James for one night!"

"Ah, if you would be Duchess of St. James!" thought the Duke, but a despairing lover has no heart for jokes.

His Grace did better than joke. He hurried off to London, got into the House of Lords in time, delivered a fresh and effective speech for Catholic Emancipation, hastened back to overhear the lovely *May Dacre* delightedly reading it to her father, and the next time the Duke and *May*— But get the book: it is full of dash, wit, and "go."

Why Mr. Punch quoted it is that dear *May Dacre's* reform has come about, and that early in the week the Privy Seal to the author of the *Young Duke* carried a standing order which practically does away with proxies.

The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF did not see his way to opposing the Mutiny Bill as altered to prevent flogging, but his Royal Highness hoped that consideration would be given to the question of military punishment. It was necessary, we suppose, that some such speech should be made; but Mr. Punch, who is not good at seeing red-tape difficulties, cannot perceive reason why the Duke, and GENERAL FORSTER, and the Horse-Guards should be in any fix. Surely, in peace time, there are fifty practicable punishments, exclusive of a cruel one, and in war time nobody proposes to take away any power necessary to a General:—

"For Britons rarely swerve
From discipline, however stern, that serves their force to nerve,"
Childs Harold.

Merely mentioning that on *Wednesday* the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has brought in the Bill enabling Government to Acquire the Telegraphs, Mr. Punch proceeds to the Great Irish Church Debate, which occupied the Four Nights.

Monday. Before the play, a farce. Certain Tories demanded the reading of part of the Act of Union with Ireland, and the Coronation Oath. The gentlemen meant that Mr. GLADSTONE was about to ask Parliament to violate law, and the QUEEN to commit perjury. The farce was not very well received by the audience.

Mr. GLADSTONE moved his Anti-Irish Church Resolutions. He spoke very moderately, declared his own consistency, urged that the time had come, and dwelt tenderly with the rights, real or possible, of all persons in any way interested in the Church. Let us build up

TO CHIEF RABBI ADLER.

MR. PUNCH reads in that excellent paper, the *Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer*, that at Liverpool the new Hebrew congregation wants—

AN ASSISTANT SHOCHET AND PORGER.

Mr. Punch has on hand an assortment of young men of the EARL RUSSELL type, prepared at a moment's notice to undertake anything, from taxidermy to seismography, and many of them are pteridophilists, but none of them knows what a shochet and porger is. Will the admirable Chief RABBI ADLER clear our addled wits? And while about it, will he tell us whether it is really true that many rich Jews scarcely contribute to the fund of the Board of Guardians of Hebrew Poor, an institution which enables the Jews to avoid all the scandal which we, and ERNEST HART, and LORD DEVON, and some others are trying to do away in the case of the Christians? Mr. Punch makes no apology for interfering, everything is his province, as it was BACON'S (with apology for mentioning such a name) and he is particularly anxious for answers to both questions.

American Riddle.

WHY have the United States Congress impeached PRESIDENT JOHNSON?

Perhaps because they think of making him President again, and don't want to elect an untried man.

with the Cement of Human Concord the noble fabric of the British Empire.

LORD STANLEY moved his Amendment, that modifications in the Temporalities might be expedient, after the pending inquiry, but any proposition for Disendowment should be left to a new House. He said all that a clear-sighted man, with a future, could say in favour of an obstructive device.

MR. E. A. LEATHAM. This Parliament, being without passion, ought to deal with the question.

MR. O'NEILL. It has no right to do so. And the Church increases in efficacy.

MR. POLLARD URQUHART. Parsons have increased, not flocks.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE. A party effort to turn out Ministers.

MR. MONCRIEFF. Nobody dares to defend the Irish Church. It is an alien ascendancy that can effect no religious good.

LORD CRANBORNE. LORD STANLEY'S speech was nothing but petty cavils and poor excuses for delay. I will have nothing to do with his Amendment. But you are going to draw down the certain and bitter enmity of a third of Ireland. MR. DISRAELI is a weather-cock. Of course, on religious grounds, I oppose the destruction of a hallowed institution.

MR. LAING. I object to party moves, but cannot sacrifice Ireland to a Ministry.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL. There ought to be no hurry. What is proposed is Confiscation.

The LATE ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND. Government had no policy, except delay. The vigour and vitality of Protestantism would be incalculably benefited by Disendowment.

Tuesday. MR. HARDY, the Home Secretary, in a vigorous speech, personally attacked MR. GLADSTONE for sudden conversion, and handed him a letter to prove it. Violation of the Union, injustice to Protestants, precedent for spoliation of other property. He ably represented his Oxford constituents, and even won MR. BAKER'S praise for his manly, Yorkshire championship of a bad cause.

MR. GOSCHEN. Parliament had a right to deal with the rights it had given.

MR. PEEL DAWSON. The real object was to set up a Popish Church.

MR. TORRENS. Rise above party, and you will find Ireland easily governed.

SIR HERVEY BRUCE. What do the Catholic Members say about the oath they took?

MR. CARTER. Coventry wishes to see a Disendowment.

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG. The Church is hated as a symbol of oppression.

COLONEL S. KNOX. Mr. GLADSTONE was cowardly. The Crown was linked with the Church.

MR. O'REILLY. If Ireland cannot look to England for justice, she will look to the West for Revolution.

MR. SHREIBER. Stand by the Church, or troubles and calamities are coming.

CAPTAIN WHITE (a very good maiden speech). Let us do justice, whether injustice be to our advantage or not. Irish Protestantism had suffered from over-pampering.

The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL said what a clever, energetic lawyer could say for his client the Church, and her rights.

MR. BRIGHT, smiling at legal cobwebs, humorously arrayed the varying utterances of Ministers, and ridiculed the calling that a revolution which affected only a tenth of a country. The Church was a failure, and its demolition was asked by a Protestant minority in Ireland, by all the Catholics, and by general consent in England and Scotland. Remember how well other denounced measures have worked. Do not play the game of the Fenians. One of his best natured speeches.

Thursday. MR. ROEBUCK would support MR. GLADSTONE—hating all Establishments. Don't talk to me about sacredness; no human interest is sacred. But mind, if this is only a trick to oust MR. DISRAELI! As to other considerations, I am an Imperial Englishman, and the Catholics are hostile to our rule. No sentimental talk about oppression shall prevent my maintaining Imperial rule.

MR. HENLEY, of course opposing, spoke so much in the style of the old days when an illustration was not held to be objectionable because it was a little full-flavoured, that we must only say that the gallant old Tory uttered his mind, and protested against breaking a treaty made with the weak.

GENERAL PEELE scorned the Amendment, and opposed the Resolutions, jollily as usual. No surrender.

MR. LOWE. Twelve per cent. of rich people have State assistance, seventy-eight per cent. of poor people have none, and the rest are bribed to hold their tongues. Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? [Well quoted, but read on MR. LOWE.]

MR. HORSFALL. Stand by the Church, and dissolve.

MR. CLIVE. I should like to know how the Church ministrations are to be provided for.

MR. GLADSTONE. I will tell you in my reply.

MR. LEFROY. No right to disendow while the Union exists.

SIR JOHN GRAY complained of Orange disloyalty.

LORD CLAUD JOHN HAMILTON (second son of the LORD LIEUTENANT), a grenadier. A bold and well-given maiden speech. He was uncomfortable about the feelings with which the spirit of LORD PALMERSTON might be inspecting the proceedings of MR. GLADSTONE, whom he had trusted.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. Very smart. His best point the comparing LORD STANLEY to his hesitating namesake in the tragedy. But he had a scheme, for establishing Four Bernal Osborne bishops instead of the present lot. Will he be one?

The INDIAN MINISTER did his best, but had learned too much, as MR. GLADSTONE's private secretary, to talk Gathorne Hardily.

Friday. MR. DISRAELI. If we should see the unreasonable event of the Resolutions being carried, I shall not object to go into Committee with them on the 27th of April, but I shall oppose them unequivocally.

MR. GLADSTONE. All right.

MR. COLBRIDGE. We have a perfect right to deal with the Irish Church. Let us.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE. Don't rip up old sores. It's only the spite of the Catholic priests because other people are better off.

MR. STANSFELD. Such defences as we have heard may ruin principles and institutions. Is Ireland to be loyal? Then destroy the Church.

EARL OF MAYO. That is the talk of thirty-four years ago. Voluntarism in Ireland will not do. MR. GLADSTONE's scheme will not do. All this is premature. Fenianism has nothing to do with the Church.

COLONEL GREVILLE. The Church is associated with oppression.

SIR C. LANTON. Belfast is indignant with MR. GLADSTONE.

LORD HAMILTON. He directly attacks property rights.

MR. CARDWELL. We have done good and great things in thirty years. We began by the Abolition of Slavery, we end by the Abolition of the Irish Church.

MR. DISRAELI (who spoke for two and a half hours). This House, as LORD PALMERSTON's manifesto showed, was not elected to decide the Irish Church question. We ought not to be asked, at eight days' notice, to repeal the Union. I denounce this vast and violent change proposed. It violates the rights of property. And where, if you separate religion from Government, will you stop? Are we to recognise the Pantheistic principle? MR. GLADSTONE represented Ritualism and Popery. That combination had superhuman power; but, while the QUEEN allows me to stand here, I will fight it.

MR. GLADSTONE. I fail to discern relevancy. I perceive heated imagination. It is ultra-democratic, if not anarchic, to say that Parliament cannot act without appeal to the constituencies. Each of the

Establishments must stand on its own merits. It is too late to endow the Catholic Church. MR. DISRAELI wants to set up the Pantheism he deprecates. Let Parliament show its sincerity, and clear the ground for its successor.

MR. NEWDEGATE would not consent to anything.

LORD STANLEY's Amendment was rejected by 330 to 270: majority, Sixty.

MR. GLADSTONE's Resolutions were carried by 328 to 272: majority, Fifty-Six.

At 3'15 the House adjourned till April 20. *Vivat Hibernia*

TO THE FEMALE SEX.

OUR ADORED ONES,—Please read this little paragraph:—

"Women are in every respect weaker than men; their loves and hates are more impulsive and less rational, far less under their own control than the corresponding passions in men; the changes in bodily condition and constitution often act in a subtle manner upon their minds, causing the question as to how far they are quite responsible for their actions to be more frequently raised in their case than in the case of men. The universal observation of experience—how readily the impulses of woman, for good or for evil, get the better of her reason—"

Now, Fair Sex, listen. The above propositions are contained in a petition for the life of a female who, taking a hatred to her (bad



husband's child, sent it out of the world. We could wish to know whether you accept this kind of advocacy, and whether you are prepared to allow that when you do anything foolish or wrong (and you know, dears, that such things *will* happen) you are Irresponsible. Because, if so, you will save *Mr. Punch* such a deal of trouble. He will never argue with you any more. He will only smile, and talk to you about operas, and chasubles, and sensation novels. What do you say, Strong-Minded, what do you say Weak-Minded, what do you say Average-Minded? Will you give up the game, and, ceasing to be our Dictators, become our Dolls? Answer, pets!

THE SNOB-VANDAL.

THE venerable MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, at once Nestor of our party-fights, and Mecenas of our arts, in the last days of his life bestowed a drinking fountain on Berkeley Square. After his usual gracious and princely fashion, the good old Lord went for his design to a sculptor, not a stone-mason, and, also after his fashion, to a *young* sculptor, one of the most graceful and tasteful of the rising generation of artists in clay and marble, ALEXANDER MUNRO. In due time the sculptor modelled and carved a fair nymph, from whose uplifted urn poured a stream of clear water for the passers-by who liked to drink. The statue was at once a beautiful decoration of a place where beauty, in marble at least, is rare—a London Square, an honour to its sculptor, and a seemly memorial of the kindly and cultivated old nobleman, who had given it to the neighbourhood. And now some snob has defaced the poor nymph of Berkeley Square by knocking off her nose!

Is there any capital of Europe in which such an outrage could have been perpetrated, except indeed for a lark, by some rowing, roving Englishman?

These are the things that make sensitive and cultivated Britons blush for their country, and bear out what *Mr. Punch* has insisted on more at length in another article this week, that we have amongst us an element of coarse, stupid, brutal insensibility to the beautiful in art and nature, feeling and conduct, which is as rife in "upper" as in "lower" classes, and can display itself comfortably, indeed is rather at home than not, along with what is conventionally called good breeding, good society, and good manners. Whatever we may think of the Irish Establishment, English taste wants "levelling up" most decidedly.

Shaksperiana.

Standard. But it was not only for its eloquence and its wit that MR. HARDY's speech evoked such plaudits. *It had the genuine Church and State Ring.*

Benedick. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover. So they ring pigs.



Jenkins. "I AM SORRY TO SAY, MY LEDDY, I'M OBLEEGED TO GIVE WARNING."

My Lady. "WHY, JENKINS?"

Jenkins. "WHY, YOUR LEDDYSHIP INSISTS ON US WEARING POWDER—AND—AND I FIND THAT POWDER IS RUINING MY COMPLEXION."

My Lady. "IT DON'T RUIN MINE—BUT YOU CAN GO."

HOW WE DRIVE IN ABYSSINIA.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, among all its useful functions, exercises none more useful than that of Inspector-General of Administrative Departments, especially the Poor-Law Board, the Horse-Guards, and the Foreign Office, prints in its number for March 26, a story which ought to be repeated till it is contradicted; or, if it cannot be contradicted, till those who are chargeable with the amazing stupidity and cruelty it discloses, are exposed, and, if possible, punished. Here is the story:—

"The Turkish and Egyptian mule-drivers, engaged for the transport service of the expedition, on joining, were placed under officers who did not know their language. In the confusion of starting an expedition like this, they were left some days without food or water. They naturally did not like it, and were flogged daily by fifties, when really the poor creatures only expected to be properly used as first-class mule-drivers. Interpreters were then sent, and CAPTAIN ANNESLEY, who knows no end of language, offered to take them all in his division. This was acceded to, and they were soon made happy and contented, working like slaves; so well, indeed, that CAPTAIN ANNESLEY was thanked and complimented, and it was further promised that the threat of discharging them should not be carried out. Suddenly, down comes an order to pay up and discharge them all, and to take away the clothing they had received from the Government. They had all thrown away their old rags, and the Government clothing was all they now had. It was represented how unjustifiable it would be to send the men back to Egypt in that plight, but remonstrance was in vain. They were embarked under an armed guard, and an officer of the department had to go on board and take the clothes from off their backs. In some cases they were allowed to keep their trousers, otherwise they would have been utterly naked. This was on the 18th of February, when it is very cold in the northern portions of the Red Sea, and even in Egypt. . . . One day about 150 of these poor devils came up jabbering to an officer, who could not understand them, and reported it as a case of mutiny. Forthwith two companies of infantry were sent down, and sixty of the Turks were tied up to the triangles and got fifty lashes each. It then leaked out that the poor wretches had been three days without rations, and were only complaining."

Mr. Punch simply repeats the tale. He cannot improve it. Comment on its monstrous combination of stupidity and brutality would only weaken the force of the facts, if facts they be. If they are not facts, the sooner they are denied the better for our reputation.

The truth is, that for all the pluck and "practical" good sense over

which he is so ready to hug himself, JOHN BULL is too often the most offensive of snobs,—brutal, pig-headed, and blundering,—as odious a creature, altogether, as any that lives; a being to blush over, and to repent in sackcloth and ashes for.

Here—assuming this story to be true—the "nigger-driving" element, which is one of the odious ingredients in JOHN BULL's character, is in the ascendant; and the worst of the thing is, that nobody hesitates about believing such a story. It is, in fact, only a reproduction, on a large scale, of the blundering cruelty and overbearing stupidity which mark the dealing of your English snob with "niggers," wherever he has authority over them. Only of your English snob, however. Happily, there is your English gentleman to trim the scales. But then your "snob" is so frightfully frequent in this blessed country! Is there any other country under the sun so overrun with snobs—any other where the snob is to be found, rampant, in all ranks, classes, callings, and in such force that he often determines their tone and establishes their laws? We doubt it. The snob is the British Philistine, and not a corner in our island but boasts its GOLIATH. *Punch* once tried his hand at a "Book of Snobs." Alas! the subject is too big for a book! It affords matter for a library.

Scientific and Seasonable Intelligence.

ON Wednesday, being the First of April, the Harveian Lecture was delivered before the College of Physicians by Professor HOLLOWAY.

The audience assembled in honour of the lecturer, and the anniversary, included a large number of visitors. In accordance with a saying, ascribed to ABERNETHY, that "at forty every man is either a fool or a physician," it was observed that many of them appeared to be above forty.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

MR. GLADSTONE is for dis-establishing the Irish Protestant Church. MR. DISRAELI, on the contrary, is for DIZ-establishing it.

IRISH CHURCH
NO SURRENDER
HOORAY



CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

SCOTCH KIRK. "HOOT, MON! DINNA FASH YERSEL'—ME AND FATHER PAT DO UNCO' WEEL WIF THE VOLUNTARY SEEY-STEM. AIBLINS YE'LL BE A' RECHT THE NOO!"



THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

MORE GRIST TO THE MILL.

MEDICAL students will have read with some interest a telegram from Florence, according to which:—

"In to-day's sitting in the Chamber of Deputies the debate on the Grinding-Tax Bill was continued."

There are many taxes that may be said to be grinding. Schedule D, by earners of precarious incomes, is felt to be a particularly grinding tax. But a Grinding Tax Bill, so called by its authors, of course does not mean a Bill by which a grinding tax is to be imposed. It must signify a tax upon grinding, the consideration whereof may occasion some of those youth who design themselves candidates for diplomas in medicine and surgery to rejoice as being better off than the Italian students are likely to be, in having no tax to pay on the only means of possibly passing their examinations.

It is curious, we may observe, taking another view of the Grinding Tax Bill proposed by VICTOR EMMANUEL'S Government, that such a measure should have originated in Italy, how suitable soever it may be for some Italians. The British Legislature is that wherein, one would think, the proposal would first have been made to tax Italian grinding organs.

SUBMARINE OBSTRUCTIONS.

It appears that a Special Committee has been sitting since 1863 on the subject of floating obstructions and submarine explosive structures for sea-defence, and that they have already reported on "Passive Obstructions for the Defence of Harbours and Channels." Do they include in these the Board of Admiralty? It professes to exist for the defence of harbours and channels; it is eminently obstructive; and, as passive means not active, it has every right to that epithet also. Altogether, we should say it is a typical example of a "Passive Obstruction for the Defence of Harbours and Channels."

A Beales Administration.

ACCORDING to the *Dispatch*, the West-end Cabinet Makers have given a testimonial to MR. BEALES, to express their satisfaction with his conduct of the Reform agitation. It consists of an English oak cabinet, embellished with a silver plate, bearing an inscription. So now the great M.A. has been made by his supporters the master of a Cabinet. This looks emblematical if not ominous. The multitude may some day make BEALES Prime Minister. If they do, no doubt his Cabinet will still be a wooden one.

THE ARCHES JUDGMENT.

SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE proceeded to give his elaborate judgment in the cases of MARTIN v. MACKONOCHE and FLAMANK v. SIMPSON.

The learned Judge said that, in the first instance, it would be necessary to give an historical and archæological account of the Court in which he was sitting, and he accordingly entered at great length into a description of that Court, and of Bow Church in which it was formerly held, and from the arched roof of which, *de arcubus*, the Court took its name, and not, as some think, from the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, to whom it belongs. He then described the origin of Christianity, the corruption of the Church of Rome, the Reformation of the Anglican branch, the Marian persecution, the stern rule of ELIZABETH, and the regicide and Puritan troubles, and admitted that in the lukewarm state of the Church in the time of the first GEORGES, there was much extenuation for the present excess of zeal at Saint Albans. Here he warned the Church and his hearers not to confound the religious edifice in Holborn with St. Albans in Hertfordshire, upon whose foundation in honour of the British protomartyr ALBAN, and into the disfranchisement of whose borough for corrupt electioneering practices, the learned Judge animadverted for several hours. He then sketched from evidence and from conjecture the early lives of MESSRS. MACKONOCHE and SIMPSON, profoundly observing that an investigation into the method in which a character had been trained threw much light upon its subsequent development, a position which he learnedly supported by citations from CICERO, APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, PLOTINUS, ANASTASIUS, and the *Seven against Thebes*. Having shown that in his youth MR. MACKONOCHE had been almost reprehensibly careless in his personal appearance, the learned Judge acutely pointed out that the reaction which not unfrequently succeeds to such carelessness might have induced that gentleman to over-excess in regard to ecclesiastical costume, while in the case of MR. SIMPSON, who as a young man was remarkable for neatness, the Dean of Arches felicitously indicated a persistence of nature which in other days might have produced an IGNATIUS LOYOLA, of whose interesting and romantic biography he then gave a brief but comprehensive view. He then reverted to the main thread of his judgment, and proceeding to the question of candles, read an account of the Roman candle (which he carefully distinguished from the elegant but dangerous pyrotechnical device of that name) which was composed of string surrounded by wax, or dipped in pitch, described the splinters of wood fatted, which were the lights of the lower orders of England in 1300, and the incorporation of the Wax Chandlers' Company in 1484. He congratulated the Church that the question was not one of oil, because that would have brought in HER MAJESTY'S Coronation, and the results of the introduction of gas upon the whale fishery, both which topics were providentially excluded from the present inquiry. It would be unjust to do more than to condense the remainder of his remarks, in which he proved, *inter alia*, that although in CHAUCER, RABELAIS, HUDIBRAS, and DON JUAN there were many references to ecclesiastics and their habits, it would not be safe entirely to depend upon secular, not to say profane authors, for authorised teaching upon the dogmas of the Church. It was clear, he thought from the sixth Homily, against Excess in Apparel, which he read *in extenso*, that the Church did not especially favour a theatrical tendency in adornment in private life, though he admitted that this had nothing to do with the question of Church vestments, but then as the question of vestments had not come before him, so that he was relieved from the painful necessity of entering into it at any length. On the question of incense, the Dean was especially elaborate, and detailed its various preparations, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, and urged that though at first it was excusable and even meritorious, as it tended to counteract the unpleasant odours arising from assemblages of uncivilised persons, in times when lavation and perfume was not so well understood, it was hard to find the same justification for it in the present day, when personal cleanliness is the rule, and when, as he showed by some prolonged extracts from M. EUGÈNE RIMMER'S work on Perfumery, private persons could for a trifling outlay save the Established Church any necessity for providing odours. Having gone, with similar conscientiousness, into the other questions of ceremonial and manipulation, and having proved by abundant extracts from SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church* that the Roman Catholic and the Protestant religion had one origin, and that the only reason why the churches could not happily reconcile was the deplorable fact that there were insurmountable differences in the way, as he showed from DIONORUS SICULUS, PORPHYRY, and TRUNCULUS ELEPHANTICUS, the Dean gave his judgment for Lighted Candles, and against Elevation, Incense, and Mixed Wine (except mixed privately) and regretted that a more important authority than himself had not happened to be called in *tantum componere litas*. The majority of the audience had fainted with fatigue long previously, but an agent of the defendants had strength to give three cheers, and was then parried out of Court, followed by the learned Dean, who apologised to him for omitting to quote a fine passage from the *Gesta Romanorum*.



THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER AGAIN!

Mrs. Waring. "WELL, MUM, MY 'USBAN' SAYS IF THEY RATES 'IM, HE 'LL TAKE IT OUT IN RELIEF!!"

PICTURES IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

LET Mr. Punch pay his tribute to an act of Christian kindness and true sympathy with suffering on the part of a brother artist, MR. ABSOLON, who without money-payment has given three months of well-occupied time to the painting of ten pictures in distemper, for the decoration of one of the sick wards of Guy's Hospital.

It is sad, from a sick bed, day after day, week after week, to have no choice for the weary eye between the blank white-washed walls before it, and the sufferings all around. To provide a pleasanter resting-place for the patients' ken in one of the wards of Guy's, MR. ABSOLON has painted these pictures, scenes of pleasant, bright, outdoor life—a fisherman's wife, watching on the beach for the return of her husband's boat; young men and maids tossing the tedded hay; gleaners coming home at eventide with their gathered sheaves; harvesters eating their mid-day meal in the shadow of the oat-stooks; a pair of English rustic lovers at a stile; a Scotch lad and lassie, he taking a thorn from her round arm—the suggestion is BURNS'S; a congregation gathering in an English village churchyard of the olden time; a brace of Swiss *mädchen* in their hay-boat on the lake at the glacier foot; a group of Italian *contadine* gathered about the fountain—and as the central subject, summing up the thought which has inspired the series, the gentle figure of *Mercy* from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The pictures are of large dimensions, some nine or ten feet by six or seven, and executed boldly and broadly in distemper, in a material and style which will give the right effect for works to be hung some twenty-five feet from the floor, and viewed from the other side of a spacious hospital-ward.

We should never look gift-horses in the mouth, and it would be out of place to criticise these pictures as we should criticise works produced for sale, or prompted by desire of distinction or display of skill. But we may say without impropriety that MR. ABSOLON'S pictures are excellent specimens of the broad and decorative kind, full of open-air brightness and sunshine, and, in their colour and treatment, as in their selection of subjects, well calculated to cheer and enliven those whose sad and suffering hours they are meant to beguile. Why should not

DOUBLE-ACTION.

(BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE B. D'DISRAELI.)

As in harps so in men, again and again,
I've proved to my own satisfaction,—
And as far as effort 'ry could prove to the country—
There's no secret like "DOUBLE ACTION."

If you want to progress, yet keep out of a mess,
And hold place in defiance of faction,
Adverse notions to burke, and consistency shirk,
The secret is still DOUBLE ACTION.

If a man in a ship wants to make a clean trip
From port to port, say does he tack shun?
No, he first works to starboard, and then works to larboard,
In fact he adopts DOUBLE ACTION.

In opinions or schemes still betwixt two extremes,
Truth lies, and requires a transaction,
A touch of black, here, and a touch of white, there,
That is, in two words, DOUBLE ACTION.

Thus my weight I divide, one half on a side,
So to balance the other's attraction,
And, *in medio tutus*, defy to confute us
The fools who eschew DOUBLE ACTION.

VINEGAR FOR A ROCK.

WE noticed, with our usual chivalry, the new "Evangelical" paper, the *Rock*. We also smiled at its ludicrous little picture. The smile has gone round, and the Journal has discovered an obliging correspondent:—

"THE ROCK.—In reply to several correspondents who have demurred at our choice of the emblem which adorns our pages, and which is intended to represent the rocky eminences of Ararat, which the Persians call 'the happy mountain,' from its having been the resting-place of the Ark, a friend vindicates its appropriateness. He thinks that a more fitting emblem could scarcely have been chosen for *The Rock*, whose principles are those upon which alone the true Ark," &c., &c.

We omit the profanity, and merely suggest that on the *Rock*'s own showing, Ararat was a place on which a construction which had been quite done with was abandoned by wise folks who came out of it. Is that the *Rock*'s notion of the Church of England?

the example MR. ABSOLON has set be followed?—not, however, entirely at the cost of the artist, as in this case. Why should not some of the many, who at once love Art and feel for suffering, subscribe to have similar series of decorative pictures executed for other wards of other hospitals? Think of the delight that might thus be diffused at comparatively little cost; for those who wrought in such a cause would, we are very sure, be as liberal with their labour as those who commissioned them with their purses.

There are the men—DUNCAN, GEORGE FRIPP, WILLIAM BEVERLEY, TELBIN, JOHN GILBERT, and scores beside—what need to enumerate them?—Who will take up our hint, and say to them, here is the work?

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY FOR IRELAND.

THE Anti-Church Pills are a sure
Relief from disaffection
In Ireland, and a certain cure
Of chronic insurrection,
All absenteeism will remove,
Arresting revolution,
Invigorate and much improve
The general constitution.

* * Prepared solely by GLADSTONE & Co.; Carlton Terrace and St. Stephen's. Observe the Opposition to the Government Label, to counterfeit which is plagiaty.

A Fact for France.

WHAT will some of our French contemporaries say to the fact that at Willis's Rooms the other day, a splendid testimonial was presented by upwards of 300 Members of the House of Commons, with MR. GLADSTONE at their head, to MR. BRAND, on the occasion of his retirement from the office of "Whip" to the Liberal Party? Perhaps their remark will be:—"Behold how English legislators kiss the rod!"

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XIII.*
FLOATING CAPITAL.

WE must use our privilege as novelists, and leaving PIEL DORNTON in enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains, return with lightning-thought speed to the Volcano Villa, buoyed upon the broad bosom of the mighty ocean.

While they were thus floating, the Lieutenant was sinking fast. NUTT held him up head down-



wards, beat his hands and feet with hair-brushes, spent hours upon him (as many as he could spare away from the necessary work of navigation) in applying the red-hot poker, as, he con-

* *Note.*—An influential minority of the Authors protest against this being the Thirteenth Chapter, it ought to have been a continuation of the Twelfth. Coinciding however with the majority in the main idea of the story, they yield upon this point.

** The Editor compliments the influential minority upon the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone which he hopes will prevent the occurrence of any *contretemps* likely to endanger the success of the thrilling novel now so favourably progressing.

Note.—Three Authors of the Company protest against this sudden end of the Lieutenant's career. They had taken a house in a quiet spot for the last month, on purpose to produce four most effective chapters, giving a detailed account of his lingering illness, the prescriptions, the weather, the anguish of his daughter, her song

fessed a last chance of stirring his fast numbing extremities, all in vain.

Early in the morning of the fifth day at sea the Lieutenant was committed to an ocean grave. They interred him decently.

NUTT said as much of the prayer for the High Court of Parliament as he could recollect from memory, and GRACE's clear ringing voice intoned an "Amen" whenever his recollection of the precise words failed him.

Then they sat down and wondered.

Sad as was the Lieutenant's fate it was a providential occurrence, as the cold tea was coming rapidly to the last drop, and even as it was NUTT was obliged to limit their allowance of food to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an half an inch of the remaining dry toast per diem for MISS GRACE's sustenance, and $\frac{1}{8}$ of the same for himself.

The Panglosses becoming crafty were no longer to be allured by the saccharine bait which in spite of the ingenious remedies invented by NUTT for his recovery, had proved so fatal to the Lieutenant.

Within the last two days GRACE MARCHMONT had noticed a gradual change coming over the hitherto despised Boomerang.*

"His features are softening," said GRACE to herself, as she came upon him once fast asleep. "I trust it is no indication of the brain."

His legs and hands caused her no small anxiety.

"And this man," she thought, "is undergoing so much for me."

One morning she ventured to ask him if he could tell where they were now?

"Where are we now?" he repeated, gently. "I think I can ascertain the precise spot for you without reference to such geographical charts as unfortunately for us are in the possession of the Admiralty officials in various parts of the world. Have you a thimble?"

She had three still in her workbox, and gave them to him, wondering to what use he would adapt them.

"You see, MISS MARCHMONT, in this hand I hold a small pellet formed of the dry toast, which I shall subsequently consume for my

(by the musical Author who was staying with them), and finally his death, with a last dying speech and confession. On their coming up to town they find that he's been killed. "Sir (to the Editor) this is murder—murder most foul and most unnatural, and most unfair upon us who had been at such expense and trouble." *Why not make him only in a trance and recovered by the sea-water?*

Editor to the Above.—Gentlemen, you did not leave your address, and we were obliged to get on with the story. When the work is published in three volumes your admirably written chapters will form a valuable and agreeable addition to the literature of the country. But in the meantime, now you have come back to town, the Editor does hope that you'll chime in with the present arrangements, and further, that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just when the work is progressing so favourably, and hourly rising in public estimation.

P.S. If the Musical Author will kindly look in between 10 and 4, and sing his composition to the Editor and the Directors they will be delighted to hear it. It is really too good for print, and far above the heads of the general public.

** *Inquiries from Shareholders in the Sensational Novel Company as to the Declaration of Dividends, &c., must be made to the Directors or the Manager. The Shares are going up rapidly, and very few remain to be disposed of to the public. The Editor has a few which he may be prevailed upon to part with by private contract.*

* The Editor begs to call the attention of the Artist to the gracious manner in which the literary gentlemen engaged on this chapter have strictly executed their part in the contract made in the last number, as to the "gradual change in the Boomerang" (*vide* previous notes). The Editor welcomes this sign as one of unanimity and heartiness in co-operation which will go far to complete the success already achieved. The other Artists engaged by the Company are requested to send in their works according to agreement.

breakfast. I will merely call upon you to observe that I have nothing concealed in my sleeve, and I need hardly remark that, situated as we are, I am in possession of no mechanical contrivances, no sort of springs, or false bottoms."

She bowed slightly, in token of acquiescence, and he proceeded.

I place this tiny pellet upon your work-table, which I see stands sadly in need of repairing, and I hide it for one minute from your view by the simple process of covering it with one of the three thimbles with which you have kindly furnished me. Moving these rapidly from left to right, and again from right to left, I pause for a moment to ask you where, in your opinion, the little pellet of toast is at this moment concealed.

She considered.

At length she replied, with evident hesitation, "Under the centre one."

He lifted up the thimble on the right side. Underneath it lay the pellet.

He tried the experiment several times, and invariably with the same result, varied only by the situation of the toast-pellet in relation to her guess.

"I have taken this means, Miss MARCHMONT," he said, "to show you how difficult it is to pronounce with certainty upon the position of even so small an object as a toast pellet within a narrowly limited circumference, and therefore, by parity of reasoning, how magnified becomes the difficulty, when its subject is the exact position of two human units within the almost boundless circumference of the vast ocean."

She sat gazing upon him with her large eyes open, in almost childlike reverence of a character so gradually revealed—so new to her. Then she glanced downwards towards his feet. He interpreted her glance, and answered it.

"They are sea-legs," he said. "I will make you a pair."

Presently he came up from below with a beaming face. I have discovered our exact position." GRACE looked at him inquiringly.

"We are," he said confidently, "HERE!"

It never occurred to her to doubt his assertion for one moment. A week ago she would have resented his proffered opinion as an impudent outrage.

That day they ate the last of the toast, and drank the remainder of the cold tea.

Towards evening GRACE complained of an unsatisfied craving for nutritious food. The flight of the Pangoffins was indeed a loss.

NUTT sat silent for a few minutes. Then he turned to her.

"Will you play on the piano?" he asked.

"I cannot sing the old songs," she replied, "but I will comply with your request."

While she struck the few remaining notes, he was busy fashioning a pin into a hook-shape.

Then he dropped his line into the sea.

"I have no bait," he said, "and your music is now our sole chance. Play something catching."

A tremendous splash and a heave, which, as appeared to her, nearly capsized the frail tenement, caused her to leap from her music-stool in consternation.

"Ah!" she exclaimed in terror. "He has fallen overboard!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"TE CREDO, MEUS PUER!"

Paulus Bedfordus, in the "Adelphi."

WHAT feeling at her heart was it that sent the life's blood coursing from her face, that forced her to lean against a chair for support?

He was overboard.

Drowned, perhaps!

Neither.

"Do not be afraid," cried the voice of NUTT, reassuring her, "it is a terrific looking monster, but he will not hurt you."

He had hooked and landed an enormous marine creature, which writhed in grotesque twistings as it opened its jaws, and flapped its fins and tails against the sides of the drawing-room.

"Oh, take him away, he will spoil the furniture," was the feminine cry which rose to her lips; but she immediately checked herself, and holding out her hand to NUTT, said smiling, "Forgive me, I am very foolish, I know."

"We are indeed fortunate in securing such a prize as this, Miss MARCHMONT," said NUTT, securing the creature from committing further acts of violence, by holding one of his antennae, nipped tightly in the forceps of the tongs. "It is the developed Shrimp of the Antipodes, and is known in Southern waters as The Colleen Prawn. Its fin is equal to the most savoury turtle, its flesh just over the ribs nearly approaches in flavour the delicate Southdown, the brain has all the qualities of the most plump partridge, while the 'coral' which comes away in clusters, far exceeds the plover's eggs, and the tail is far superior to the ordinary apple-tart, upon which so much store is set in more northern climes. When stewed it distils from itself a delicious liquor, scientifically known as Shandegaf. Its presence here shows we are not far from land."

He looked at her: her face was pale, and in another second she would have fallen to the ground but for his support.

"I have talked too much," he said, kindly. "You are hungry."

So saying he at once proceeded to cut from his new acquisition a piece of rich juicy meat. The fire was burning, (he had contrived to keep it perpetually alight, as he had only a few matches, which he knew could not be easily replaced), and placing the teapot upon it, he had in a few minutes cooked sufficient to serve for their meal.

Then they sat down and ate heartily. It was like pork-chops.

After the dinner they drank from the thimbles a portion of the Prawn's Shandegaf, which indeed was hardly less strong than a liqueur.

Then they suffered from indigestion. But neither spoke of their sufferings to the other. So they sailed on for three hours.

GRACE was the first to arouse herself.

"If we are so near land, would it not be possible to see it? But," she immediately added, fancying that NUTT was hurt by the insinuation, "we have no telescope."

NUTT, from whose face all traces of the Boomerang native were fast disappearing,* looked quickly round.

She watched his movements eagerly. He seized the drawing-hearth broomstick, which could be lengthened or shortened at will, and wrenching off the brush end, pulled it out to its full length, and applied it to his eye.

GRACE was in ecstasies. It was indeed just like a telescope. He then explained to her how a glass with water in it possessed magnifying properties, and one without water did not. The first, a tumbler half filled with sea-water, he fixed on the larger end, the handle; the other, a wine-glass partially filled, he attached at right angles to the smaller end where the brush had formerly been.

With this instrument he reconnoitred, for some time unsuccessfully. At length a loud shout escaped him.

"We cannot be far distant from the coast of Benicia," he cried.

She clasped her hands in expectant agitation.

"Through the large end I distinguish the shape of a buoy. On it is some writing. They have only one of this sort to mark the ship line off the Benicia coast, and as I read it—" he began to spell "B. E.—"

She waited in agony.

"It is," he cried. "It is——"

THE BENICIA BUOY!

At that moment one of the fearful Atlantic waves, which had for the past five hundred miles been collecting for one vast effort its gigantic force suddenly——

* In fulfilment of the agreement between the Authors and Artists. Most honourable.—*Editor.*

Note.—The Authors who have undertaken the PIEL DORNTON part of the present tale—that is as appears to them the really interesting and sensational portion—want to know how long it is before they are to come on again. What the (bad word omitted by Editor) do the public care about voyages and travels, and all that sort of thing, what they want is the backbone of the tale, the thrilling plot. The aforesaid Authors further present their compliments to the Editor, and beg to state that if their PIEL DORNTON, &c., Chapters in continuati- in do not appear in the next issue of the periodical they will at once produce it in a separate form in another magazine as *The Blarney Stone*, the principal character being PIEL DORNTON.

* * * The Editor to the above—All right—yours shall appear in next number. I've read it—it's excellent. I think where you make—fall into the * * * and * * * hangs on to the * * * is admirable. In the meantime the Editor does hope that the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any contrivances occurring just as the work is progressing so very favourably.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING MORE FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chickin Hazard."

DEAR SIR,

THE drawing sent herewith requires some little explanations. I have again, as you see, chosen a subject for illustration out of the depths of my own consciousness. None of the incidents mentioned in the MS. are pictorial; moreover, I did not receive the MS. in time; moreover, when I did receive it I could not make it out, on account of the numerous erasures and corrections by different hands.

On the other hand it struck me that GRACE and the Boomerang must occasionally have found the time hang rather heavily on their hands; and I have tried to show how the Boomerang, being a man of many parts and possessed of varied and delightful accomplishments, was able to divert GRACE's mind from her peculiarly painful position (on the roof of the ark).

Faithfully yours,

GASTON DE MALACHELL.

P.S. I have put them in evening costume, to show that in spite of their forlorn position, they still preserve their self-respect; and cling to the habits of good society. The bird is intended for a tame pangoffin; the pangoffin is a variety of the spoonbill, at least so my ornithologist tells me. It feeds on lettuce, mustard and cress, beetroot, &c., with the usual dressing; the peculiar construction of its bill is, according to my ornithologist, a splendid practical illustration of MR. DARWIN'S well-known theories on the origin of species.

G. DE M.



VERY LIKELY.

"NOW, SIR, IF HE DOES ANYTHING YOU DON'T LIKE, GIVE HIM A JOLLY GOOD LEATHERING."

SMALL BEER SAMMY.

AIR—"Champagne Charlie."

A LINENDRAPEE's shopman, I go in for a fast life,
But shouldn't mind a gal with lots of tin to be my wife.
Our business 'ouse is splendid, but our people are so near,
They won't allow us nothin' to drink stronger than small beer.

So Small Beer SAMMY is my name,
Small Beer SAMMY is my name;
Still I'm good for getting tight, my boys,
Still I'm good for getting tight, my boys,
Who'll come and have a pint with me?

Oh, if I could afford to come it strong and cut it fat,
Then I'd go to the Derby with a veil around my 'at.
Champagne corks poppin' round my 'ead 'ow prime'twould be to 'ear.
Meanwhile at this establishment our potion is small beer.
Small Beer SAMMY, &c.

I know the odds, and all the 'aunts of betting men frequent,
On Saturday 'alf-olids, as I'm a sporting gent.
Although I ain't accustomed for to mix with prince and peer,
I gamble in a small way as I likewise drink small beer.
Small Beer SAMMY, &c.

When in luck's way and flush of cash I take a great delight
In going to the Music Halls, and so I spend the night.
None of your horatorios so solemn and severe!
The last new comic song for me, myself who sing small beer,
Small Beer SAMMY, &c.

Now, gents, let's 'ave a spree, come, fill your glasses to the brims!
This, this is beer brewed under swipes; some bumpkins call it "sims,"
Because it "seems" malt liquor; oh my eye 'ow very queer!
"Sims" is the draught for SAMMY, which is also called SMALL BEER.
Small Beer SAMMY, &c.

"THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR."—What o'clock is it?

ARISTOCRATIC MOUTHFULS MINCED.

MR. PUNCH,

You have read divers notices of a Book entitled *Charlie Villars at Cambridge*. A word on the name of VILLARS.

First, let me remind you that the names of our Aristocracy are not all pronounced as they are spelt. In verse, for instance, if MR. CLOSE were to write:—

Behold two persons of the higher ranks,
CHOLMONDELEY beside MARJORIBANKS,

his lines would not scan. Of course the Laureate (to the KING OF BONNY) is incapable of such a mistake. His muse, however, might (for a due consideration) express herself thus, with metrical propriety:—

Extensive as the world is CHO'M'LEY's fame;
And MARJ'BANKS is a man of equal name.

A poem in heroic measure, but cockney dialect might contain such a couplet as this:—

ABERGAVENNY in the Park I sor,
A ridin alongside of GROSVENOR—

—but its prosody would be incorrect. To square that with propriety of utterance, a metropolitan bard would have to make those two names read thus:—

You'll own that ABERG'ENNY's no mean cove, nor
Less of a swell will you consider GRO'VENDOR.

Or, here is an epigram which I imagine to be at least euphonious—

GRO'VENDOR one day exclaimed, "In for a penny."
"In for a pound," responded ABERG'ENNY.

Now, Sir, with respect to the name of VILLARS I have to ask you whether that it is not an orthographical mistake? I have heard some people so pronounce a name spelt otherwise, and I want to know whether it is nobbish or snobbish to say, VILLARS for VILLIERS. As heir to a rich uncle, I expect shortly to move in high society, and am anxious to be able to clip all my words correctly and No MISTAKE.

P.S. What do you say to DANIEL, pronounced DAN'L?

"HA ! 'WHARE YE GAUN, YE CRAWLIN' FERLIE ?"



BRILLY, some very harmless and well 'meant utterances by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE at the Highland Dinner have, we perceive from the *London Scotsman* (a capitally managed paper, by the way) aroused the patriotic rage of one W. BURNS, who scolds the poor DUKE for talking of "Englishmen," and who declares that the Scotch are not Englishmen, and have never been conquered, and all the rest of it. As the DUKE's genius, even with GENERAL FORSTER to prompt it, may not be up to the work of scrunching "a fiery Scot, we beg leave to help his Royal Highness. Let him tell the Scotch that they are English, and that they have been conquered, and that they give a remarkable proof of subjugation. Their own extraordinary dialect is good enough for their ordinary purposes, but they read the English Bible, and perform all their religious services in English. They are ashamed to use their "Doric" in a place

of worship. Give 'em that, DUKE, and 'not Cambridge butter.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SYREN'S VOICE.

PIEL DORNTON had calculated his chances cleverly; perhaps too cleverly, for it is so difficult for a sharp man of the Dornton stamp to avoid being just a thought too clever for himself. He stretches out his arm to gain his object, but having gripped the coveted possession, he overbalances himself and falls. The REV. PIEL DORNTON had not yet fallen, but was he overbalancing himself? This was a question for the business conclave which met behind the glass doors in the Banking House of CHEEK, DISS, COUNT & Co., the great Benicia Agents.

Their decision was that the papers in their hands were correct, and they could find no reason for disputing the legality of the several instruments.

So PIEL DORNTON was cringed to, and bowed to, and fawned upon by the Benicians, and visiting cards from the wife of the Lord High Admiral, and the Bishop's Lady, down to the last importation into Benician salons, were showered in at the doors and windows of Phlebosco Palace, now the residence of the fortunate clergyman.

On the tenth day after the disappearance of Volcano Villa with its living freight, it became painfully evident that the Lieutenant and GRACE had ceased to exist.

The REV. PIEL DORNTON invited the inhabitants to a Masqued Ball, and he himself, as Cupid, was the gayest, and apparently the most light-hearted of all that merry, chattering, brilliant crowd.

"You are so satirical," said LADY ANNA DOMINO, removing her mask in order the more easily and gracefully to apply her lace-embroidered mouchoir to her aristocratically-chiselled nose, a custom which the highly refined though somewhat artificial Benicians invariably adopt on occasions such as we are describing.

"Not to you," murmured PIEL, looking into her full hazel eyes, whose lids were gradually lowered under his steady gaze.

"But you love some one else," she whispered, turning away her head.

"No; on my soul, no," exclaimed DORNTON, passionately. The sound of the waltz came fitfully through the doors.

She was a handsome woman, LADY ANNA, and she knew it. Through life, ever since her early impulsive marriage with the dissolute SIR FALSNOWS DOMINO, (who, *criblé des dettes*, had died, leaving her his entire property) her experience among men of the world had been of the *pevi, vidi, vici* order.

And now, what was this had suddenly come over her? Was she, the

charmer, to be charmed at last? Had she, who had made even women's natural enemies, the serpents, dance to her piping, at length found the serpent who was to pipe to her dancing? Where was the fascination? Or was it he who was fascinated after all?

He watched her lying at full length upon the snow-white ottoman beneath the overhanging fuchsias and dainty jessamines; he watched her as she arranged her pink satin dress with its drapery of *moiré antique*, trimmed with the rarest embrocation, seldom applied, except, as now, externally, and he smiled as she threw herself back, reclining upon the damask pillows. A coronet of diamonds, each separate stone far exceeding the koh-i-noor, sparkled in her dark hair; rings flashed and coruscated again and again, lighting her taper fingers; small tinkling bells, Benician fashion, sounded from her sandals as she pressed the drawing-room pile, or shook her feet twinklingly, over the edge of the *fauteuil*. Torches of naphtha (for PIEL DORNTON spared no expense) shed their soft light upon her, and upon the cream-like and rosy tints of the cold frozen ice and small thin wafer cake which she had taken for her refreshment in that pale volu'ptuous hand.

"I wonder," she said, after a little pause, "where Banbury Cross is?"

"Do not talk the world's cant to me," said PIEL DORNTON, suddenly rising and violently kicking over the *ormolu* tables, the lamps, the chairs, and the bigger ornaments in the room. "I know you—beautiful as you are, I know you." He stood by the mantel-piece glaring upon her. Her eyes looking up, met his, and she listened intently. She had never seen him in this mood before. "Tell me," he said, calmly, yet with firm determination as he flung the velvet stool through the window, "Tell me, why am I here?"

For one moment she, the conqueror, the syren who loved so many to their destruction, felt how she had been trapped, caged, caught.

PIEL DORNTON rose from the hearth, and coming towards her, clasped her waist in his iron grasp. She was powerless in his hand, and suffered herself to be carried into the ball-room like a child.

The Bishop was bringing the festival to a close by leading the last dance, which, as is the Benician custom, has something in it of the religious element and of the action of worship; the entire movement has its own peculiar music, and is dedicated to one of the Island's patron saints, St. Vitus—the other patron being the guardian of Hospitality, namely St. Invite-us.

PIEL DORNTON forced LADY ANNA to kneel down, as his ecclesiastical superior removed from his face the white and red colours which had served him for a temporary disguise during the Masque.

"My Lord," exclaimed PIEL, seizing the Bishop's hand, "She will be my wife."

"*Bene ego nunquam!*" said the good Bishop, piously. "*Fecisti tu nunquam?*"

PIEL took a ring from the finger of the fainting LADY ANNA, and was preparing to repeat the usual formula after the Bishop, when a slight rustling was heard in the crowd, and a black figure, closely hooded but with two brilliant eyes piercing through the apertures of her mask, stepped forward. On one arm she supported what was apparently a large oblong shaped bundle.

The disengaged hand she stretched out, and before the bystanders could prevent her —

CHAPTER XVI.

'OYE 'OTEH KATT,

—'Handed to DORNTON a letter.

"Who brought this?" he cried, when he had read it.

No one could tell him. It was a black-hooded mask, and she had gone, silently, as she had come.

LADY ANNA fainted, and was carried insensible to a fountain, in whose sparkling basin she was tenderly deposited, in the hopes that the cold fresh water would revive her.

"Who will take a message for me?" muttered DORNTON to himself, confusedly, "Is there no one I can send?"

As if in answer to his half-spoken thought, a voice from the throng around hissed shrilly, "Me vil."

"Who spoke?" asked DORNTON. A small form emerged from the crowd. It was the bundle which the Mysterious Mask had on her arm: a child.

"How old are you?" asked DORNTON.

"Fourteen months and a half," was the ready answer.

"The emissary for my purpose," said PIEL to himself. A bold bad man cannot act alone; he needs an instrument, a tool; rarely do bold bad men find such an one present to their hand as did PIEL DORNTON now.

"You know the town well?" he inquired, before handing him the note.

"Vev vel," answered the infant.

"Your name?"

"DITTHON; but they called me LITTLE BILLEE."

Had not the ears of PIEL DORNTON been careless to their own good, he would have recognised in the infant's lisping accents the name of DIXON, and he would in all probability have called to mind the mother's

words in the garden, uttered only a few short days ago, "*Down comes the Cradle, The Baby . . . AND ALL!*"

But he heeded not signs and sounds which might have saved him even then.

"Take the letter, *BILLY*," he said, and gave it to the boy.

"*Largethe*," urged the child, extending its hand.

"He means *Largesse*," observed a bystander.

DORNTON regarded him curiously for a moment.

"We have met before," he said.

The child's clear upward gaze brought no distinct time or place to his memory, and so dismissing the matter from his thoughts, he threw the urchin a piece of money, and waving back the curious crowd, he pressed his brows over his hat, and bidding them look to the comfort of the *LADY ANNA*, strode from the ball-room, and scattering the pampered menials right and left, touched a secret spring in the wall, which, turning on a pivot, allowed him to pass through, and instantaneously closed behind him.

"At this moment!" he muttered, shaking his clenched fist in impotent rage towards the starry firmament. "To send to me *now*! But no matter!"

Here he thrust his hand into his open vest, and smiled with bitter scorn as he continued, "She shall be mine. Had I risked so much to stop short of my object *now*? *PIEL DORNTON*, there is a devil lurking thee. What care I? Devil or angel to-night decides her fate and mine, perhaps, for ever. So that is well," he said, as he drew a twelve-shooter from his pocket, and examined the priming. "This will enforce, when arguments and cajoleries fail." He trifled with the weapon for a few minutes, firing it off, loading and reloading, aiming at a tree while running, until he appeared satisfied with his own proficiency. Then he paused. What was that? a rustle? He fired into the bushes. With a scream like that of a child, a wild cat bounded forth and was lost to sight in the surrounding gloom.

PIEL DORNTON, who was an excellent shot, fired again, and the animal fell mortally wounded. "Bah!" exclaimed *PIEL DORNTON*, "This is folly. I have many miles to walk ere I reach *her* house. It must be done to-night—to-night! I have sworn it, and it shall be done." He turned out of the public path, and took his way by the Black Pine Wood. Alone.

As he disappeared among the arboriferous productions of a beneficent Nature, a small form emerged from behind a bush, and stole cautiously into the deep darkness of the night.

The diminutive watcher was searching for something. At last he stopped, and examined what appeared to be a shapeless bundle of white fur.

"In my power now," said the strange being to itself, "and he wanted to know if we'd met before. Yeth, *MITTER DORNTON*, and we'll meet again thoon. Ha! Thee!"

The clouds breaking allowed the moon to send her strong, bright white light upon the ground, bringing out a tall retreating shadow.

Concealing himself from the receding pedestrian's view by crouching within the deep shade of the shadow-head, and moving on hands and feet evenly with it, *LITTLE BILLY* (for he it was as our readers may have already guessed) closely followed him, dogging his footsteps.

So they descended the hill. One bent on his own cruel selfish purpose, utterly unconscious of the other; the latter with all the concentrated hate and suspicion of an infant's nature, pursuing steadily and marking down his prey.

Once and once only the thought crossed him that a struggle was inevitable, and he clutched his coral more firmly, and hushed the jingling silver bells, which, sounding mournfully in the night wind, fell on *PIEL DORNTON*'s ear as a warning knell; but he heeded it not, and in his pride and false security strode onward to his fate.

The Benician Island was lulled in repose as *PIEL DORNTON* crossed the Common.

The sound of silent steps following him cautiously; surely; onward. Onward.

Down the Hill. Aye, Down the Hill.

To the Directors, from the Authors forming the Sensational Novel Company Limited.

Gentlemen,—It is with sincere regret that we feel ourselves compelled by the strictest sense of duty towards each other, of our mutual interdependency. [*.* This word admitted by a majority, and this bracket inserted in justice to the minority] to address you upon a subject which affects in the highest degree the well-being of the Company, the literary status of the gentlemen contributors, both Authors and Artists, the health of the Editor [inserted by me—*Ed.*] and the taste of the general public. Gentlemen, according to the published articles of this Company [Vide No. 1391 of this Journal for March 7, 1868, page 105.—*Ed.*] the Directors, the Authors, and the Editor, only and solely, individually, and collectively, separately and each for himself or for others associated with him, reserve to himself, to herself [*.* An eminent lady novelist has since joined the Company, authoress of *Blabbington Black's Forgery*, *Charlotte's Birds*, &c. &c.—*Ed.*], and to themselves, to HAVE AND TO HOLD in reserve the rights of printing and publishing such notes as "they," the aforesaid, "may deem necessary for the clear explanation of the novel, the benefit of the public at large, and their mutual protection." Now, Gentlemen, we, the undersigned and aforesaid, do beg to call your attention to the constant breaches of this stipulated agreement from time to time on the part of the EDITOR, in conjunction with one of the gentlemen engaged as ARTISTS by the present Company, a gentleman recently coming out of his ambush, and signing himself Gaston de Malaloel, which we believe is not his name, [*.* Yes it is.—*Ed.*] which aforesaid breach of agreement consists in the Artist being allowed to issue his own notes—not,

with even then questionable taste, through the Editor and under his plume,—but as one of the notes to the tale of *Chikkin Hecard*, in which he disparages our combinations, disputes our conclusions, and finally with a transparent apology, ventures to draw upon his own resources for an illustration to his own puerile invention. Gentlemen, we demand the immediate dismissal of the Editor, and that a severe reprimand be conveyed to the Artist. If our demand is not instantly complied with, we resign. (Signed by the majority of the Authors, and for the rest.)

The Directors to the Authors.—Gentlemen, we can only repeat that we have the greatest confidence in the Editor's discretion, we leave the matter entirely in his hands, feeling sure that we can carry on the Company with the present novel to a most successful issue, aided only by the minority who did not sign the recent manifesto.

Directors to Editor.—Can't you make capital out of this slight fracas, and puff the novel? Thus: have a bill out headed "DISMISSAL OF THE EDITOR (THIS DAY). FEARFUL SCENE between AN ARTIST and AN AUTHOR engaged on the Great Novel of CHIKKIN HAZARD." Puff it, sir, puff it.

Editor to Directors.—It's your business to puff it. Do it: only don't play tricks with my name, as I am advised that an action for libel will lie.

Editor to the Authors.—In allusion to the above difference which has unfortunately arisen between the literary and artistic gentlemen connected with the publication of this admirably written and beautifully illustrated novel, the Editor feels assured that the misunderstanding is of the most trivial and temporary nature, and that, as far as he is personally concerned, he is certain that with the courteous answer of the Directors the affair will be brought at once to a happy termination,—he, as Editor, explaining to them, that as he holds so many paid-up shares, and also his present position, by distinct written and stamped agreement with the Directors, in return for having promoted the Company, it will be impossible for him to yield to their demand for his dismissal without gross injustice to himself, and therefore he is willing to go so far as to promise that no notes from the Artists shall be admitted henceforth as genuine unless countersigned by him, the Editor; and finally, he does most sincerely hope that he may trust to the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, to prevent any *contratemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

From Some of the Authors.—The explanation is satisfactory. But in allusion to the letter signed Gaston de Malaloel, we wish to know who sent the telegrams to the Artist about the picture? The telegraph boy who was sent backwards and forwards has not received a single sixpence. His mother, a most respectable person, has called to-day to prefer a charge against nine gentlemen for cruelty in overworking the lad. Justice, Sir, to the aged mother.

Editor's Note.—The Directors will see to this. The other Artists are now preparing their blocks, so Gentlemen, pray get on with your thrilling story, as I am dying to know whether the *Bocmerang* does turn out to be —, also if *PIEL DORNTON* ultimately — as I supposed, and so on to the end. Once again, the above difficulties being perfectly smoothed and everything settled, let me press upon you most strongly that the Editor does hope that the continuation of the good feeling, forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contratemps* occurring just as the work is progressing so favourably.

ANOTHER SMASH FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

THANKS in a great measure to the jokes of *Mr. Punch*, the spirits have left off their concert-giving lately. But how easy it would be to copy their performances will be seen from what PROFESSOR TYNDAL has disclosed, in one of his late interesting *Lectures upon Sound*.—

"There is practically no limit to the distance through which sound may be transmitted through tubes or rods of wood. The music of instruments in a lower room may be made to pass to a higher floor, where it is excited by a proper sounding-board, being all the while inaudible in the intermediate floors through which it passes."

The spirits, we repeat, have not been musical of late, or at any rate their concerts have not been widely advertised. Still, as their performances may ere long be resumed, for gulls as well as geese are very plentiful in England, it may be worth our while to notice that without the aid of spirits, sounds may be conveyed from one room to another, as easily as a waiter could convey that of a codfish. If a guitar or an accordion were played upon down-stairs the sounds might be transmitted by the help of wooden tubes to the apartment where the spirits were holding their *séance*, and thus might wondrously astonish the weak minds of the audience.

FANCY BY FRIAR TUCK.

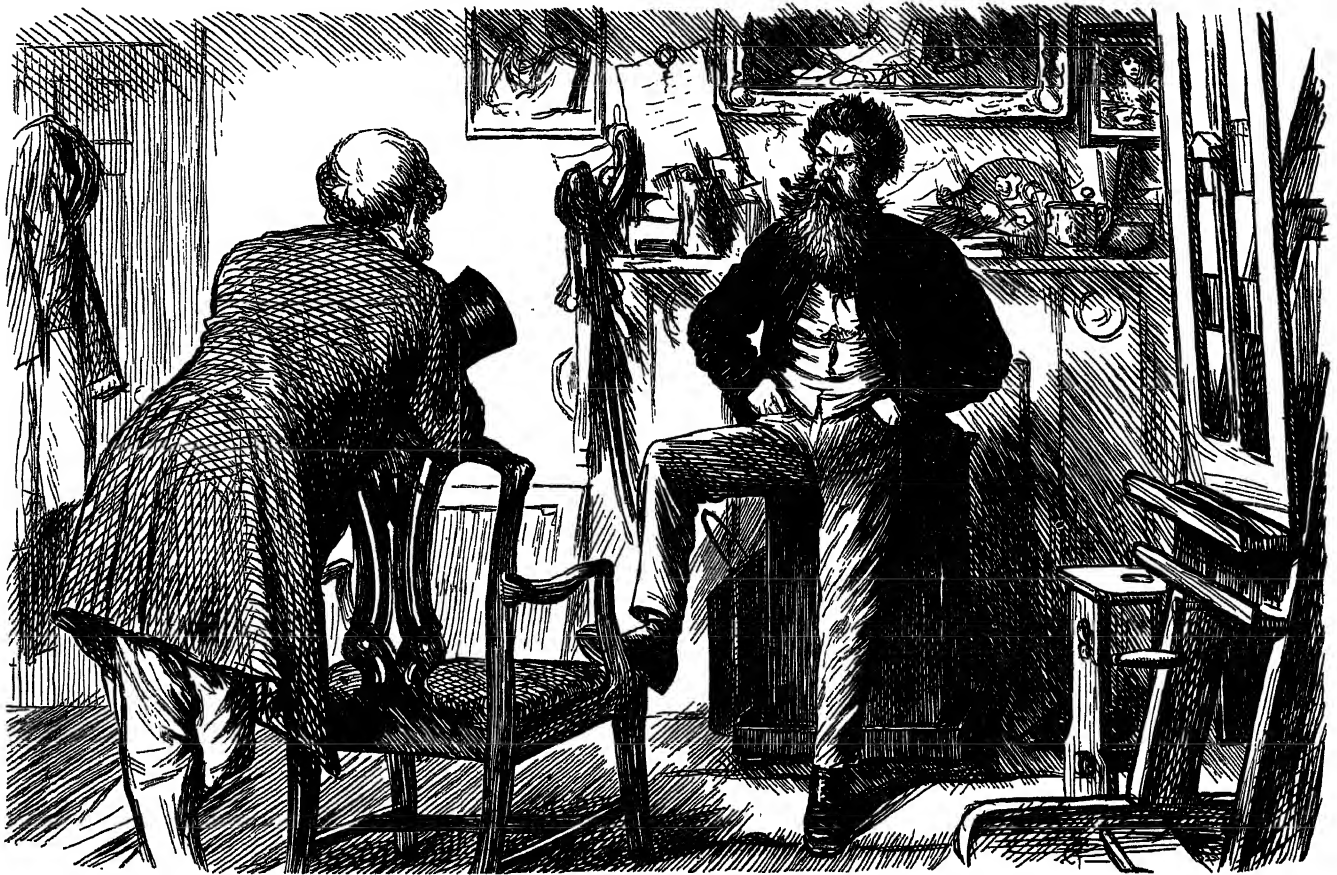
Ye merle that ys soe black of winge,
Hard by ye garden bowre,
A ryght good song in sooth dothe singe
After ye April showre.

Now, wherefore ys hys songe soe swete,
Ye why I can affirme;
Hys grace hee singeth after meate
For slugge and fat lobbeworme.

A Groundless Alarm.

As it is probable that in the course of future Irish Church debates, extending over a long series of years, the question of doing away with "Ministers' Money" will arise, to quiet the fears of aspiring Viceroy, Secretaries, &c., it should be explained that there is no intention of abolishing the salaries of Her Majesty's Government, in Ireland, or elsewhere.

IMMEDIATE.—If "The Girl of the Period" is as she is represented, the sooner a stop is put to her the better.



"QUALIFICATIONS."

Painter (who has always been ambitious of "writing himself down an R.A."). "THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE ELECTED ME, HAVING EXHIBITED AND HAD MY NAME DOWN ALL THESE YEARS! I MIGHT HAVE——"

Friend (Man o' the World). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU, YOU DON'T GO THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK. YOU SEE THEY COULD ONLY ELECT YOU FOR YOUR PAINTING, FOR——WHY DO YOU WEAR SUCH THICK BOOTS?!!!"

ALEXANDRA'S OFFERING TO ERIN.

AIR—"The Four-leaved Shamrock."

"I've found this four-leaved shamrock, beside a fairy well,
Take, Erin, take the charmed growth, and let it work its spell."
To giver and receiver it brings blessing from above;
The letters on its leaflets make the legend, TRUTH and LOVE.
And that's a spell diffuses a magic all around,
And clothes with bud and blossom the hardest hungriest ground.

To the fairy-well it grew by two streams run side by side,
One from TRUTH'S bitter fountain, one from LOVE'S sweet spring
supplied,

But round about the margin sharp shards and flints were piled,
And thistles thorns and nettles grew stinging rank and wild.
And if any water struggled through those stones and weeds to day
'Twas now the bitter, now the sweet, that forced its separate way.

And ever and anon came they who filled their pipkins full
From the bitter stream for Erin, who thereat wry mouths would
pull,

And turn away to them that drew of Love's stream warm and sweet,
Though if quaffed by truth untempered it un-nerved head, hands,
and feet.

While if one stooped to clear the stones and pluck the weeds away
Thousands of eager hands opposed, of clamorous tongues shrieked
"Nay!"

Until at last there came the hour, and with the hour, the man
Who set at naught opposing hands, nor heeded shriek nor ban.
But thrust the hard and heaped-up stones and stinging growths aside,
And made way for those parted rills henceforth in one to glide:
So letting warm attemper cold, and bitter season sweet,
That the waters mixed were cordial, whereof each was poison, neat.

And where these streams first mingle for blessing and for boon,
And ripple golden to the sun, and silver to the moon
This four-leaved shamrock hangs its head the sister founts above—
And proclaims upon its leaflets its nurses TRUTH and LOVE.
And who should bind on Erin's brow and in Erin's pathway strew
Those leaves, but ALEXANDRA, the Loving and the True?

WHINE AND WATER.

RUM parties—we beg pardon for naming rum—we mean queer persons are these Temperance Apostles. "Drinking ought to be made difficult instead of easy," writes SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, "every legal hindrance should be put in the way of procuring drink." What a pity that we can't go to the fountain head, and indict Nature for hanging her wealth of grapes where they can most easily be picked. Had Nature been a SULLIVAN, she would have hung these wine-fruits on the top of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, instead of putting them close to the hand, as if to contradict SIR EDWARD'S creed. No, Irish baronet darling, punish the man who makes another drunk, punish the man who sells bad liquor, punish the man who gets drunk, but Free Vintners and a Free Vintage for a jovial yet rational Englishman. Your ancestor was Clerk of Cork, and his descendant should not break Bottles.

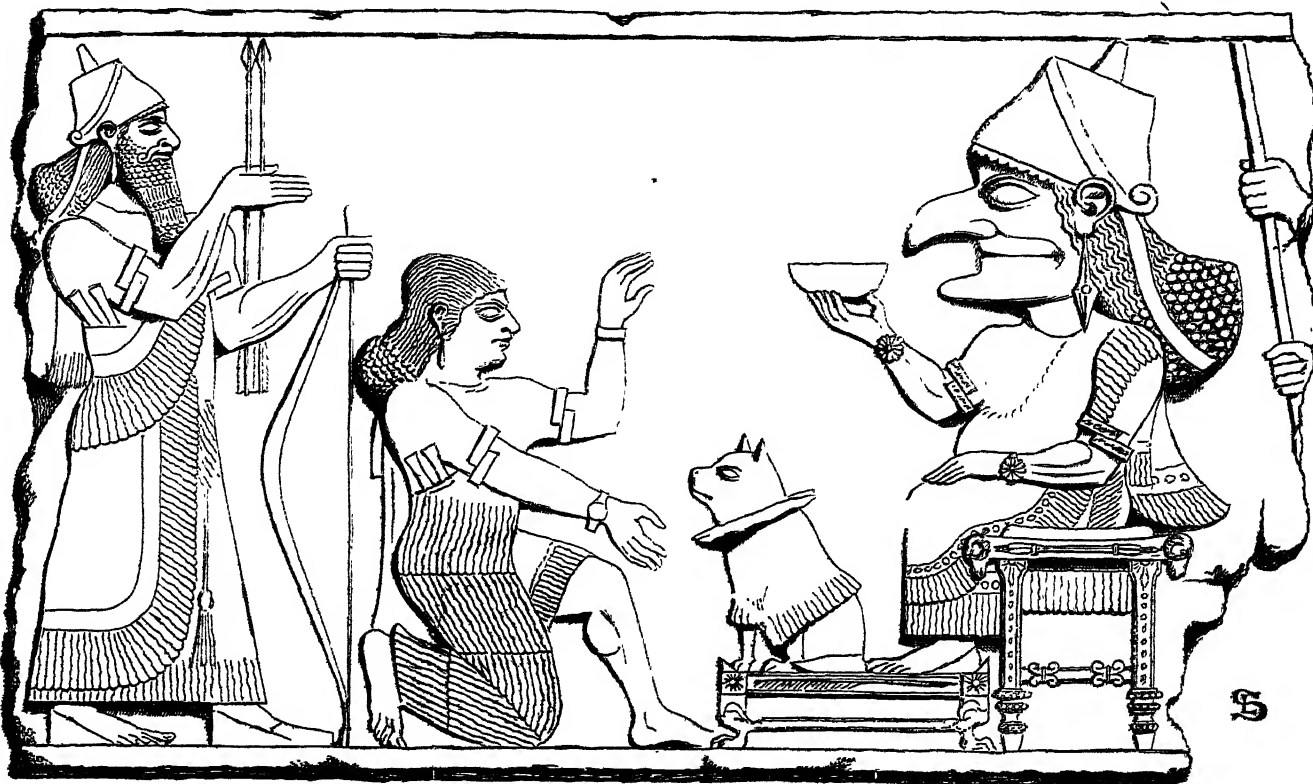
Over Indulgence.

MR. GLADSTONE is almost too liberal to the Irish Church. Not only would he respect vested interests, but in his anxiety to give compensation to those young gentlemen who have been brought up in the expectation of good livings, he is willing also to provide for vested interests.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—Gin.



ALEXANDRA'S OFFERING TO ERIN.



FAC-SIMILE OF A CURIOUS BAS-RELIEF

RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE SHED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A PLEA FOR THE POLICE.

WHEN *Mr. Punch* next takes the chair at any public dinner, he probably will startle some old fogies in the company by making an addition to the usual list of toasts. After doing honour to the Army and the Navy and "Our Gallant Volunteers," *Mr. Punch* will fill a special bumper to the health of the Police. They may fitly now be classed among our national defenders; and, indeed, the many dangers they encounter in our service entitle them most thoroughly to have their health proposed whenever public toasts are drunk. Knocked down, and kicked and stamped upon with heavy hobnailed boots, and bonneted and bludgeoned, and beaten black and blue—to all this our Policemen are well nigh as well used as the eels were said to be to skinning; and, in addition to all this, they have of late been shot at, and have served under fire as bravely as any of our troops.

For encountering these perils, and for the weary work of ten hours, daily watching in the streets, the wage is nineteen shillings weekly, with a hope by slow degrees to earn six shillings more. The man who rises to be sergeant, as not one in ten can do, will get eight-and-twenty shillings weekly for his work; and, what his qualities must be, the following will show:—

"To enter the police as constable a man must bring a long and unimpeachable character for honesty, industry, sobriety, intelligence, and good temper. . . . An able constable who is offered a Sergeant's vacancy has to go through an educational examination which, ten years ago, would have broken half the Civil Service candidates. The arithmetic and writing he has to do are, perhaps, in these days not thought so dreadful as they used to be, but he has to draw out hypothetical cases of police charges, and to give answers in writing to such cases, stating whether he would detain or liberate prisoners under such and such circumstances, and his reasons in writing for or against."

Plenty to do and little to get is evidently now the rule in the Police Force, and one is not surprised to learn that "the matter is becoming one of chronic discontent." Skinfints may contend that while the ranks continue full, there surely is no need to proffer higher pay. But men who are not skinfints will not let their eyes be blinded by a short-sighted economy, and will have the wisdom!

"To look at three things—1st, that the police service now requires a much higher class of men than was thought necessary when they started as watchmen in 1830; 2nd, that the growth of the force has by no means kept pace with the growth of the metropolis they have to guard; 3rd, that 19s. a week now is not much more than equal to 14s. a week forty years ago. The deduction is obvious. Not only must the force be increased, but the pay must be such as to induce good men to enter, and, above all, when entered, to remain in the service. Entering the police force should,

in its pay and future rewards, be held out as an object of ambition to able and respectable men, and not regarded, as it is now by the most intelligent constables, as a mere resource against want, to be retained only till something better presents itself."

With ruffianism rampant, and Fenianism scarce squelched, and robberies with violence still frequent in our streets, it will hardly be denied that we have urgent need of a strong army of Police. There is little to be gained by being stingy in the matter, except the chance of a picked pocket or a broken head; and skinfints who object to increasing the Police rates, if they find themselves garrotted, may be told it serves them right.

A TERRIBLE STREET IMPROVEMENT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WRITE with mingled horror, surprise and indignation to inform you that the other day, as I was walking down Park Lane, I saw a large steam-roller at work upon the roadway! There was a crowd of starers round it, as though it were a Dodo or a Plesiosaurus, or some other prædiluvinian and now non-extant monster. Viewing it myself as a proof of the levelling spirit of the age, I own the sight of it excited in me pangs of grief and terror. "*Stare super antiquas vias*" is the maxim I admire, and I hate new-fangled notions of what some call "street improvements." Especially I hate to see true Britons condescending to take lessons from the French, as in this matter of street-rolling. Far better let our carriages be knocked about and splintered in the good old-fashioned way, and our bones be bumped, and bruised, and battered as they used to be, than degrade ourselves by copying those confounded foreigners, and by driving on smooth roads which may lead us to destruction. Steam-rollers, to my thinking, must end in revolutions, and if we Frenchify our streets we shall soon see barricades in them.

I remain, Sir, yours in some alarm,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

P.S. Nothing is safe nowadays. The Irish Church is threatened—Saint Paul's will go ere long, and Windsor Castle follow it—while the regalia at the Tower, being useless in a Commonwealth, will be pawned or put to auction to reduce the national debt.

FEELS AGGRIEVED.—OUR Landlord, who is miserly, is envious of the Metropolitan Board of Works, because they hoard up so much property.



A SUBTERFUGE!

Papa. "A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER, LOUISA—DECLINES TO STAND GOD-FATHER TO THAT DEAR CHILD; SAYS HE ISN'T A RITUALIST! NOW, DID YOU EVER?!"

WOMAN'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

WHAT makes MIRANDA laugh or cry
Without apparent reason why,
Now fixes her in spasms fast bound,
Now bids her kick and stamp the ground,
While standers-by around her close,
These try to hold her down, and those
Apply ammonia to her nose?
Hysteria.

By what is she, at times, possessed
With cunning not to be expressed,
Whence to no purpose, for no gain,
All sorts of things she's apt to feign?
What, in her, feigns, without her will,
Almost all modes of being ill,
Which baffle, oft, the doctor's skill?
Hysteria.

What is it, as we read at school,
That Pythoness, on three-legg'd stool,
Out of her ordinary wits
Did drive into prophetic fits?
She that is mesmerised obeys
What influence, in these modern days?
What in the female "medium" plays?
Hysteria.

What cause the softer sex inclines
To maudlin converse with divines?
Whence do the various clergy bear
So vast an influence o'er the fair?
Whereby has Ritualism increased?
What works for Rome; has never ceased
To serve the purpose of the Priest?
Hysteria.

I may get married if I find
A maiden suited to my mind,
One that would be, with ornament
That pleased her husband's eye, content.
Should such an one my fancy seize,
Heaven I shall beg, upon my knees,
To avert from her that dire disease,
Hysteria.

A PAGE ALWAYS GROWING.—The Page of History.

A COMPANY LIMITED BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

I TAKES in *Punch* reglar—upon my word—so beg you'll lend the assistance of yer powerful pen to turn out the present obnoxious Government. I'll give you a specimen of ow they've bin interferin with a most promisin commercial enterprise. If you won't believe me, vell then read the *Pall Mall Gazette* vere the facts is related—only in an unworthy and ostile spirit to the aggrieved Party.

A gent in this vicinity—a very intimate friend of mine—come into possession of them two lanes leading to the Roehampton Gate, or Paget's Gate, as 'tis sometimes called, of Richmond Park, along with other property earabouts vich he wanted to improve. The lanes ad bin, up to then, open to the public on sufferance; to all foot passengers and to sitch carriage people as ad the right of ongrtay. They was considered pretty sequestered lanes, green and flowery and all that, vith daisy and buttercup medders about 'em, oss chesnuts in bloom at the proper season, and sitch. Along a bank at the side of one of 'em growd flowers vich I'm told was wild strawberries, but is now done away with by the improvement of the Main Drainage.

Now ven this ere cove, this partickler friend of mine, got old of this ere property, thinks he, "It would be a capital spec to set up toll-gates at the entrances of them two lanes, and charge so much an ead for everybody vantin to go them ways into Richmond Park."

Accordingly vat does he do but starts a joint-stock concern, under the name of "The Clarence Roads Company (Limited)," and puts up, at the openins into the lanes from Roehampton and Sheen, notices statin that for the future the Public (except them as vas duly privileged) would be altogether excluded from them there ways to the Park.

Vereupon vat d'ye think that LORD JOHN MANNERS goes and does? He writes my friend vord as the Paget Gate of the Park was open only on condition that the public vas allowed free way to it by them

lanes, and, if that vas in any vay restricted, he'd shut up the gate. Vy, it's only 100 yards from my friend's ouse, and the nearest other gate at Sheen is 3 miles off by an ard dusty road!

A crueller trick vas never played at a cove's expense. It reminds me ow my feelins vas urt vunce in my early days by an artless imposter vat sold me an old goodfornothin vescat for two shillins by avin put, to seem as if it had bin left, in the pocket a farthin vitch I thought vas arf a sovvin.

Sir, if yer doesn't turn out DIZZY and his ole lot, anyhow, I opes yer'll insist upon his dischargin that Chief Commissioner of Vorks of his'n, that LORD JOHN MANNERS, by vich, vith the despotic power vat heields vith sitch an eye and, a cove—I von't name no names—as bin regularly

FLUMMUKED.

Clarence Villa, April 1, 1818.

"The Parcel of a Reckoning."

FOR a reason which it might be uncivil to assign, we have no great distaste for seeing commercial folks at logger-heads. Just now the Great Small Parcels question is up. A tradesman desires to pay the railway for carrying one big parcel, which is made up of lots of small parcels, to be delivered by his agent. The railway says that every parcel is a parcel, and ought to be paid for. If *Mr. Punch* were a great London grocer he would support the former, if a Railway Shareholder, the latter; but as it is he is like the American lady who, beholding her husband fighting with a bear, remarked that it was the first time she had ever seen a fight without caring which licked.

A MENDED SAW.

"As Safe as a Church." If you wish to convey the very opposite notion, of insecurity, alter this proverbial expression into—as safe as the Irish Church.

TWO CHARACTERS ON THE TURF.



IR.—A pleasing sense of satisfaction was doubtless derived by many persons in common with myself from the following passage in the "Sporting Intelligence" imparted on Monday last week to the world by ARGUS:—

"It would be unjust to the committee, who are assimilated to the Jockey Club, not to acknowledge the great good they have done to Steeplechasing in the neighbourhood of London by the example they made of a person who had lately committed a glaring robbery, in ordering his jockey, in order starting, to pull up at the

first fence and return home, whereby his backers were defrauded of any chance for their money. The committee sat in Petty Sessions in Burlington Street, and the prisoner having admitted his guilt, LORD WESTMORELAND, who sat as Chairman, pronounced the sentence of the Court. This was that the prisoner be prevented from running any Steeplechase under the rules of the Committee for the next five years, and that the jockey be suspended from riding until next year, provided he has not drunk himself to death within that time, which is more than probable from the appearance he presents."

"A couple of cads very rightly served, especially the jockey's employer, the lower cad of the two." Such, Sir, was the reflection the foregoing statement very naturally suggested to my mind. But judge, you and your right-minded readers, who venerate the aristocracy of your country, what a change my feelings presently underwent, when I came to read, in the *Times*' leader on the Universities' Boat Race, the astounding information, with reference to the Grand National Steeplechase at Bedford, that:—

"Another horse, which is reported to have 'had the quality of all there,' was at the last moment withdrawn by his owner, the DUKE OF HAMILTON, simply because the odds laid against him were not heavy enough, of course to the loss of his other backers."

It nearly took away my breath. "I assure you, Sir, I almost fainted. What! Whom had I unwittingly been setting down for a cad, and a cad beneath a knavish jockey? Was it possible that the 'person' of whom, according to ARGUS, the Steeplechase Committee 'made an example' for an act which he designated by a word that I cannot repeat, the 'prisoner,' on whom they 'sat in petty sessions,' who 'admitted his guilt,' and was sentenced to five years' exclusion from the fellowship of sporting men, was it, I say, possible that this person should be identical with a personage in the first rank of the Peerage? I shuddered as I asked myself the question. As I repeat it I shudder again. No, no, it was impossible. ARGUS must mean one person, the *Times* another."

HAMILTON, BRANDON, and CHATELHERAULT! Three great names. Think of the possibility of having, for a moment, associated them with that opprobrious monosyllable of three letters—C.A.D., cad. Fearful confusion of ideas! However, *Mr. Punch*, how careful we ought to be in our reflections on the conduct of any one connected with the Turf. Let us ever bear in mind the peculiar influence exerted more or less on the nature of everybody, and affecting even gentlemen otherwise of the nicest honour, engaged in money transactions within the sphere of that noble, but moral sense impairing animal, the horse. Forgetting this, what a misapplication one might make of the word cad! Happy, however, in the thought that it would be unintentional, and reserving that expression exclusively for the order to which alone it is appropriate, believe me, *Mr. Punch*,

Yours truly,

FITZ-GARTER.

Legge Lane, April, 1868.

Exserit Rabidos Iguis.

A MEETING of "determined Conservatives" has been held in the Music Hall, Canterbury. Had it been in the Canterbury Music Hall we might have attended, for we should like to have heard SIR BROOK BRIDGES on the abandonment of principles which have been for centuries our Polar Star. The peer in embryo meant to refer to the pending act of justice to Ireland. But for the weather, we should think that another star, elegantly named Sirius, but familiarly known as the Dog-star, had been raging over Kent, and inclining the gallant squires of Kent to slightly lunatic views of matters. But when their leader tells them that the Crisis of England has come, who shall blame these descendants of Washington Irving's hero, DETERMINED COCK?

HOW TO QUASH THE QUACKS.

MY DEAR MR. HARDY,

ALLOW me to congratulate you on your famous Irish Church speech. I like to hear a man speak plainly and not beat about the bush, even though, as in your case, I may not at all agree with him.

As you have now a character for pluck as well as firmness, I hope that you will shortly exercise those qualities in dealing with a matter which undoubtedly demands them. A man must have some courage to stamp upon a skunk, and that is what a medical journal now requires of you:—

"We venture to hope that the Home Secretary will be induced to press forward the Medical Acts Amendment Bill, which will rob the quacks of their power to assume medical titles. It has been lying in the Home Office for three years; and SIR GEORGE GREY, MR. WALPOLE, and MR. HARDY have, in turn, expressed a general approval of its main provisions, but pressure of 'public business' has hitherto prevented the measure from being introduced."

There can hardly be much public business which should be deemed more pressing than that of taking care of the health of the public. *Salus populi suprema lex*, as your classical constituents could easily explain to you. Now, the people's health is constantly endangered by quack doctors, and in dealing with these miscreants the law should be supreme. Take away the titles which they falsely assume, and you deprive them in great measure of their power to offend. The boobies who consult the quacks are of all people the likeliest to be duped by a fine name, and when a quack bedubs himself "licentiate," or "doctor," the boobies think his title has been legally acquired, and flock to fill the swindler's pockets with their fees. *Distinguo* is a word unknown in their vocabulary, and any advertising scoundrel who calls himself a doctor to their mind ranks as highly as a qualified M.D.

Help the boobies, therefore, and help to quash the quacks, and be *judatus à laudato*, even by your,

PUNCH.

PUNCH AT THE PALACE.

"Now," said *Mr. Punch*, with what remained of his fine voice, after cheering all the way from Putney up to Mortlake, "Now is the time to visit the Crystal Palace!"

This remarkable remark was made at half-past noon on Saturday the Fourth, and few of those who heard it were aware of its significance. But it occurred to *Mr. Punch* that, having shaken hands with Oxford, the proper thing to do was to get away to Sydenham. For after hearing the young oarsmen give their details of their race, it seemed a pleasant contrast to hear the "*Ancient Mariner*."

Besides the flowers and the air, and the Bath buns, and the beer, there is always something fresh at the charming Crystal Palace. Fresh music especially is certain to be found there, thanks to MR. MANNS, that most electric of conductors. A new symphony by MENDELSSOHN, a new symphony by SCHUBERT, these the Crystal Concerts have this winter introduced, and, by way of further novelty, they add the "*Ancient Mariner*."

Mr. Punch goes to a concert to enjoy, and not to criticise; so he will not perplex his readers with a critical description and account of this cantata, however strongly he be tempted to show off such fine phrases as "melodic progression" and "contrapuntal cleverness," which every critic nowadays has at his pen's tip. *Mr. Punch* will only say that good music invariably gives him a good appetite, and that on Saturday the Fourth his hunger was so great after listening to the concert that he was forced to get a dinner *impromptu* at the Palace: and this *impromptu* dinner proved to be so good a one, that *Mr. Punch* in making it took all the time he could, and then pronounced it *un impromptu fait à loisir*.

Academy Catalogue. 1867. No. 1106.

So the Johanna men have lied

Like SOUTHCOTE, the Johanna woman,

And bold SIR RODERICK tells with pride,

That LIVINGSTONE is safe, and comin'.

Last year the sculptor wrote "the late,"

When our brave DAVID's bust was shown:

Who'll care for that dead marble's fate,

When we have got a LIVING STONE?

Horsepital Contributions.

ANOTHER bit of spooneyism exposed. Soft people actually believed that the betting fellows at Tattersall's had gentle moments, and were in the habit of stealing aside to deposit small money in the box of St. George's hospital. To make this easier for the kind creatures, a box was put up for them in their own haunt, and at the end of the year there were found a bad fourpenny piece and many bits of tobacco-pipe. The old hospital-box had its usual £100, or more. However, the spooney can continue to believe as before, and that the betting men did not like to risk their charity in their own box.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—(A FACT.)

Florence. "GUS, DEAR, WAKE UP, I'VE A BRILLIANT IDEA! WE SAVE FIVE PER CENT., YOU KNOW, BY BELONGING TO A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY; BUT SUPPOSE WE BELONG TO TWO SOCIETIES, WE SHALL SAVE TEN PER CENT.!"
 [You would hardly believe that Gus called her "a little donkey," and went to sleep again.]

CANINE.

Toby prays that *Mr. Punch* will find room for the following, which, he fancies, will be read with considerable alarm by those who are Old-Bogified by fears of Centralisation:—

"The Inland Revenue Collectors, to the affairs of which department has been delegated the duty of collecting the new dog tax, have received payment on no less than 400,000 dogs more than the old parochial collectors. This success is a fresh step in the direction of committing the general collection of taxation to the officers of the Crown, instead of the nominees of the parish."

Toby is an honest dog, and, having yearly paid his tax as such, may be allowed to blush for his defaulting brethren. Many of them no doubt have for many years evaded the parochial collector, and are debtors to the State for considerable arrears. *Toby* has no sympathy with such dishonest dogs, and he is glad to see that honesty is being thrust upon them by the aid of the Excise. In the interests of caninity, *Toby* wishes that a black list of the men who are convicted of having shirked the dog-tax should from time to time be issued, so that would-be honest dogs may all refuse to live with them. Moreover, *Toby* would suggest, if his master, *Mr. Punch*, will kindly suffer him to do so, that stamped collars should be issued for dogs that pay the tax, in order that all honest dogs may recognise defaulters, and cease to wag a tail at them when meeting in the street.

Garlanded Virtue.

"O! By yon bright sun, tell it not in France,
 Publish it not where 'Vanity' is dear,
 'Virtue—MONTYON virtue—looks askance,
 And cynic Saxons grin from ear to ear.
 That prize, each Gallic breast to morals kindling
 Its latest winner is in gaol for swindling."

THE FAITH OF THE FEW.

It would seem that the expression, "One in a thousand," may fairly be applied to the Protestant population of some Irish parishes, where the Established Church is maintained.

VERNON, CUR NON?

We fail to see the force of certain complaints that the award has been published by which *MR. VERNON HARCOURT* condemns *ALBERT DRUMMOND WILLOUGHBY, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY*, Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England, and patron of fifteen livings, to pay the plaintiff in a recent action £1,200 a year, and fines him £100 a month for any delay which, after a given date, may occur in the purchase of the annuity. The plaintiff is surely entitled to have it known that the case was a good and just one, and the public is interested in knowing that justice has been done upon the Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain. We detest vulgar curiosity, but the publicity of a legal sentence, which an award under the order of a Court is, must be desirable for the monition of those who have not yet imitated *LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY*. For which reason *Mr. Punch* makes record of an otherwise unedifying matter.

TO THE RODERICK THAT'S NAE DOO.

HAIL to the Chief that in Science advances,
 First in the high geographical line,
 Chosen in FARADAY's place who by France is;
 Famed for his work in Geology's mine!
 Who with a second sight
 Born of reflection, tight
 Stuck to the hope which-proofs well-grounded show;
 Letters from LIVINGSTONE:
 Shout, every mother's son,
 RODERICK I. MURCHISON, ho, ieroc!

Taking it in Snuff.

MR. GRIMSTON, for a Telegraph Company, protests against the scheme for taking the wires into the hands of Government. The reason he gives is that the Companies, for doing the work badly, get enough out of the public to pay a good dividend, and therefore we have no right to wish to be served well and cheaply. *GRIMSTON'S Eye Snuff* may be very good, but *GRIMSTON* must not throw dust into our eyes.



THE CELESTIAL HAT.

THE ANGLICAN LIBERTIES.

PREACHING about the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the REV. MR. BELLEW, who approves of that impending measure, and further thinks that, as its consequence, the Church of England must and should be disestablished too, on the evening of last week's Sunday bespoke his audience thus:—

"Were there not hundreds of churches in England supported entirely on the voluntary principle—his own for instance? What benefit was the Establishment to them? Neither he nor his church received a farthing in the way of endowment."

There is something in that; and perhaps, if the time for settling the British Constitution could come over again, many friends of the Established Church would wish it re-established on the voluntary principle. But MR. BELLEW desires that it should not be established at all. He went on to say:—

"The Church of England, as an Establishment, had found itself utterly unable to deal with a heretical bishop, and therefore might as well cease to be an Establishment."

Fair and softly, MR. BELLEW. Wo ho, Sir! Whom do you call heretical? The BISHOP of NATAL? If so, DR. COLENSO might tell you that you're another. He could say, with justice, that he holds the Thirty-nine Articles as much as you do. His biblical criticism may, like the successful Easter-piece at the Olympic, be "all my eye and BETTY MARTIN," and it may be as remote from sound doctrine as that diverting extravaganza is from tragedy, but, whether sound or unsound, is out of the question. It is not heretical in the eye of the law, has never been decided to be by any competent tribunal, and could only be made so by an *ex post facto* Fortieth Article. Well, MR. BELLEW, you could perhaps get that, if the Church ceased to be an Establishment. But, if you could have a Fortieth Article, you could also have a Forty First; and Article Forty Two, decreed by ecclesiastical disciplinarians, might interdict clergymen from earning an honest penny by reading *Shakespeare*, and other profane authors, or by lecturing upon any secular persons or things for the entertainment of the public. As it is, the Church of England cannot make new Articles without the consent of the Legislature, which no doubt is fortunate for COLENSO, but may be also lucky for you.

Neat.

"YOUR young friend WIGSBY should be a good lawyer," said SMITH to ROBINSON, "at least he has a large collection of law books, nobly bound." "Sir," said ROBINSON, "you appear to think that law is binding." SMITH has offered a reward for the meaning.

IMPORTANT RAILWAY NEWS.

THE past Easter has been marked by the opening of two railways into wild and savage Northern districts. One is an extension of the Highland line, and is called the Sutherland Railway; the other is an extension of the Metropolitan line, and is called the St. John's Wood Railway. Of the former, *Mr. Punch* means to say nothing until he shall have inspected it, but the speeches at the inaugural banquet were very jolly, especially the DUKE of SUTHERLAND's and LORD RONALD GOWER's (the latter told how a Scotch magistrate, to whom an old woman called, "O man, stop my coo!" very properly responded that he was not a man, but a magistrate), and *Mr. Punch* is rejoiced in any improvement which may spare even a few Highland horses the barbarities practised upon them in the tourist season—barbarities which destroy the pleasure of all travellers except the coarser Cockneys and the British provincials.

The line which is now open from Baker Street runs through the stern and frowning wood of Saint John, then takes a district which reminds one of the glories of Marlborough's Arms, and finally conducts us into scenery which, surrounding a famous cottage, may as well be called Swiss as anything else. Here the rail halts, but it is to be pushed on to the swarthy moor consecrated by the memory of the patriot, JOHN STRAW. *Mr. Punch* performed the return journey with much ease and safety, and was not greatly longer in doing it, for sixpence, than he would have been in an Atlas omnibus, for threepence. The carriages are new and luxurious, the stations well built and cheerful, and the clerks and porters are, at present, all affable, and indeed encouraging. The stern "Now, jump in!" of the Southern district is here exchanged for the gentle "As quickly as you please, for our time is up;" and the snapping "What class?" is here translated "For which class do you wish a ticket?" These holiday amenities are agreeable, but will disappear as business increases upon a much wanted line.

Mr. Punch, whose hopes, like those of his friend SERJEANT BALLANTYNE, in the boat-case, are of great depth, looks sanguinely (that is to say, with blood-shot eyes—thanks to the Easter wind) to the development of the interesting region which has now been brought within the range of civilisation. The inhabitants are not ill-conditioned, and some of them are said to be humane and hospitable, while the spires of more than one church show that missionary effort has been successfully directed. Their language has affinity with that of the Pembridge districts, and Bayswater, but, probably owing to insufficient drainage, is less guttural. The amusements of the inhabitants are of the dreary kind usual among savage tribes; they frequently meet at each other's houses, and voluntarily undergo slow torture, four or more performing on instruments, and they will often decoy a lecturer or other mountebank from a neighbouring tribe, and reward his imbecile exertions. They have no history worth naming, but there linger traditions of a Great Spirit called the Pine-Apple Ghost, who revealed to one of their ancestors that a murder had been committed somewhere, but who, with the usual unpractical habit of apparitions, vanished without leaving his own address or that of the victim. The Government imposters are collected without material difficulty in this wild district, though at times it is necessary to resort to the extreme measure of cutting off the water, and the Fiery Cross has long ceased to be carried save in the form of the Hot Cross of the Good Friday bun. There is no reason against settling in the region, except that the chiefs to whom the habitations belong are somewhat exacting, and any neglect of their dues involves a demand, not exactly of black mail, but by a very black looking male, who is severe about settlers who are unable to settle. But much will now be done for their advantage. *Mr. Punch* adds, however, that the new railway does not take you from the North to the Baker Street Station, but to a point at a great distance from it, and you have to make your way through passages, and down stairs, for a quarter of a mile or less; and unless you are athletic and in training, you arrive in time to see the red eye of the City carriages receding into the distant gloom. This part of the business must be rectified forthwith, or it will be *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to be persistent in warnings which will not help dividends.

Potage à la Coster.

GOURMANDS have been talking horse a good deal lately, but they have not yet begun to talk donkey—though much of a certain kind of table-talk may be considered as analogous to the utterance of the braying animal. No; but when ass-flesh becomes an article of food—and why shouldn't the pony of Hierosolyma be as good as any other?—then it will also become a subject of conversation. Let us, then, observe beforehand that an ass's head, in brains and everything else, is equal to a calf's, and is peculiarly suitable for making moke-urtle.

QUESTION FOR DR. MARY WALKER.

WHY ought a Medical Quack to be a Woman?
Because he's always a *Charlotte Ann*.



LOOKING FORWARD.

"PRAY, DON'T PUT TOO MANY COALS ON, MARY! IT MAKES ME SHIVER WHEN I THINK THAT IN THREE HUNDRED YEARS WE SHALL HAVE NONE LEFT!"

SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

No surrender! No surrender!
No Reform! I used to bawl.
Then, of weak points blind defender,
I insured the loss of all.
Irish Church Expropriation,
In a measure due and just,
Would have been her preservation;
'Twas refused; and go she must!

Had we Tories but consented;
Long ago to prune the tree,
GLADSTONE'S axe, in time prevented,
At its root we should not see.
Then it might have stood, to shelter
All its own—perchance to grow,
Ireland having justice dealt her:
Now it will be all laid low.

Wisdom's lessons clean forgotten,
We persisted, o'er and o'er,
In defending what was rotten;
Lose both that and something more.
All our use has been, poor buffers,
Easing shocks to still keep on.
Ah, we put our trust in duffers!
Now our occupation's gone.

THIS FLYING MAN.

SIR,—There's a man who professes to fly from one end of the Crystal Palace to the other. What of that, Sir? Nothing; my wife and I for the last twelve years have, once in six months, taken a fly up to town from Peckham, to make calls.

Yours,

PFFPITYWIX.

N.B. Now, Sir, is the time of year for seeing the bloom on Peckham Rye. Come and dwell with me and be my love, and sing, Rye fol de riddle, &c., as of yore.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.—Prize Money.

A PARLIAMENT OF LADIES' MEN.

THE great event of last week, next to the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES's visit to Dublin, was the meeting on the Women's Suffrage Question at Salford, in the Free Trade Hall, on Wednesday. If it was not a perfect success, that was partly owing to the absence, occasioned unfortunately by a bad cold, of the eldest MISS BRIGHT, daughter of FRIEND JOHN, M.P. Train up a child in the way she, as well as he, should go. Also, to have been completely successful, the meeting should have been honoured with the presence of One who is, not excepting MR. MILL, the greatest philogynist in the world, and as such would have offered it the suggestion which follows.

The capability of women to choose between political good and evil being questioned, let it be tried. Ladies, try it yourselves. On the basis of universal suffrage, or any other that you may prefer, choose a Parliament of your own. Though unrecognised as a legislative body, it will be quite legal—just like Convocation. Indeed, it will exactly answer the very purpose which Convocation serves. Convocation enables us to see what laws the clergy would make if they could, and how fit or unfit they are to be intrusted with legislative power. Your Parliament of unacknowledged legislators will also, by their debates and conclusions on the various proposals brought under their consideration, show us what sort of addition you, in your representatives, might be expected to contribute to the Collective Wisdom. And in the meantime it will perhaps do something more than Convocation ever does; that is, it may now and then frame some measure so sensible as to get adopted by the real Parliament, and passed into a law.

The Great Prize Conundrum for 1868.

Who will win the Derby this year?

* * A correct answer in plenty of time before the race, and an undertaking by the sender to bear all loss, will meet with prompt attention.

LOCAL COLOURING.—Paint on Cheeks.

ORANGE-ISM IN EXCELSIS.

IF MR. DISRAELI anticipates any difficulty with the Orange lot, *Mr. Punch* advises him to send for one M. AGOSTE, at present engaged by the Management of the Holborn Circus, but whom the patriotism of that Establishment would doubtless induce it to surrender at the prayer of the Minister. M. AGOSTE disposes of the Orange Question in the most miraculous way. In fact, he declines to concede that there is any question. The Oranges in his hands, or on his heels, or in his plates, or wherever else he may choose rather to wish than to put them, obey him with a promptness which suggests volition as well as volitation. Whether they eddy idly aloft, move gracefully in mid air with the regularity of the planets, or rotate before him in an endless little chain, they seem to be moved by machinery rather than by a man's caprice. The sight is so remarkable, that MR. DISRAELI had better go and see it for political reasons, and the rest of the public for the sake of beholding a feat which *Mr. Punch* hesitates not to declare unique. He will add, while about it, that the Holborn Circus has nearly supplied the loss of Astley's; and, if the former were dirty instead of clean, and the boxes were disagreeable instead of comfortable, the charm would be complete. As it is, we must put up with luxury for the sake of a capital evening. There is a clown, too, who speaks out, and has some new jokes, and whose impudent persistence in mischief sends the children into ecstasy. When *Punch* smiles, and the children laugh, all is right.

The Royal Smoker.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is known to be a great smoker. The QUEEN it is said does not approve of this taste, or Her Majesty would have given H.R.H. the magnificent Regalia now kept in a dry place in the Tower.

Strange that the beefeaters who show visitors over the Tower are the only people allowed to "puff" the regalia.

FETCH THE ENGINES.—"A heated imagination" may be defined to be—dreaming the house is on fire.

NONSENSE EPIGRAMS.

BY FIELD MARSHALL.

POTUS is tight, tight as a drum,
But still no sounds of music come.

SMITH takes the school, and weds the master's daughter—
A better-half who'll give poor SMITH no quarter.

My suit hard-hearted SUSAN will not hear,
Because I've but three hundred pounds a-year;
And so, until my income's more, 'tis plain
That if I SUSAN sue, I sue in vain.

"Wonders never cease"—don't you be taken in,
For still more frequently they ne'er begin.

"I know I'm clever, and I paint,
But men I cannot draw"—DI said;
"Because," so answered I her plaint—
You're far too blue, and deeply *re(a)d*."

They say that JONES has lost his mind:
Poor JONES, he won't have much to find.

BROWN boasts he's cut me dead,
But I survive instead.

The salmon to the sea,
The eagle to the sky,
The titmouse to the tree,
The pigeon to the pie:
All things in order run
Beneath the solar sun.

He's spoons on her—so runs the horrid slang about—
But it's no go,—the Governor's close, and won't fork out.

"Soft as velvet are her eyes,"
The enraptured draper cries:
"Why don't you say at once," jeers GREEN,
"That they are velvet een."

"Your book's in everybody's mouth—"
Men rushed to tell the poet BLAND:
"I'd rather hear from *North and South*,
That it's in everybody's hand."

When STEAD was introduced to SHAW,
Supplanted I should be, I saw;
And so it happens as I said,
SHAW has another friend in STEAD.

NASO takes snuff and gives great sums to Firms and Co.'s:
NASO will soon find out he's paying through the nose.

The little bird sat on the rolling stone,
And commenced a recital to me;
But the wolf came down and fractured his crown,
So the tale is a mystery.

MUSICIANS' LATIN.

MR. ELLA, in his "Record of the Musical Union" (cited in the new announcement of the Handel Festival), has a remarkable quotation. He observes,

"Of COSTA, therefore, it may truly be said, *Quisque suae fortunae faber est*."

Punch has a profound respect for Latin, no matter how introduced (or with what variation from the received text, as when, in MR. ELLA's next quotation, he says of *ÆOLUS, et temperat iram*); but, as matter of mere curiosity, he would like to know what MR. ELLA thinks the above saying means, and especially, whether he supposes *Quisque* to be Latin for *Costa*? *Faber*, perhaps, in that case stands for *faba*, and no doubt MR. COSTA is both a bean and a brick. Would somebody seek ELLA's bower, and give him this message?

IS IT CORBAN?

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a very able article on Establishments, says "Every Englishman has a right to spiritual services from some given clergyman." There is no such thing as a given clergyman, we always have to pay for him—to say nothing of those collections. Else, we would not look a gift clergyman in the mouth,—unless he were a Chrysostom,

PUNCH'S POLITICAL STEREOSCOPE.

LORD RUSSELL.

(Photographs executed on the same day, April 16th, by artists of the "Telegraph" and "Standard.")

"Though the veteran Reformer has withdrawn from his old place of command, his services in the cause of civil and religious freedom are such that his absence from the fore-front of the battle against the Irish Establishment would fill many minds with deep disquiet. All the more important is it, therefore, that their hereditary leader should step forward, and say that he heartily goes with the younger and bolder men. Coming from the chief of the aristocratic Whigs, such a declaration will have a powerful effect on the weak-kneed Liberals. Nor can LORD RUSSELL's worst enemies pretend that he has taken up the question hastily, or that he speaks with the precipitancy of a convert. From the first moment of his political career he made war on that Establishment which in the evening of his life he assists to overthrow."

"Where are now the honour and consistency of EARL RUSSELL? What public man, not of our days merely, but of the half century in which he has played a prominent part in politics, ever sank so low as he will sink to-night, ever threw away honour and consistency with such a feverish impatience as he manifests in throwing away the last rags of those qualities left him? The enemies of LORD RUSSELL must be unforgiving, indeed, if they do not feel some compassion for the poor old man who stands up to-night to repudiate with trembling haste, and amidst the applause of the men who have been his bitterest revilers, his cherished and matured opinions, because a majority of the House of Commons has voted the other way, and an alliance with that majority might perhaps give him yet another few months of office."

A POOR LOOK OUT FOR COUNTRY PAUPERS.

ATTENTION has been lately directed to the fact that many of our poorhouses are far filthier than pigstyes, and that many of our paupers are far worse housed, and fed, and nursed, and cared for than our pigs. Respectability, of course, is shocked by the disclosure, and affects to be astonished that the workhouse inspectors have not disclosed the evils which the press has dragged to light. But this surprise will not be shared by those who read the following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"Inspectorships have long been the chosen reward of political friends and adherents; and the Poor Law Board, in the view of the President, may still with safety remain the favourite asylum for outdoor pensioners of parties, provided there be a due amount of codification and regulation, and that everything is properly bound up in red tape."

An overseer has been defined as "one who overlooks;" and an inspector is a person who does not inspect. When sent to look into a workhouse, he goes with his eyes blindfolded by routine and red-tape. Find fault as little as you can, or you will only bother *Us*, is the hint that he receives from the Poor Law Commissioners. Now, however, that the matter can no longer be smoothed over, they propose to make poor union doctors, who are already overworked, responsible for seeing that the poorhouses are looked to:—

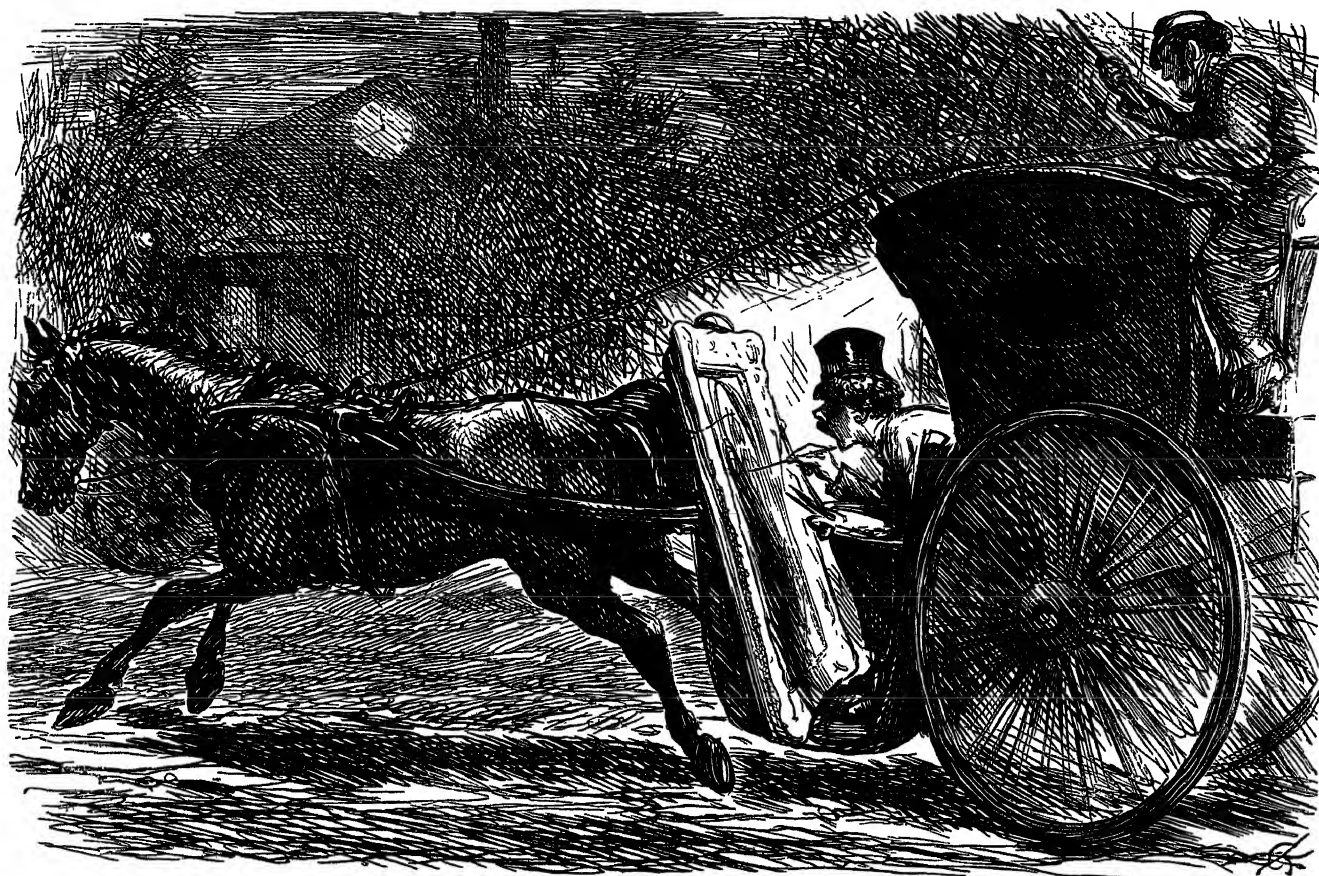
"It is proposed to shift the responsibility of seeing that the new order of things to be constituted in the future is maintained, and that the houses are made perfect, from the Poor Law Board to the overworked and ill-paid medical officers. They are to inspect themselves, their workhouses, and their guardians, and to make weekly reports, monthly reports, quarterly reports, to the Board. Already loaded with work and paid less than postmen or day labourers, exposed to the indignation of their guardians, and yet making a living almost entirely out of their private practice amongst these guardians, they are to remonstrate, they are to initiate reforms, they are to do the work, and inspect the mode of doing the work."

Who physics poor people should himself be poor, this has long been the rule in workhouse medical appointments. Guardians like to hire some poor devil of a doctor, who is fearful to offend them, and whom they may bully and browbeat as they please. They often get him to attend their families at half price, and their servants for nothing, on the threat of cutting down his pittance of a salary, or else of bringing in a rival to the parish, whose exclusion is the sole cause of the poor fellow's submission to their terms. How can such a slave speak the truth about his masters, and, when they neglect their duty, call attention to the fact? Nevertheless, to make a scapegoat of their surgeon, and consider him responsible for their own shortcomings, is what the Poor Law Board would suffer country guardians to do. *Punch* protests with all his might against such vile humbuggery, and adds his weight of influence to what is here proposed:—

"The necessity for an auxiliary corps of medical and technical inspectors is urgent and plain. It has been granted in London, and with the best effect. There is no pretence for withholding the same benefit and safeguard from the sick poor in the country. It is, too, a most cheering fact that the immediate result in London of the improved management and inspection of workhouses has been an immense and unexpected saving. The Chairman of the new St. Pancras Board of Guardians, in his first annual report, just issued, announces that in that workhouse alone, while profligacy, mismanagement, cruelty, and vice have been placed in check, while the clothing is better and the dietary improved, the saving has amounted to no less than £11,000 a-year. What has been done for London must be done for the country, and by the same means."

A Picture.

THE well-known caterers for the refreshment of the travelling public will be glad to hear that they have been selected as a subject for a Landscape Picture in next year's Academy Exhibition. Churches in the distance, water in the foreground; the title, "Spires and Pond."



FLICKERS WAS AT WORK TILL THE LAST MOMENT ON HIS PICTURE!

[For further details, see all the Penny Papers.]

WOMAN, PAINTED BY HER MASTER.

SCENE—The Street.

Brown. Woman's Right to Vote. That's up again. There has been a meeting at Manchester.

Jones. They're always having meetings at Manchester.

Brown. A profound remark. Well, this one was attended by an Archdeacon, a Member of Parliament, and MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY. It was to have heard a speech from Miss BRIGHT, the eldest daughter of the Member for Birmingham, but she was unfortunately ill. However, the MAYORRESS OF SALFORD spoke, and Miss BECKER.

Jones. I hope she kept up her pecker.

Brown. Now I call that true wit. MR. ANSTEY has discovered that by the old law women have the vote already.

Jones. I am opposed to the whole humbugging botheration.

Brown. Stated with grace and precision. Might one ask why?

Jones. Women, I take it, are divided into three lots, maids, wives, and widows. There's the divorced ones, but they needn't count, as a woman who hasn't the sense to keep a husband when she's got him can't be fit to make laws.

Brown. A specimen of the generalisation dear to sundry. But let us take the three classes. Go on.

Jones. There's Maids. Now I ask you, would you go giving a vote to a girl who don't know the Chancellor from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who would vote that green was blue to go to a ball, or out out a rival flirt?

Brown. Your estimate of the young ladies of England does you credit. Well, as to Wives?

Jones. That's a hundred times worse. If the wife's to vote as her husband tells her, that's only giving him two votes; and if she votes against his orders, it's a case for two establishments, or two black eyes, according to his resources.

Brown. Sir, your chivalry is exemplary: It is quite impossible, of course, that a well-informed woman should exercise legitimate influence upon her husband?

Jones. What! Would you reduce Englishmen to a set of henpecked humbugs, tied to their wives' apron-strings?

Brown. The question is convincing. About Widows?

Jones. Why, I wouldn't care about their having it, at least after a certain age, say sixty. Young widows are always looking out to catch a parson or a soldier, and I think the Church and the Army have influence enough. But I object to letting in the principle.

Brown. If I admire anything more than close argument, it is honourable consistency. I believe you have stated the case fully, as against the women, and I wish that you had attended the Manchester meeting, and crushed the affair.

Jones. You flatter me, old fellow, but if I have one thing more than another about me, it's the power of grasping a whole question, and treating it in an English and practical manner. Good bye. [Exit.]

HYMEN HIMSELF AGAIN.

"MARRIAGES" throughout Lent's season,

Few are in the papers found;

"Births" and "Deaths," as if no reason

Could check either, still abound.

As the rushing out of waters

That were long by floodgates pent,

Lo the sons of men, and daughters,

Getting married after Lent!

Oh!

DEAR SIR,—Here you are at last:—

On the bank of what Canal would be the best place for felo-de-se?

The Suez Canal; because the act would be evidently one of *Suez-side*.
(All well at home, Thank you.)

Yours, TOMMY.

OVERHEARD.—It was not such a very bad pun of JOCASTA's, when, on BERTRAM showing her a portrait by SAY in the National Portrait Exhibition, she remarked that it must be "a speaking likeness."



NEW GUY FAWKES, OR DIZZY'S CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.

"Under the guise of Liberalism—under the pretence of legislating in the spirit of the age—they are, as they think, about to seize upon the supreme estate of the realm."—*See MR. DISRAELI'S Speech, April 3rd 1868.*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DUBLIN.

(By Our Special Irish Correspondent.)



O comply, Sir, with your stipulations, I take up the pen of Mercury, plucked from the wings of the pretty little God of Love, to dip it in the blackest ink—*absit omen*, as we used to say at ould Trinity—in order to give you a correct, luminous, and mighty particular account of the present visit of their Royal Highnesses to the Emerald Isle. On Thursday night, Sir, or as some of the very early Christians call it Wednesday morning, at five o'clock (five o'clock! divil a less, if ye'll excuse the observation), when my *vally de sham* rushed into the chamber where your own Special lays his weary *caput*, and says he, in a sort of ecstasy, and waving a shaving towel like a maniac, says he—

"Och, glory be!" says he. "'Tis the flate intirely all stayming, like hot praties, in Doblin Bay."

"Git out wid ye, CORNELIUS," says I, addressing him in his own vernacular, not having forgotten my native tongue during my protracted residence at Boulogne-sur-Mer, but speaking it with the least taste in life of a foreign accentuation. "Git out wid ye, CORNELIUS then," says I, "and don't disturb yer masther in his first beauty slape," wherewith I rolled myself round, with my face to the wall, as the most delicate hint to the menial to retire, and be blessed to him.

"Sure," continues the baste, yelling with excitement. "What are yez sent here for, at all at all? An't it to chronicle the ivints of the Ryle Vist to Doblin, and is it meself that's to do the wurk for yer kind implier, *Misther Ponch*, and you a snorting in the shates and blankets there?"

"CORNELIUS," said I, sitting up majestically in bed, "You leave me this day month: I warn you."

"Maybe, thin, ye'll settle that thrifle o' wages—"

The conversation at this point will scarcely interest the generality of your readers. The upshot was that I came to an arrangement with my faithful *vally de sham* which will be highly satisfactory to you, inasmuch as you will obtain all the information you require on the subject, and more than it would be in my power to furnish you with. All you will have to do is to settle with me.

(From the Observations of CORNELIUS DELANY.)

5 o'clock, A.M. The Charnel Flate staymed in. Thar wor the *Mine-Otter*, the *War-ere*, the *O'Killes*, and the *Diffense*. An' if they hadn't bin just nine hars in crassin the charn'l they 'd ha' bin here befur this.

[By a skilful manœuvre I managed to get CORNELIUS engaged as a waiter in one place at the Royal repasts, and as an attendant, he was admitted when a man with your own Special's reputation would have been feared, and the doors closed against him. Being myself busy upon this visit as part of my future History of Great Britain, I have

left the present account in his hands. He will send you his account himself by the first post.]

The Ryle skooner staymed into the harbour, and all the ships at say run up flags, and foired sloots. The Ryle party, including some of the quarries in waitin', didn't same mighty well atther the say passage; bot His Ryle Hoighniss the PRINCE and Har Ryle Hoighniss PRINCESS ARLEGSONDERER wor as chairful and brimmin wid good spirits as a keg o' KEENAN's best. Bedad, Sorr, it made yer hart hop on to all our tongs, it did, to say the pair of Ryle Hoighnisses, so swate and sorreptishious an' smoilin' this way an' that as the LORD LIFTIN' with the MASHYNISS OF HAVE-A-CORN (in such toight boots that it's meself that don't wander at the toille), wid, as somebody said, "his Staff," but I sor nothin' of the sart—not avin a walkin-stick in the LIFTIN' T's hand, nor a bomboo cane. Thin there was the LORD CHALLENGER, a purty soight intirely, in his robes and wigs, an' the Granddear Gyards wid fixed bagnets, to resave the Ryle Coppel on the landin'.

"Long life to yer!" sez I, chairing wid my canbeen this away.

"Be asy now," sez the MASHYNISS HAVE-A-CORN, pushing me back contimptuus. Bot Her Ryle Hoighniss had cot me oi.

"The heavens be your bed, ARLEGSONDERER!" sez I. "'Tis yer-self that's the Rose o' Denmuk!" With that Her Ryle Hoighniss noded the PRINCE, an' sez she blushing, in a whisper, "Sure BERTY dear, 'tis MISTHER CORNELIUS DE LANY, him as oi've minshunned to yez so arfen."

Wid that the Good Grayshus PRINCE rases meself from the ground where I was ginnyflecting on wun knay, and sez he, "MISTHER DE LANY," sez he, "'tis meself that's de-loighted to wilcome yez to these parts."

With that I pulled out o' my pocket the pome I'd composed, whin the LORD LIFTIN' T steps forwud with an ard-driss.

"Markkis," sez the PRINCE, "Forst come forst sarved."

"'Tis manners," sez I, backin op me fashur Sorvrin.

"MISTHER DE LANY will oblige," sez ARLEGSONDERER, with swate kumplaisence.

"Ai!" sez I, boshfully, "'tis a thrifle, bot if MISTHER DAN'L GUDFRE, the Lader of the Granddear Archestrar, likewise the foifes and droms, if he 'd jist play the ac-compiment, it might be som-thin' grotifyin' to a thriflin' potion of your Ryle Hoighniss's sobjicks."

With that I song my Ode, which the PRINCE went homming all the day out, so plased was he with me purt-formance. After this, which left me exhasted on the sile, the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES partook of lonch, an' were driven through the Phaynix Parruk, accompanied by the LORD LIFTIN' T on the Saxe-horn.

I heard that "The ships on the river were decked with coloured lights." Decked, Sorr! bedad, it must have been pleasant walking intirely.

There was great chairing and cries of daylight as we passed through the strates, meself disgeyused as a liveryman, up behoid the car, and clearly among all the chairs of the poplace I heard with proide, "More power to your elbow, CORNY DELANY. Shure 'tis himself's the boy to wroite for *Misther Ponch*."

I blosheed, Sorr, but recovered, and bowed with the utmost poloite-ness. More in nextht.

The races wor at Ponchestown in honour of your own Special.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

We really didn't mean it, and if we ever begged pardon we'd do it now, but a Roysterer (who subsequently and at our expense showed himself an Oysterer) rushed in and defied us to give him a Shaksperian quotation applicable to SIR BROOK BRIDGES having been made LORD FITZWATER. How could we help saying with *Don Pedro* :—

"What need the bridge much broader than the flood?"

But the Roysterer, who is noisy but not clever, did not see it.

"Why," says we, in a rage at his stupidity and his voraciousness with the bivalves, "if the bridge is the right size it fits the water, don't it, hass?" He swallowed eleven oysters before he could speak again.

"An Excellent Piece of Principality."

IRELAND, whose sons are born poets, prettily presented the PRINCESS OF WALES with an Irish Dove. Wales, not to be behind-hand, had prepared as a gift, a Welsh Rabbit, but it was clandestinely devoured by one of the "Bards," who was unfortunately born too late to come under the police arrangement of EDWARD THE FIRST.

One Letter Different.

A NEW word might be introduced to express the whole art and mystery of Croquet—Croquetry. The objection, perhaps, to this neologism is, that people might confound it with Coquetry, with which reprehensible diversion the game can, of course, have no possible connection.



CLUB LAW.

Waiter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Member (trying to be calm). "YES. WILL YOU WAKE THIS GENTLEMAN, AND SAY I SHOULD BE OBLIGED IF HE'D LET ME HAVE THE *SPECTATOR*, IF HE'S NOT READING IT."

[Old Wackethorpe has been asleep, with the Paper firmly clutched, for the last two hours.]

THE PÆANS OF FOREIGN PRIESTS.

THE Ultramontane *Osservatore Romano* is absurdly cock-a-whoop on the subject of MR. GLADSTONE'S Disestablishment of the Irish State Church Resolution. Similar journals in Spain express the same ridiculous exultation. A Correspondent of the *Post*, writing from Seville, says:—

"All the Spanish papers are exulting over GLADSTONE'S victory, and I was gravely assured by a priest yesterday that all the aristocracy of England were Catholics at heart, but that it was only their fear of the QUEEN that prevented their openly acknowledging the Catholic religion."

But what will our ultramontane neighbours say when we tell them that MR. WHALLEY voted on the side of GLADSTONE, and has had to apologise, therefore, to Irish Orangemen? Perhaps, that WHALLEY has at last revealed himself; that he really was, as he was said to be, a Jesuit in disguise, and has now thrown off the mask which he has no need to wear any longer.

Suppose, however, that DIZZY had gained the day. Then Parliament would have pledged itself to endow Popery in Ireland. Would not this, indeed, have been a triumph for the Roman and Spanish Priest-party? Our WHALLEY has not played false. He took the more Protestant side of the two. There was a pin between two sides to choose. 'Twas not quite "heads I win, and tails you lose."

DANGER OF UPSIDE DOWN.

Who are the Lower Orders?

The uneducated masses,
The unintellectual classes,
They are the Lower Orders.

Who'll be the Higher Orders?

The newly enfranchised masses,
Preponderating classes;
They'll be the Higher Orders.

Who'll be the Lower Orders?

Educate the masses,
Or, educated classes,
You'll be the Lower Orders!

Ermine without Silk.

A CONTEMPORARY, in a leader relative to the new Judge, MR. JUSTICE HANNEN, observes, "He never took silk." We should think not. There is no occasion for anybody to say, "Set a Judge to try shoplifters."

MUSICAL AND MELANCHOLY.

OLD fogies, who like music, have been set talking of late by a rumour that the Ancient Concerts were to be revived in the course of this next summer. Whether this be so or not we neither know nor care, but from the bottom of our heart we hope no music hall will put forth such a programme as the following, should the manager aspire to give an

ANCIENT CONCERT.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Ancient Comic Song . . . | "The Cork Leg." By MR. TOORALOORAL. |
| Ancient Sentimental Song . . . | "Poor Dog Tray." By MISS SELINA SQUAWL. Chorus, by the Company, "Bow, wow, wow." |
| Ancient Negro Melody . . . | "Coal Black Rose." Played upon the Ophicleide by MR. BELLOWE. |
| Ancient Oostermonger's Ditty. | "Sam Hall." By MR. GALLOWE. (Sung in character.) |
| Ancient Serio-Comic Song . . . | "All Round my Hat." By JOLLY SMASH, the Great Comic Creature. |
| Ancient Children's Hymn . . . | "O Jerusalem!" By SIGNORINA SCHREECH. |
| Ancient Air with Variations . . . | "Stick a getting Up-stairs." Performed upon the Cat-call by MR. SQUEELS, "The Whistling Waggoner." |
| Ancient Dance & Breakdown . . . | "Jim Crow." By MR. NIMBLE, the Great Crural Comic. |
| Ancient Popular Song . . . | "The Ratcatcher's Daughter." By MOLLIE SMITH. |
| Ancient Clown's Song (not from SHAKESPEARE) | "Hot Coddins." By MISS CHEEKY. |
| Ancient Nigger Melodies . . . | "Jim along Josey" and "Buffalo Gals." Performed upon the Bones by MR. SAMBO RATTIER. |
| Ancient Sentimental Song . . . | "O Susannah, don't you Cry for me!" By MADAME UGOLINO BROWN, "The West End Warbling Wonder." |
| Ancient Ditty | "Nix my Dolly Palls." By MR. BLUESKIN. Chorus, on this occasion only, by the Audience. |

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
Isn't this delicious! I take it from a paper by a lady in *Macmillan's Magazine*:—

"Of course it would be exceptionally easy for those ladies to keep residence, whose fathers are Masters of Arts living at Cambridge; but there would be no conceivable danger or impropriety in allowing a respectable married M.A. to license his house as a hostel for girls not so favourably situated."

Fancy going to Cambridge! O, I should so love it! Ever so much jollier than a stupid Ladies' College! Every girl, you know, goes nowadays to College, and there could be no danger in our being sent to Cambridge. Pa says he is afraid that we should learn to smoke, and to play billiards, and drink beer; but lots of girls do that without going to Cambridge.

Instead of "wines" we should give teas, and O what fun it would be toasting our own muffins! I rather doubt if Pa would like me to play cricket, but he would not object, I'm sure, to my joining a good croquet club, and I'm already such a dab that I should win no end of matches. Instead of racquets, I dare say we should play battledore and shuttlecock, which you know is really a good strong athletic exercise. I don't much care for rowing, for it blisters one's hands terribly, but lots of girls are fond of it, and would die to go in training for a match with Oxford. Fancy the excitement at a race of "sweet girl graduates with long golden hair!" What cheering there would be if light blue showed in front, and retrieved its long lost laurels! "

Believe me, yours excitedly,

GEORGINA GUSH.

P.S. As for "little go's" and things, I'm sure we should come out at least as well as many of you men do. At any rate you surely would not have the heart to pluck us.

GOLDEN GOOSE KILLING AT CHESTER.

"Tisn't every day," say the agriculturists of Hampshire, proverbially speaking, "that we kill a pig." So, perhaps, the Portsmouth lodging-house and hotel-keepers, in the language of their county, thought to themselves when they stuck it into the people who came to see the Volunteer Review. It is not everyday that they get such a pig as the sight-seeing British Public to kill. Therefore, when they do get hold of that sort of pig, if they kill it, and eat it up, from snout to tail, pettitoes and all, they do not act otherwise than with that enlightened selfishness which is said to be the basis of all goodness. They are wise in their generation—but some other persons are otherwise. Let AREUS, sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*, amuse you with an illustration of the unwisdom of those other persons:—

"MR. W. H. JONES, one of the most respected members of the Ring, has done such good service to the Turf that it is fit it should be recognised. I have often in these letters called attention to the extravagant charges to which racing men are subject, and showed how Doncaster, Northampton, Chester, and other places, had killed the golden goose by driving people away on account of the way they skinned them."

The goose that regularly lays golden eggs, you will observe, is a very different creature from the occasional and fortuitous pig. To kill the pig is all very well, but killing the goose is most injudicious, and indeed suicidal. A goose appears to have been thus effectually killed the other day at Chester:—

"MR. JONES, it seems, having made up his mind to go to Chester for the races, and wishing to enjoy the comforts of an inn, wrote to a well-known hotel to know their terms for a sitting-room and bed-room for the four days during which the meeting lasted. To his communication he received a reply, stating that he could have the accommodation he wanted, but that each person who came into his sitting-room must pay one guinea per diem for that room, as well as that sum for his bed-room, and eighteenpence a-day for servants."

CHICKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRICK ACT.

LEAVING the pinewood forest on his right, PIEL DORNTON sprang upon his dark horse, which was waiting for him, and dashed rapidly across the broad uneven common.

Unconscious of observation, he muttered to himself, "So, PIEL! richer, feared, aye, and loved! What have I to desire? What remains?" Onward he sped dashing, crashing, through a plantation, as the night wind sighed and the stately trunks* bent to the ground in the soft southern breeze, as though owning in the man their Lord and Master.

"Aye! ye green things," he exclaimed, standing upon his saddle, as he urged his panting mare into a gallop, "bow to me, to me, who am—ha! ha!" He laughed excitedly, and pressed his hand to his fevered head.

It was a sudden thought, but a good one, for his purpose. The horse was cantering on at an even pace, making the circuit of the common several times before proceeding, and giving his rider time for the execution of his rapidly conceived design.

He tore off his coat, waistcoat, and hat, while the horse was still in motion, and throwing them away appeared in the disguise of a marine. Continuing thus for a few minutes, he aimed right and left, as with a gun, and seemed to be defying an enemy.

"No," he said to himself, "this disguise will not do," whereupon lightly humming a tune, which appeared to exhilarate the noble steed that bounded beneath him, he recklessly divested himself of the military uniform, and in less time than it takes to describe, he exposed to view the dress of a sailor, which he had evidently been wearing beneath the other two.

"I can reserve the Apollo for another time," he thought, slightly opening the front of his sailor's shirt, through which it was possible to see the glittering spangles of the Sungod's costume. "It is enough if I escape detection in this. 'Twas as a sailor I have always wooed her."

"Hi! hi! hi!" Shouting to his mare, and hitting her sharply on the off fetlock he waved his hat aloft, and hoisting a bundle in a pocket-handkerchief tied on to the end of a stick, across his shoulder, careered onward.

His delay had enabled BILLY to come up with him; concealing himself under the shadow of the flowing tail, as he had hitherto done in that of his rider's head, the infant followed him with stern purpose, and resolve, taking firmer and surer hold of him at every step.

On the border of the forest DORNTON tied his horse up to a tree. Far off shone a light in the window of a lonely cottage.

* The Directors think that there have been several good opportunities for advertising lost. Advertisements pay very well. This is an opportunity lost, so evident, TRUNKS, portmanteaux, &c. [The Editor being bound to publish these notes, publishes the above without comment.—Ed.]

The goose of an impolitic publican, killed as above, was cooked as follows:—

"MR. JONES, of course, declined these terms, as he conjectured the meals would be handicapped on the same terms, so he forwarded the letter to the *Sportsman*, in which newspaper it was published, and as other sporting papers have copied the communication, the establishment in question has got an advertisement for which they would rather not have bargained, although it was a gratuitous one."

In sending the letter which he had received from the chrysocheno-phonus innkeeper to the *Sportsman*, MR. JONES proved himself a very valuable contributor to a sporting paper. There is no better sport, in the opinion of *Mr. Punch*, than to see an attempt at over-reaching result in a tumble heels overhead. This sort of moral capsize is as diverting to a rational creature as the spectacle of anyone accidentally losing his physical balance, falling down and rolling over, is to a fool.

"My Vocal Reed."

MR. E. J. REED, who makes ships, is habitually wiggled in the *Standard*, and has loftily responded that he makes very good ships, better than any of his critics could do, and that he does not care for any attack. He then likens himself to NARCISSUS, and says that his foes "are free to pine away into a sound with hating him." Good; we like pluck. But does NARCISSUS REED recollect how Echo was avenged? The cruel FITZCEPHISSUS was condemned to see his own face in a fountain—some MSS. read a wet dock—and to admire his own perfections until he collapsed. What says NARCISSUS REED to that?

THE DONKEY'S DELIGHT.

THE field of literature is at present yielding abundant crops of sensation novels. They are a species of food for the mind which you may call thistles.

"She is there," was all he said.

A gust sweeping the plain, took his light sailor's hat, and throwing it madly from branch to branch, drove it at a fierce pace through the intricacies of the forest; here PIEL DORNTON followed swiftly, for if he ever could be attached to anything animate or inanimate, he would have been to that now brimless battered hat as it bounded gaily over the moonlit plain which reached for miles in the basin naturally formed by the perpetual landslips, and the overshadowing pine hills surrounding it. He would not shout, he would not cry for assistance. Onward he hurried. One moment with extended arms to seize the receding form, another prone upon the uneven soil, then with his short curly hair streaming behind him in the breeze, he flew across the open plain. Onward! onward!

A distant murmur fell upon his ear. Louder, louder, the voices of a myriad deep-tongued monsters baying for a victim.

"The Sea!" he cried in terror. "It is the sea!"

Lucid, two-horned, antler-bearing, changeable, vague, wandering, nightly, continuous-by-night, silent, tacit, smiled the daughter of Latona upon the son of Saturn and Ops and brother to Jupiter and Pluto.*

* Notes.—The Authors who looked over this description of the ocean erased this description of the moon shining on the sea, and described the fact simply in five words. On an early copy being sent to them for perusal, they find the Editor has restored the passage. Why?—(Signed.)

Editor.—Gentlemen, you are only three out of the number, why did you erase the passage aforesaid? It was written by a scholar and a poet, the Author, in fact, to whom was promised that he should write a song in this on the first opportunity; failing this, that he should be allowed to indulge in poetic licence. He is a scholar and gentleman, and retains his classic knowledge. He was brought up at Eton and Oxford. A touch here and there gives elegance. I beg the subject may be dropped.

The Authors, the three above-named with others, to the Editor.—Sir, We did not state our reasons, but will. Scholar! pooh!—no more scholar than—well, never mind. "Retained his classic knowledge," you say: you mean, Sir, retained his old school books, and makes the barest extracts from them, which are to pass for cultivated scholarship. He was with us, you may recollect, in the country (the humbug! he pretended he must be away in the country to get inspiration!) and we coming upon him unexpectedly found him writing his portion of this work with an old copy of the *Gradus ad Parnassum* before him, open at the article LUNA, to which par refer, and you will find all his epithets in the original Latin *Lucida, bicorneis, cornuosa*, &c., &c. Then turn to article NEPTUNUS, and in the very first line you will find this gentleman's paraphrase word for word. Now, Sir, if we dealt thus with you and the public, what would you, what would they say? It was this impostor then who wrote those Latin and Greek headings to the Chapters, eh? Gross ignorance, Sir, gross. Again, Sir, as to the heading to Chapter XIV., any schoolboy knows that "tibi credo" is the form, or "In te credo," not "Te credo." But enough of this.

Editor to the Above.—Gentlemen, the Editor has been imposed upon. The Classic Poet is no longer connected with this Company. The passages complained of were allowed (the Editor is willing to explain how) to remain at the wish of the Directors, upon whom the Musical Poet had called to sing some of his compositions for this work. The Editor always thought him a detestable humbug, but does not shrink from admitting that the epithets were admitted as a compromise, so that the Directors and Editor might not in future be obliged to listen to his singing every day, and at every hour between ten and four. However, he has received a certain amount for his shares, and has retired; and now, Gentlemen, the Editor takes the present opportunity of expressing a strong hope that the good feeling and forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring, just when the work is progressing so admirably.

His pace had brought him impetuously to the very verge of the abrupt cliff, when from the door of the cottage a female form issued, and throwing herself across the object of his pursuit prevented its being carried forcibly over into the boiling waves beneath.

The first ray of morning light fell on their faces.

The woman raised her arms and screamed. She would have fallen over the cliff had not DORNTON caught her in his arms.

"Bess! look up! speak to me!" he cried in an agony.

He knew she had recognised him, but at that moment, yielding to as irresistible an impulse as that which urged the Grecian Matron Hubardé to make osteological search within the closed recess, or the wary Pimannos to entrap the yielding and simple Simonides on his road to the Athe-

nian Fair, or the impulsive Hornerus to dare Dyspepsian dangers* in extracting the solitary fruit of the Plumm-bearing tree,—he pressed his hot lips to her icy cold forehead, and felt such a

thrill of pleasure shuddering through his frame as threatened to render his position upon that unguarded ledge every second more dangerous.

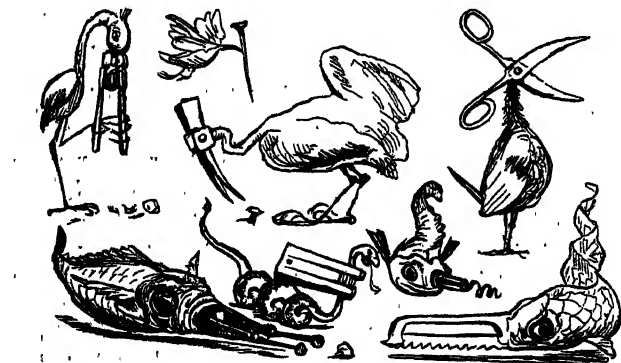
He had not noticed it, but by a coincidence he had stopped on the exact spot where some days before he had dropped the white cravat over the edge of the cliff, and it had remained there fluttering in the breeze.

"You are in my power now," he whispered, with concentrated passion in her ear. "Come! your father is dying; I know Come! Come!"

he will consent; let the past be forgotten.

He seized her round the waist, but her voice returning, she uttered a piercing shriek, which was suddenly answered from below.

DORNTON paused. He was a bold bad man, but even bold, bad men must pause sometimes. The time had come for him.



A DUET

* The Editor, in answer to numerous queries from the Authors, has great pleasure in announcing that these elegant interpolations, so happily illustrating the situation, are from the pen of the celebrated Authoress who has recently joined this Novel Company (Limited). The Editor is sure that the esteemed member of the Company, the author of the *White Ram*, &c., will be the last person to find fault with the style of the hand which has produced *Canaries of Supplication*, *Shalotte's Inheritance*, *Blabbington Black's Forgery*.

In haste by the Authors to the Editor.—Why wasn't there an illustration last week? From the Editor to the Authors, in haste.—Don't know.—Ed.

Not a Water-Colour.

"AQUASCUTUM" is informed that he is wrong in his supposition that the Portrait of MACKINTOSH, No. 227 in the National Portrait Exhibition, represents the well-known inventor of the Waterproof Overcoat.

"It is JOSEPH," cried the poor girl. "He has heard me, and comes to my assistance."

"Bah!" laughed DORNTON, savagely, "he is two hundred feet below the level of the sea, your chickweed-gathering lover; 'twill be dusk again ere he reach us. You are mine! Nay, pretty one, do not struggle."

But he had to exert all his force, for Bess, accustomed to row her father's smack of seventy-eight tons, could put out more than the ordinary strength of a woman. But she was hardly a match for PEE DORNTON, who lifting his now unresisting burthen far above his head, was offering her his love or instant destruction, which two steps forward would have accomplished, when a hand apparently issuing from the earth, grasped him firmly round the ankle.

The Horse.—He was walking in the last number, but as it gives more life to the picture by introducing a horse, the Editor ventured to put him on horseback. It'll go so much better. The Editor regrets having been unable to send a proof with this alteration in it to the Authors, but there wasn't time before publication.—Ed.]

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "*Chickin Hazard*."

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE given up all hopes of illustrating *Chickin Hazard* from the MS., which is getting more and more illegible.

Letters conveying hints of subjects for my pencil are a bore.

Telegrams are a nuisance.

Personal interviews combine both these characteristics.

I must illustrate independently, or not at all.

I beg to send you some studies of that interesting creature, the Boomerang, in various moods of thought and action.

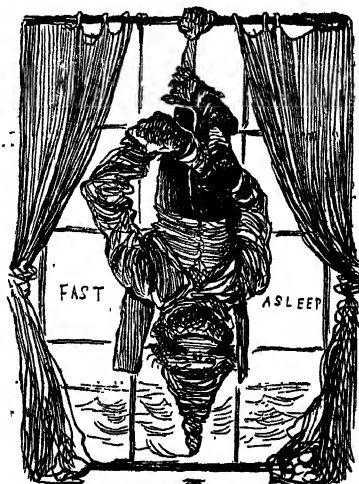
I also send you some Benician birds and fishes, and I only hope you will like them.

Faithfully yours,

G. DE MALALGIL.

P.S. Why the Dickens didn't you publish my last drawing?

[Our Artist is evidently having a lark with the Authors.—Ed.]



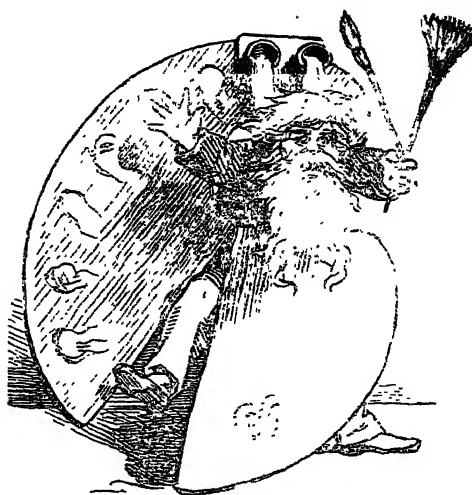
WORKING OUT A PROBLEM



An Omission.

We omitted to state that among the distinguished persons placed in mourning by the elevation of LORD CRANBORNE to the House of Lords is MR. DISRAELI. We hasten to correct the omission.—*Court Circular*.

PORTRAIT RAMBLINGS.



ON our return from the Horticultural Show, met Sir William Temple, with a bundle of asparagus in his hand, which he gave to Tradescant, the gardener, who was walking arm-in-arm with Sir Walter Raleigh down Elizabeth Throgmorton Street. The Knight kissed his hand to the Duchess of Feria, looking out from a Dormer window on the Spanish galleons going to the Tower, and asked her whether she was present the night before at the 300th representation of "Gammer Garton's Needle," when who should touch him on the sleeve, unperceived till that very moment, but the reputed author—"Still so gently o'er me stealing," was Sir Walter's rather neat salutation to the dramatic Bishop, as he crossed Berners Street, and got mixed up with the Delawarr Indians, slashed with crimson (escorted by Sir Charles Cotterell, M.C.) coming from a *conversazione* given by the Pharmaceutical Society in the Library of Holland House, and then on their way to George Heriot's Hospital, to see the collection formed by Brookes, the anatomist, rather to the annoyance of Cobbett, who was returning from one of his "Rural Rides" on the Derwentwater estates, where he had joined Wordsworth, always fond of an "Excursion," Lamb, Sheil, curiously enough at that time Master of the Mint, and Denzil Holles, the last of the "Five Members" of the party to arrive. As soon as he came in from shooting at Ranton Abbey, and had changed his ribbed stockings—a present from Strutt, the inventor, on his marriage with Kitty Clive—which were wet after a long walk across the Plains of Abraham, the party sat down to a rubber, Whiston cutting in without any controversy with Mulready, Sir Charles Wager betting on the odd trick, and giving Admiral Penn a Rook (e) at chess, Home varying the entertainment by reciting "My name is Norval," and helping Father Mathew and Whitbread to brew some punch & *la Romaine*, which Abernethy enjoyed greatly with a biscuit, while Dibdin, lately elected a member of the Catch Club, sang "Tom Bowling" to the delight of Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, and Stump, the Portrait Painter, who had just left St. George's Hospital. The harmony of the meeting was interrupted by Byron and Lord Elgin beginning to quarrel over Marbles, which so annoyed Horner and Pye Smith that they sent for a Constable; but Dance took other measures, and matters were restored to a friendly footing, so that Sir William Ross was able to go on painting his miniatures at the Polar Regions, where he would have treated Master Lambton to see Lord Keane as "Hamlet" if Croker had not taken his Murray, and accompanied & Beckett and the Archbishop of Canterbury to Paris on a Trigonometrical Survey from a Barrow. Somebody knocked at the door, and asked if Mr. Mathews was "At Home"; Sir Humphry was ready to take his Davy that he had gone to the Lyceum with Arnold the composer, but Dr. Farnaby, the school-master, told Spelman that he had seen him at the Rugby Station with Usher, earnestly talking to Lord Somerville about his breed of Merinos, which Hogg, (the Ettrick Shepherd, to whom the Highland Society had lately awarded their premium for his "Essay on Sheep") thought superior to the Edgeworths' "Irish Bulls." Nobody was fleeced, for very fortunately Payne Knight sauntered in with Day—"Sandford and Merton" Day,—fresh from Oxford, and persuaded Southey to go for "The Doctor," who had not been gone five minutes when Addington drove up in his Clarence, and invited Dr. Price to reduce the National Debt over a glass of brandy-and-water, the best thing possible for any uneasiness in the Pitt of the stomach, as that distinguished member of the theatrical profession, Parsons, once, when he was not himself, but Moody, told Bishop and Priestley, at Abbotsford, the evening they joined Dean Vincent at a game of Howe, when, and where, with Cromwell's Chaplain, who—the Duke of Wellington, newly elected for Trim, was an eye-witness, with Travers, the oculist—caught Mrs. Trimmer at Blind Man's Buff, and declaring that the more the merrier, dragged Hannah More away to croquet, as she Lingard with De Quincey in full Highland costume, on Clapham Common, brilliantly illuminated with Drummond's lime-light, discussing Sir Henry Pottinger and the Opium War, which reminded

Mrs. Opie of an anecdote John Kemble told her of the "O. P." riots, the year Queen Caroline induced "Palmyra" Wood to accompany Wedgwood and Potter to Pitcairn's Island, on an expedition with Withering the botanist, who found Palmy fishing for compliments (Clerk of Eldin had "broken the line") and Lord Grey of Rolleston reading *Foul Play* to Gifford, feeling somewhat sore at having been cut up by Sir Charles Bell, who, however, soon gave him his "Hand," so Bloomfield went back to his shoemaking, and Jerrold's last was repeated by Sydney Smith to Melbourne, Lord Abinger laughing till he was Scarlett again, and Coleridge and his friend intoned "The Ancient Mariner" to Nelson and Miss Brontë, which the Members of the Lunar Society pronounced to be all moonshine, although George Selwyn, who had been with Romilly to see Sarah Malcolm, hanged by Lord Norbury on Telford's Suspension Bridge, and from thence to Tattersall's for his Mackintosh, declared John Scott's lot to be a capital one, for he was then Attorney-General and sure to be Chancellor, as Lord Denman remarked, when he told Dr. Arne that the Court granted him a Rule Britannia, an opinion in which Sheridan, who had left Home, and gone to Law, at Stoke Pogis, to escape a Dunning, entirely coincided, contrary to the prospectus of the Dilettanti Society (Sheridan's friend, *Mrs. Malaprop*, called them the Dilatory Society) dining together periodically about the time when Thomas Campbell was editing magazines, and despatching Holman, the Blind Traveller, on an expedition to Lyons, the Lord Keeper to Coventry, where Buckland had found the Great Seal, and Richard the Second to the Jerusalem Chamber, in which retreat that Monarch was discovered by the Duke of Richmond administering Dr. Gregory's powder, wrapped up in Emery paper and disguised in Farrenaceous food, to Davies Gilbert in such profuse quantities, that the distinguished P.R.S. turned Giddy again, and could only gasp out that his initials were L.E.L., and that he loved "Perdita" Robinson better than "Spectrum Analysis," which Sir Charles Wale and the Prince of Wales both heard, as well as all "The Medical Officers of the Army," who got Leveridge to play the "Roast Beef of Old England" to Joah Bates, at that particular instant in the Abbey, conducting himself, as usual, very creditably, and endeavouring to convince "Sir Plume" that the part he played in the "Rape of the Lock" was a feather in his cap, whilst Commodore Truncheon and the Duchess of Kingston had to listen to such a Jeremiad from Bentham that Mrs. Jordan, Bland as ever, began to sing—"and shall Trelawny—"

(Here the MS. breaks off, never, let us hope, to be resumed, The only intelligible account that can be given of these unconnected, unfinished "Ramblings" (filly named) is that our Contributor had been at the National Portrait Exhibition the whole of the day, and falling asleep after his great exertions and dinner, still clutching the Catalogue with both hands, was the sport of a fantastic and dyspeptic dream.)

SOME MISUNDERSTANDING.

MR. PUNCH has been surprised by receiving the following information from a distinguished physician:—

"SIR,—At page 186 of your current volume you describe me as a prig and a humbug."

The letter thus commencing is signed JAMES EDMUNDS, M.D. *Mr. Punch* never applied, or ever dreamt of applying, the terms Prig and Humbug to DR. JAMES EDMUNDS. On reference it will be found that those are merely the words of an angry smoker in a dialogue, who is inveighing against an Association which he dislikes—the Anti-Tobacco Society—in the mass. A preceding enumeration of persons advertised to attend a meeting of that body happens to include the name of a DR. EDMUNDS, who, for aught *Mr. Punch* knew, might have been a Doctor of Laws, or Divinity. He had not the least idea that DR. JAMES EDMUNDS was a Member of the Anti-Tobacco Society, and is by no means sure that he is now. DR. JAMES EDMUNDS writes especially in the character of Honorary Secretary to the Female Medical Society. That is quite another thing. Has he actually read what he complains of, or has he been misinformed?

"When he Stamped, Sir, I Stamped."

Dr. Johnson.

THE "Great Tichbourne Case," as it is called, has been introduced at Tattersall's, and made the subject of speculation. We hear that the last odds were ten to one in favour of the claimant's succeeding to the title and estates.—*Land and Water.*

Very good puff. Every little helps. But in a legal assembly, where perhaps human evidence may be as well understood as equine pedigree at Tattersall's, the betting the other night was ten to one in favour of the Baby Baronet.—*Fire and Air.*

- A. Those ultra Ritualists are Papists without doubt.
- B. Say rather, Papists without the P.



"NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT."

Transatlantic Party. "LOOK 'ERE, WAITER! CHANGE THIS KNIFE FOR A PEAEATER. STRANGER AND ME AIR ON DIFFERENT PLATFORMS, AND I MIGHT HURT HIM."

NOVELTY IN TICKETS-OF-LEAVE.

THERE might be a Ticket-of-Leave System which would work admirably—a system under which the Police would be empowered to present certain persons, of the class officially reported by them as "characters" who are "known to" them, with tickets of admission to see criminals, of whom some may have been their own associates, or "pals," undergoing punishment. Convicted felons no longer fare sumptuously every day; but in their prison fare, for any purpose of deterrent, skillogalee might be replaced by turtle-soup, unless their fellows without are kept well aware that they are dieted on the former and not on the latter. A clause should be introduced into the Capital Punishments within Prisons Bill providing a limited number of select ruffians with the accommodation requisite for enabling them to witness the execution of any one of their order whom it may be necessary to hang for murder. Due provision should likewise be made to give parties of the same class opportunities for witnessing such instructive exhibitions as the one described by the *Chester Chronicle* under the head of "Flogging Garotters." Another spectacle of a different nature was going on hard by:—

"At the time when a joyous crowd of people were collecting about the Chester Railway Station for the purpose of witnessing the arrival of and showing their loyalty to the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, two fellows confined in the castle were writhing under the infliction of the cat-o-nine tails for robbery."

Is it too much to say that the crowd collected about the railway doubtless included some persons whose more suitable place would have been among the spectators of the scene that was then proceeding in the Castle, narrated as follows?—

"The prisoners, HART and COOKE, were taken from their cells to one of the prison yards about half-past six. HART, who is only eighteen, was the first to undergo the punishment awarded to him, viz., fifteen lashes. So terrified did he become at the preparations that while he was being fastened to the triangle he cried. At the first blow he shrieked loudly, and continued to shout and clutch the post to which he was fastened until the full number of strokes had been dealt. COOKE, who was thirty-two, and was sentenced to twenty lashes, was compelled to look on. At the first blow he, too, set up a piercing cry. Both looked pale and exhausted after the flogging."

THE WELSH ODE.

WE have been favoured with an early copy of the Ode which was recited to the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES at Carnarvon. It is much better than we expected. It contains 469 lines, but we are unfortunately able to give only the beautiful conclusion. Its simplicity is perfect.

"Yes, Prince, O yes indeed,
You are a friend in need,
And now Cadwallader and all his goats
Brings you their votes,
Dear youth.
'Deed truth.

We are very glad to see you in our Wales,
And though we're usually as slow as snails,
To-day we frisk and sport
About your Court,
Like gay Welsh rabbits with their little tails.
We much like your Princess,

O yes,
Her features are as pretty as her dress,
We hope the Dane will deign
To come again,
Some pleasant morning when it shall not rain:
And all our mountains,
And our fountains,

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN shall then explain.
We thank you, noble couple,
That you did take the trouble
To come and feast upon our squeak and bubble,
And eat our carps,
And hear our harps,

We'll drink your joy until we all see double.
We are not very wise,
But very good,
Welsh you must not despise,

That's very rude,
So bless you both, PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES,
In twenty vessels of our newest ales.
Good speed,
Yes, indeed."

MISS FAITHFULL announces a novel called *Change upon Change*. But it's a thing you never can get there; the flash stockbrokers are too proud to carry coppers, or silver.

It is of no use making a garotter howl unless he is heard, and heard by those who will be instructed by his howling. Revenge is unchristian; but Society, like individuals, may try to make enemies repent, if, indeed, it is not our duty to try as hard as ever we can. On the principle of loving-kindness, let garotters be shampooed, if shampooing will tend to stop garotting; but, as flogging is found rather to do so, flog them. Don't inflict a pang upon the worst of ruffians, except to the end of deterring other ruffians from cruelty. Spare not the lash in any degree to effect that end. But then let the pangs of the scourged savage be exemplary. Let not his contortions of visage be wasted; his howlings and writhings thrown away: let them always have the proper witnesses: all the other rascals in prison, and as large a number as may be convenient of outside blackguards privileged with tickets-of-leave.

A KICK AT THE CANCAN.

ENGLAND boasts its hornpipe, Scotland its reel, and Ireland its jig. But what, except the cancan, is the Frenchman's national dance? We ask, because we notice that a writer in a Paris newspaper is savagely indignant on this tender point:—

"Enfin, M^{lle}. FINETTE, une brune que l'on connaît, est engagée dans un bas-tringue de Londres pour y danser la 'danse nationale' des Français—dit l'affiche—le cancan. Pourquoi pas? 'Partant pour la Syrie,' n'est-il pas pour le moment notre air national?"

Anglicè, et aliter, facit indignatio versum:—

"The cancan! mon Dieu! 'tis an insult to France,
To call that vile orgy her national dance.
Perfidious England as well may declare
'Champagne Charley' is known as her national air!"

MAY BE HEARD EVERYWHERE.

"Songs without Words"—a remarkable performance; but perhaps a still more wonderful feat is playing upon words.

REMINISCENCES OF PORTSMOUTH.



SOME CORPS MUSTER AT 3.30 AND 4 A.M. DETERMINED NOT TO BE LATE, PRIVATE JONES BORROWS AN ALARM, WHICH MAKES HIM RATHER NERVOUS ALL NIGHT—



BUT FAILS TO WAKE HIM AT THE RIGHT TIME.



THE POLICEMAN, HOWEVER, IS MORE SUCCESSFUL, WITH A STONE AT THE WINDOW.



DRESSING.

"CONFOUND IT! WHERE'S MY OTHER LEGGING GOT TO?"



MUSTERING.

SOME FELLOWS HAVE TO COME A LONG WAY, AND THERE IS NOT MUCH CHOICE OF CONVEYANCE.



GOING DOWN.

JONES'S PIE DISAPPEARS QUICKER THAN HE EXPECTED.



DELIGHTFUL FOR BROWN, WHO IS MARCHING PAST, TO SEE HIS DEARLY BELOVED PRE-OCCUPIED WITH A "REGULAR" FROM THE GARRISON!



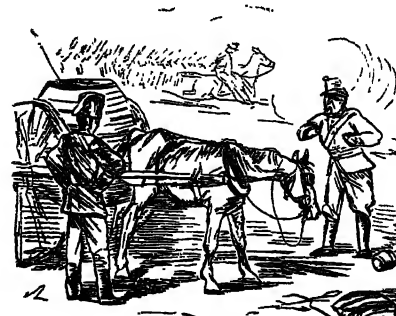
THIS CORPS HAS NOT YET GONE INTO ACTION.

WAR.



Skirmishing Captain. "FIRE AWAY, BOYS, AND PICK OFF THAT MOUNTED OFFICER!"

AFTER THE BATTLE.



PRIVATE JONES HAS ENDEAVOURED TO REFRESH HIMSELF BY FILLING HIS CANTEREN FROM A WATER-CASK, WHICH, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN USED BY THE ARTILLERY TO WASH THEIR SPONGES IN. DISTRESSING RESULT!

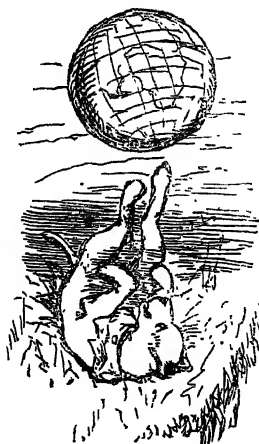


A RUSH FOR THE LAST TRAIN; AND THE FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGES.



DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING PASSENGERS' TICKETS!

WHALLEY AND FOLLY.



Our contemporary the *Spectator* says, in reference to MR. DISRAELI's assumption of terror lest our religion should be in danger:—

"It were better to have MR. WHALLEY for Prime Minister, for he at least would not say these things without honestly believing them. But bad as it would be to have a fool for Prime Minister of England, is it not worse to have one who, not being a fool himself, but very much the reverse, addresses himself," &c.

Mr. Punch is never so outspoken as this. When he wishes to intimate his belief in the non-wisdom of folks, he says with the Shakspearian lady—

"I do not call them fools, but this I think. When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink."

But he would like to know what the sapient electors of Peterborough say to the above label, so neatly gummed on their representative.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HAND OF FATE.

THE towering Atlantic wave, whose dizzy height only those who have once surmounted it to gaze upon the lake-like valley beneath, can possibly imagine, seized the devoted house with the hand of a giant, and twirled it into the air, as NUTT had often done with his hat for GRACE MARCHMONT's evening amusement. For one instant she clung to him, but in the next, relaxing her hold, she, with true feminine instinct recollecting that her watch, which played two tunes and struck the quarters, would be most useful to her on some future occasion, wound it up rapidly, securing it tightly by the chain to her waist, and then as her maiden blood rose to her cheeks, pressed both hands firmly upon the skirts of her dress. So she awaited her fate.

NUTT's one thought at that moment was for her.

The huge wave gathering itself together like a concrete sea-wall careering on the face of the ocean at a rate too fearful for contemplation, began to quiver beneath its own immensity as though trembling under the consciousness of its murderous work.

Ah! how little do we, sitting by our comfortable firesides, realise such dangers as these; and, after all, how small, how little, does this mighty work of nature seem when told on paper. And what is it? A man and woman by themselves unaided, save by their own intelligence, left to battle with a vast Atlantic wave. And not an Atlantic wave only, but one which had rolled itself from one ocean to another, which had glided stealthily round the world's four corners into the broad ocean highway,—a double horror, a multiplied power, an Atlantic wave in the Pacific.

The wild wind was its master, driving it onward in the dark night. It sucked in the smaller fish at its base and heaved them up to the top. Some of these NUTT was enabled to catch and place in his pockets.

"She," he said to himself, "likes fish."

What tables and chairs he could reach at the moment, he attempted, somewhat unwisely, to seize and secrete about his person, as they were forced through the house window by inner pressure. As he did so he thought to himself how the time might come when she would be glad to sit down upon something, and then he would provide the means. Would she be touched at last? Would she at length understand him and read his heart?

A sharp cry from her attracted his attention, but the night was too dark for him to be guided to her, by anything except her voice.

He stretched out his arms, and leant, as he imagined, in her direction. This action had unforeseen consequences.

The sudden weight, so slight in itself, thus brought to bear more upon one side than the other, destroyed the equilibrium of the already tottering sea-wall, and shaking for one second as if the course of its fall were still uncertain, it toppled headlong and fell with one great gigantic ruin, and then the sea was calm and tranquil, and the moon shone out as upon a peaceful valley.

GRACE awaking from her stupor, found herself upon dry land. She pressed her hand to her side.

"My watch! thank heaven!" was her first exclamation.

The next instant she thought of the Boomerang.

Yes, where was NUTT?

And the House?

GONE.

She uttered a loud cry. She shouted his name, there was no response. She was on an unknown sea-shore, alone.

Then the roof of the house in which they had suffered so much together drifted in on the tide. In its wake, floated a few notes of the old piano from the lower *b* to the upper *c*, reminding her of many happy hours in her Benician home past and gone.

Then she had recourse to true feminine relief: she cried. This was a relief to her. After a while she began to ask herself what *he* would have done had Providence willed him to be in her place then.

She came to the conclusion that her best course was a careful search. This led her to the southern extremity of the island, for she had no doubt it was an island, from seeing water entirely surrounding it, and here she began her work in real earnest.

A magnificent growth of trees of all sizes and descriptions covered the cliff down to the sea's edge; it had all the appearance of a carefully preserved and well timbered park, so bountiful had nature been in this respect, and so careful of her bounties.

With a faltering step she approached the confines of the park, and uttered NUTT's name. There was no response; but as she neared the largest tree in the plantation a vague sense of heat well nigh overcame her.

"You are getting warm," said a well-known voice, in tones of deepest anxiety, not two yards distant from her.

"I am," she murmured faintly, "burning," and she stretched out her hand.

In another moment NUTT's strong grasp, as he stepped from behind a large trunk, prevented her falling to the earth.

"Forgive me," he said to her, almost apologetically, "I had but just awoke from a deep sleep, and seeing you approach, my first idea was to recall to your mind the light days of innocent childhood's pleasures, and to conceal myself behind yonder broad-shouldered pine."

"It was scarcely fair," she replied feebly, but with returning strength. "You should have cried 'hoop,' or something to that effect. At first I thought you lost," and the delicate form shuddered. Ah! what Heaven was this to him! He would have had her always shuddering, for that one thrill of strong excitement had set his veins on fire, and made his hair stand out rigid in the last red light of the glorious sun.

"Come," said he, playfully, "no more games: it is getting late, and this is our first evening in our new quarters. We have much to do. What say you, Miss MARCHMONT, shall we name this group of trees, Seek Plantation?"

She answered him with an angelic smile, "Call it rather Hide Park."

"Be it so," returned NUTT, "and now to provide for our evening meal, for nothing is left us from the wreck of the old house."

"Except a few bon-bon crackers," said GRACE, who had by this time regained her usual composure.

NUTT pondered for a few seconds, then he answered.

"No," he said. "There is not enough in one at a time for a single meal, and I doubt whether in this new climate the saccharine compositions would agree with us. Let us keep them as luxuries, and perhaps I can find a better use for them hereafter."

"Why mayn't I eat them now?" she asked pettishly, "I shall, if I like."

NUTT regarded her in silent, loving, despondency. Who was this strange being who had so enthralled him? Was this the return for all his untiring patience, his unflagging zeal in her behalf?

She looked up. "Forgive me," she said, smiling. "Forgive her! there was nothing to forgive. So he put the bonbons in his own pocket, and told her that he had a good use in store for them which she should soon know, and satisfied with this assurance she put no further questions.

The sun had gone below the horizon, and night, later in these southern parts than elsewhere, was coming on slowly but surely.

GRACE looked at her watch. It played a tune and struck the quarters.

BEDTIME.

From the Authors at work upon the PIEL DORNTON portion of the Tale to the Editor.—Sir,—Why is this favouritism? Why do you allow the Artistic Staff (which seems reduced to a Power of One) to illustrate only the other, and we may say secondary part of this work, upon which we are not engaged, of which we do not in its extent entirely approve, and to which you are, it appears, inclined to attach undue importance? Why has there never been a picture of PIEL DORNTON? Why not of the thrilling events in Chapters XVI. and XVII., and why was our portion of the story to be filled up with pictures of the Boomerang? We know, because we assisted at the plot, who the Boomerang is, and will turn out to be. (If he does not turn out to be what he was arranged to eventuate in, we shall withdraw and bring an action for obtaining.—But this will be a matter for our Solicitor's consideration.) But we must strongly object to his appearance in the PIEL DORNTON Preserves. Yours, The Seven Authors engaged upon this. Signed.

Editor to the Seven Authors.—Gentlemen,—Your PIEL DORNTON part is so graphic as to need no illustration, and the reason why the 'Boomerang' pictures were introduced was because the Editor was afraid lest in the perusal of your exciting story the public attention should be entirely withdrawn from the other part. At the same time, as the Editor is bound to publish all notes in connection with this work, he wishes to say that there is No Favouritism. That the Editor is equally pleased with all the Authors, and also with the amiable and indefatigable Artist; and he does sincerely hope that the good feeling and forbearance, and gentlemanly tone of all concerned, will prevent any contretemps occurring just when the Work is progressing so admirably.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE IRON AGE.

NUTT, whose whole appearance,* to the astonishment of Miss MARCHMONT, had gradually lost all its Boomerang character, divined her thoughts at once. "You shall have, before nightfall," he said, "a house worthy of Hyde Park, and," he added, after surveying the island for a few seconds, apparently calculating its internal resources, "every luxury which modern improvements furnish, or the dross of unbounded wealth can purchase."

She watched him in tearful admiration; she devoured him with her eyes. He was so strong, so good, so persevering.

"Now, make haste," she said to him, sharply, "and don't stand gaping there all day."

This intendo cut him to the quick, but he felt it was deserved, and so he determined to be inactive no longer.

He plunged into the thicket, and almost instantly returned with an enormous tree.

"What on earth are you going to do with that?" was her question.

"This," he answered, "will be your house. Miss MARCHMONT, we are indeed fortunate. This is the Plant of the Entire Building. The trunk is in four compartments, and nature has herself made the staircase in a rough and rugged way, only omitting banisters and stair-carpets, which we can easily add. We have but to fix this firmly in the ground, and more than half our work is accomplished."

"Stay!" she exclaimed. "Have I not seen at home printed offers for selling an Entire Plant for Building or Manufacturing Purposes?" He nodded assent. "Why," she continued, with her eyes widely opening at the vastness of the idea, "I have seen as much as £100,000 offered for such a Plant."

"You have," said NUTT, "this is it; we are indeed in luck."

He laboured on for half an hour, and had then only got the first floor finished. He stopped for a few moments to gain encouragement from her smile and wipe the perspiration from his own brow. She was thoughtful.

"I must help you," she said, presently. "If I could only twist the sand on the sea-shore into bell-ropes—or—or—oh, dear, what can I do? It will kill me to sit idle."

This was a good healthy sign, and NUTT would not discourage her.

"Well," he said at length, "you can go down to the shore and obtain some of that white and red sea-weed; when dried it will make admirable ornaments for the fire-stoves."

She rose quickly, but as suddenly stopped, and looked downwards. She had on only the very thinnest white satin shoes, having been in full evening dress when the fierce Atlantic wave had swept them on their new career.

"Your poor feet!" he said, tenderly, but with a puzzled air, for he himself was without boots of any sort.

She leant against a small tree, in thought. It bent with her weight and she jumped away from it, fearing that it was about to break, but on her removing the pressure the tree sprang up again into its original place.

She pointed this out to NUTT, who ran to examine the phenomenon. The next instant she saw him raising his hands and shouting like a maniac.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"This, Miss MARCHMONT," said NUTT, as quietly as his excitement would permit, "is indeed a most opportune discovery. Without it we should have had to undergo much suffering; with it we are at once upon our road to comparative ease and luxury even here. The damp of the marsh, the flints of the beach, the unpleasant moisture of the sands we may, by the aid of this natural provision, alike defy. This is the celebrated BOOT-TREE."

"I have often heard my poor uncle mention it," she said, and a shade of melancholy passed over both their faces, as they remembered the deceased Lieutenant, and thought how fond he would have been of the Boot-tree had he been still alive. Then they came to action.

"Let me take the measure of your foot with this leaf. Thank you. 80 in the shade. Now," said NUTT, "in another moment you will be fitted."

He gained the top by means of short stunted branches, and selecting the strongest and best small pair from the uppermost boughs, descended triumphantly with them in his hand. "It is the Spring time of year," he said, "and therefore these early boots have elastic sides."

"I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, Mr. NUTT," she said, when after trying one on it had been found to fit admirably, "but they are both rights."

* "Whole appearance" was substituted by the Editor in lieu of "Face, form, features, hands, feet, legs," &c., which you gentlemen had seen fit to foist into this portion of the narrative. This is an answer to the Authors' query. See Illustration labelled "Omega" in last week's number.—Ed.

From Authors to Editor.—Sir,—Those pictures of the Boomerang only partially represent our idea of the Boomerang. Good heavens! Sir! we'd want and explained our meaning to MR. MALAGEL one morning. He said he understood it when we left him. He never gave us any luncheon, nor offered us anything to drink.

"The rights of woman," said NUTT, playfully; "but," he added, seeing that she looked serious, "There is one left," and he went up aloft again to fetch it, returning as before.

Armed with these she descended to the sea-shore, while NUTT cut down a few oaks, and having concocted a sort of putty with some earth moistened by the early dew, he commenced soldering the walls together, so as to keep out the draught. His next difficulty was the stair-carpets, and then the door-bell. This last nearly staggered him. While he was meditating this new difficulty, he thought he heard his name called, and looking round sharply, saw nothing. He was certain he heard it repeated feebly. He ran to the edge of the cliff as quickly as he could, for his new boots (he also had plucked a pair of a shinier and harder kind) pinched him sadly, and looking down, he saw what made his blood stagnate with horror, and recede from his thumping heart.

(The Editor is bound by agreement to publish all notes, &c.)

Thirteen Authors engaged on the Grace and Boomerang Department. To Editor—

Why didn't you publish our letter to you last week? Publish it.

This is not the way to talk to an Editor. I don't like it. Alter your tone.—Ed.

Sent to Authors aforesaid.

From Directors to Editor.—We have been appealed to by Thirteen Authors. Pray comply with their request.

Editor to Directors.—Gentlemen,—In accordance with your calm and temperate letter, I will, in this Number.

Editor to Authors.—The Directors wish your letter published. It was an accident that it was not done before. Everything that your Editor can do to forward your views for the general good shall be done; but do not let there be a feeling of bitterness springing up specially towards your Editor, who would not hurt a fly. And, Gentlemen, you should be above underhand reprisals. The Editor with pun alludes to the hamper sent to his Office, labelled Game, and which contained nothing but live frogs. The powdered sugar was fortunately given to the Office boy to put in his tea, and was not used by the Editor in whiskey-and-water as advised. It blew the boy's teacup into atoms, and the spoon struck him a severe blow in the eye. This is not revenge; and if it were, would be unworthy of you. One of the Gentlemen engaged upon the PIEL DORNTON part of this Work, informs me that you've threatened him with a booby trap if he calls upon any one of you. Now, Gentlemen, under the circumstances I will publish your letter if you still desire it. But the Editor feels sure that by the time it appears you will have reconsidered its terms, and will thank the Editor, with tears in your eyes, for his gentle forethought and calm advice. The Editor knows that you are all—Authors and Artists alike—good, kind-hearted fellows at bottom, and that these little differences do but arise from various views of Art, accidental to the essence of Individual Genius. We shall go very evenly to work in future; equal chapters being given to each set. And now, Gentlemen, the Editor. . . . (The Editor was just winding up this address at the moment of going to press, when the following communication arrived.)

From the Thirteen Authors.—Just read proofs. Ours is the part of the story.

From the Seven.—Seen the proof of next. Good gracious! Why don't you condense their part? Stick to PIEL DORNTON. You know the plot was settled on paper briefly thus:—

"BOOMERANG and GRACE should be wrecked out of their House, and should be immediately—" [The Editor cannot publish the remainder of this, as it reveals the future plot]—and these fellows, the Geologist, the Naturalists, the Ornithologists, and the Artist on your staff are just following out their own fancies, regardless of the plot at all. Stop it at once, or we'll withdraw, and bring out a new Novel, called 'The Captives of Coreya,' and ruin you.

We are only seven in number, and the others are thirteen. Literary men and Editors fight for less in Paris. We are determined, if we feel the necessity, to call them all out, and commence with you, Sir, as Editor. Six of us will fight, and six will be seconds; the seventh is a Doctor. (Signed, the Seven.)

Editor to the above, suddenly received.—There is no time to reply. Must publish the notes. I know I am bound to do so. But you are joking. I see you are joking. Come, come, I'm as fond—I mean the Editor is as fond of a bit of fun as you are, and he enjoys the joke, only don't push it any further, and let us all dine together with the Directors at Greenwich. Whitebat just in, small and fresh. There, name your day; and now, Gentlemen, the Editor, in closing this correspondence, is sure that he may invariably depend upon the good feeling, the forbearance, and the gentlemanly tone of all concerned, to prevent any *contritemps* occurring just when the Novel, well written in all parts, and admirably illustrated, is progressing so favourably.

GOOD NEWS FROM PARAGUAY.

THE tidings from Paraguay are exceedingly interesting and important, and although, from the peculiar mode in which South Americans of opposite parties forward intelligence, we are perfectly uncertain whether Brazil has demolished Paraguay, or Paraguay has exterminated Brazil, or there has been any fight at all, the news which comes from such a distance and in so many ships must command respect. Furthermore, there is one bit of intelligence which must make the English heart beat pleasantly. Iron-clads, supplied by British Merchants, have proved to be honest, sea-worthy articles. This advance in commercial morality is to be hailed with joy and pride, and we rejoice and are proud accordingly. Whatever may be said of Marine Assurance, in shipbuilding we believe that honesty is the best Policy.

Our Fair Flesh and Blood.

WE are indebted to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for making us aware that one of the Speakers at the Manchester Suffrage Meeting spoke of being "heavily weighted by Nature." Do ladies who are a trifle too *embompoint* (that, we believe, is the correct word in fiction) expect that the Franchise, when they get it, amongst other marvellous charms, will make them thin? If so, there will be an end to the stout resistance which they seem disposed to make to the many grievances of which they are the pitiable victims.



**AS SCUMMLES'S PICTURES ARE INVARIABLY "SKYED" AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION,**

HE HAS GIVEN UP HIGH FINISH, AND ADAPTS HIS STYLE TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

AN ABYSSINIAN EXHIBITION.

THE cost of the Abyssinian war is a matter of no consequence whatever to the nation at large, as it has been imposed wholly on the payers of Income-Tax. Still, these persons, made to pay for fighting their country's battles, constitute a minority of the population which is large enough to be not altogether contemptible. If Government could, without any expense to the masses, recoup the victims of confiscation, it might as well, for it would do so with perfect safety from clamour. Now the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will be enabled to make restitution of conscience-money on the part of Government to the sufferers of partial taxation with perfect convenience to the people at large if SIR ROBERT NAPIER succeeds in capturing KING THEODORE. His Majesty the NEGUS may possess no treasury, the contents of which would serve to indemnify the British Income-Tax payer; but is not so extraordinary a potentate as the Abyssinian tyrant a treasure in himself? First catch your NEGUS, of course; but, having caught him, bring him away and constitute him an exhibition. In so doing there would

be no need to keep him in a cage or den; he might be made perfectly comfortable, only open to public inspection during certain hours daily at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, or some other place equally commodious. Admission on five days out of the six (on Sundays THEODORE being a Christian would, even if instructive exhibitions were allowed to be open, of course have leave to attend to his devotions) might be one shilling, the sixth day being a half-crown day, for the accommodation of the superior classes. After having been shown in London as long as he continued to be sufficiently attractive, he might be conveyed throughout the rest of the United Kingdom, and afford a spectacle to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the various provincial towns. Then, if the State had not made enough money by him to replace the amount which he has occasioned it to exact from a single class, he could be sent abroad to fetch more, travelling, not necessarily in a van, all over the Continent, and doubtless, drawing contributions in abundance towards obtaining income equivalent to what he has cost that section of the people who have had exclusively the honour of paying for the expedition against him.

THE MODERN INQUISITION.

PERHAPS, the PREMIER, who has now got to make a BISHOP of HEREFORD, will write one more letter, and satisfy the British Booby on the subject of "MR. DISRAELI'S religion," which appears to afflict divers. Scarcely a day passes but some new conjectural impertinence, or some particularly unnecessary information is tossed out. MR. DISRAELI knows that *Punch* has not refrained from a great lot of good-natured allusions to the nationality of which the former is so justly proud; and it is possible that we may have many another cartoon of which he will be the smiling or scowling hero. But we protest—and we are as good a Protestant as MR. HARDY—against sneaking into a gentleman's study, and taking notes as to whether Prayer Book, Missal, Watts's Hymns, Koran, or Shaster, be most thumbed, and publishing inferences. We do not see whose business it was to announce that MR. DISRAELI had no particular religion until he was five, and that he was then taken by SAMUEL ROGERS to Hackney Church, especially as we believe the latter statement to be false, MR. ROGERS and his father having been regular attendants at the Unitarian Chapel at Hackney, of which the celebrated DR. PRICE was, in older days, Minister. Nor do we see why the pastor of Hughenden should gratify vulgar curiosity by proclaiming that the PREMIER has been a regular Church-goer for seventeen years, and was a Communicant at Easter. Is this England, or America? We do not habitually admire French legislation, but the late edict against ransacking Private Life is not without its merits. Somebody will be asking about our religion next, and will need all his own to bear the consequences.

A Dangerous Gift.

THE last possessor of the watch, which was the cause of BARRINGTON, the Pick-pocket, being transported, has bequeathed it to the South Kensington Museum. Curiosities of this sort give so much delight to visitors, that, not improbably the watch in question will send some one into a transport a second time.

PATENT NIGHT-LIGHTS.—Stars.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 2, 1868.



THE IRISH BALMORAL, OR A VISION OF 1869.

FEMALE SELF-EMANCIPATION.



SAB MR. PUNCH.—Woman is a tender and delicate organisation, with an intelligent heart in it. I speak abstractedly, and of womanhood in general, not as you find it individualised without exception in every woman—washerwoman, for instance, or charwoman.

The intelligent heart of woman, Sir, is for many purposes worth all the brains in the world. Is it equal to the performance of political functions? Would it suffice for the exercise of the elective franchise, and ought it to entitle women to votes? Every man, almost, will admit that Miss MARTINEAU is naturally at least as well qualified to choose a representative as Mr. BROADHEAD, or Mr. CROOKES, and even that she would probably be represented by some one not inferior, morally or intellectually to them, of their choice. But then it may

be said that Miss MARTINEAU is no ordinary "person." Very true; could not women, however, for political emancipation, be levelled up sufficiently near to such a person's standard? "Educate the masses" has long been the cry—attended with very little wool. Suppose we now begin to shout: "Educate the Lassies."

Legislators have decided that the numerical majority, educated even as they are, is the wiser portion of mankind. They appear not to have the same confidence in the majority of womankind. MR. MILL, probably takes the philosophical view in considering the majority of women equally fit to vote with the majority of men. But it must be owned that the mistrust existing on the other side is not wholly unfounded. An objection of some weight to absolutely universal manhood suffrage is that the multitude of men is gregarious, and apt, now and then, to follow a leader who may be a wolf in sheep's clothing, or, even a goose. Now women are much more gregarious than men. With very few exceptions they all go in droves: as you see in the matter of fashion. Whilst the crinoline mania lasted, what was the good of pointing out the absurdity of crinoline? How many women did it induce to leave their hoops off? Rather than that they died at the firegate, martyrs to fashion. Ask any woman now to drop her monstrous chignon. You might as well request a black cat to turn white. This very general unreason may, not unreasonably, be regarded as a disqualification for the suffrage. Is it not fair to say to the fair sex—"Emancipate yourselves from the tyranny of fashion, and then you shall enjoy the rights of free women."

I may be an optimist, Mr. Punch, but I look to a bright future for female humanity. I confidently expect to see the time, if I live long enough, when, should the leader of the demi-monde, or whosoever else may be the dictatrix of the fashions at Paris, take up the vagary of wearing a ring in her nose, her example will not be followed by the women of England. And then I trust that my enfranchised countrywomen will, grateful for kind and good advice, rush to the poll, if they are asked to, and vote for

A LADY'S MAN.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

The White Fawn at the Holborn is, as its original, *La Biche au Bois*, was at the Porte St. Martin, as successful an Extravaganza as any piece of the kind since the glories of the VESTRAIS productions at the Lyceum. It is capitally played throughout; the music is sparkling, and has the advantage of better voices than can usually be found in an ordinary acting company, while the six legs belonging to the three Low Comedians execute terpsichorean wonders in a grand Dance-Contest, which takes the place of a fight in such a grotesque fashion as leaves scarcely any other dancers in London a leg to stand upon. The combinations of colour evince great taste in costume, while the Ballets (for there are two, and one of them most ingeniously lit up with electric sparks) shows the Management's great regard for its patrons in the stalls by its admirable "Natural Selection."

The mention of *The White Fawn* reminds us of the new piece, *The Black Sheep*, at the Olympic, which we have not yet seen, because it is not (or was not at the time of writing) yet in sight. We may hope, however, that to the question, "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep, have you any Wool?" MR. B. WEBSTER may be able to reply, "Yes, Sir, I have, Sir, House Crammed Full." With which good wish we leave Theatricals for the present week.

Thanks to KING THEODORE.

TWOPENCE more of Income-Tax! It is enough to make one savage. As one might say, but for fear of saying something vulgar, "Twopence more of Income-Tax, and Up goes the Monkey!"

"NOT DONE YET, EDINBURGH?"

SOME Perfervid Scots have had a riotous meeting over the affairs of the Caledonian Railway. It must have been an exciting affair, for if the *London Scotsman's* report be complete, the speakers were too much in earnest to quote BURNS. They were vivacious enough—e. g.:

"MR. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, of Glasgow, proposed a motion which he hoped would be taken in the right spirit. [With the right spirit, he perhaps meant, for things went on in a most whiskeyfied manner.]

"MR. JAMES ANDERSON, Glasgow (speaking from the gallery). The like of ROBERTSON coming forward after all this nonsense about our shares—it is making a perfect fool of every one of us. (Laughter.)

"MR. ROBERTSON. Who are you, Sir? who are you? (brandishing his fist.) I know you of old, Sir; I know you of old. I leave it to any shareholder, I leave it to COLONEL SALKELD himself, if that is not a fair and legitimate proposal of retrenchment and economy.

"MR. ANDERSON. It's a perfect farce; that's all I have got to say. (Laughter.)

"MR. ROBERTSON (again shaking his fist). *Are you not done yet, Edinburgh?* Do you think we are going to lose our money, and stand hearing you Edinburgh oyster boys with your £750 preference stock?

"THE CHAIRMAN. I think, as the board is to a considerable extent newly constituted, MR. ROBERTSON might have spared himself the trouble of bringing forward this.

"MR. ROBERTSON. I differ from you, Sir."

Why Edinburgh oyster boys, MR. ROBERTSON? Was that meant for a term of reproach? If so, allow a Saxon to say that it falls harmless. MR. PUNCH has had such oysters in Edinburgh, (likewise at Portobello, which was taken by ADMIRAL VERNON with six ships only) as—with concomitants—made him more than happy. "Are you not done yet, Edinburgh?" is, however, a splendid outbreak, worthy to be handed down with *Quousque tandem, Catilina*, "of Ciceronian pleading" (BURNS).

THE PLEASURES OF SHOPPING.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM one of the old school, and like the old ways. Judge then, my old friend, of the shock to my equanimity the other day. I required six pennyworth of coat buttons, and went into the first shop which looked like one for the sale of that article. On entering, I walked up to the counter and said to the man, "I want some buttons."

"Oh, Sir!" said he, "please go to the other side, to the 'Button Department,' this is Baby Linen."

I went to the other side, and "I want some buttons," said I.

"What do you want them for?"

"For my coat."

"Oh then, Sir, if you please, to the next shop, this is the 'Ladies' Button Department.'"

I was accordingly ushered by a perfumed ladies' button department gentleman, through several gilded corridors, then up one pair of stairs, and down another, and finally found myself roaming at large in the gentlemen's department general. I went up to the first counter, and repeated my request.

"Oh, Sir, if you please," said the attendant, "the other side; this is the 'Gentlemen's Flannel Department.'"

It is needless to describe the thing any further. Suffice it to say that, after applying at the Gentlemen's Hosiery Department, running a tilt at the Gentlemen's Pantaloon Department, and being nearly stranded on the Gentlemen's Fancy Shirt Department, I got what I wanted, sixpennyworth of buttons.

Ever yours, dear Punch,

JOHN STRONG.

An Answer Requested.

PINKSYTT, who is better acquainted with painting than politics, would be glad to know to what the writer of an address in the papers signed "JOHN WALSH"—an artist he never heard of before—refers, when he speaks of "the incidents of my first canvass." P. says he remembers too well the incidents of his.

QUOTATION WANTED.—"The Lushy Eglantine."

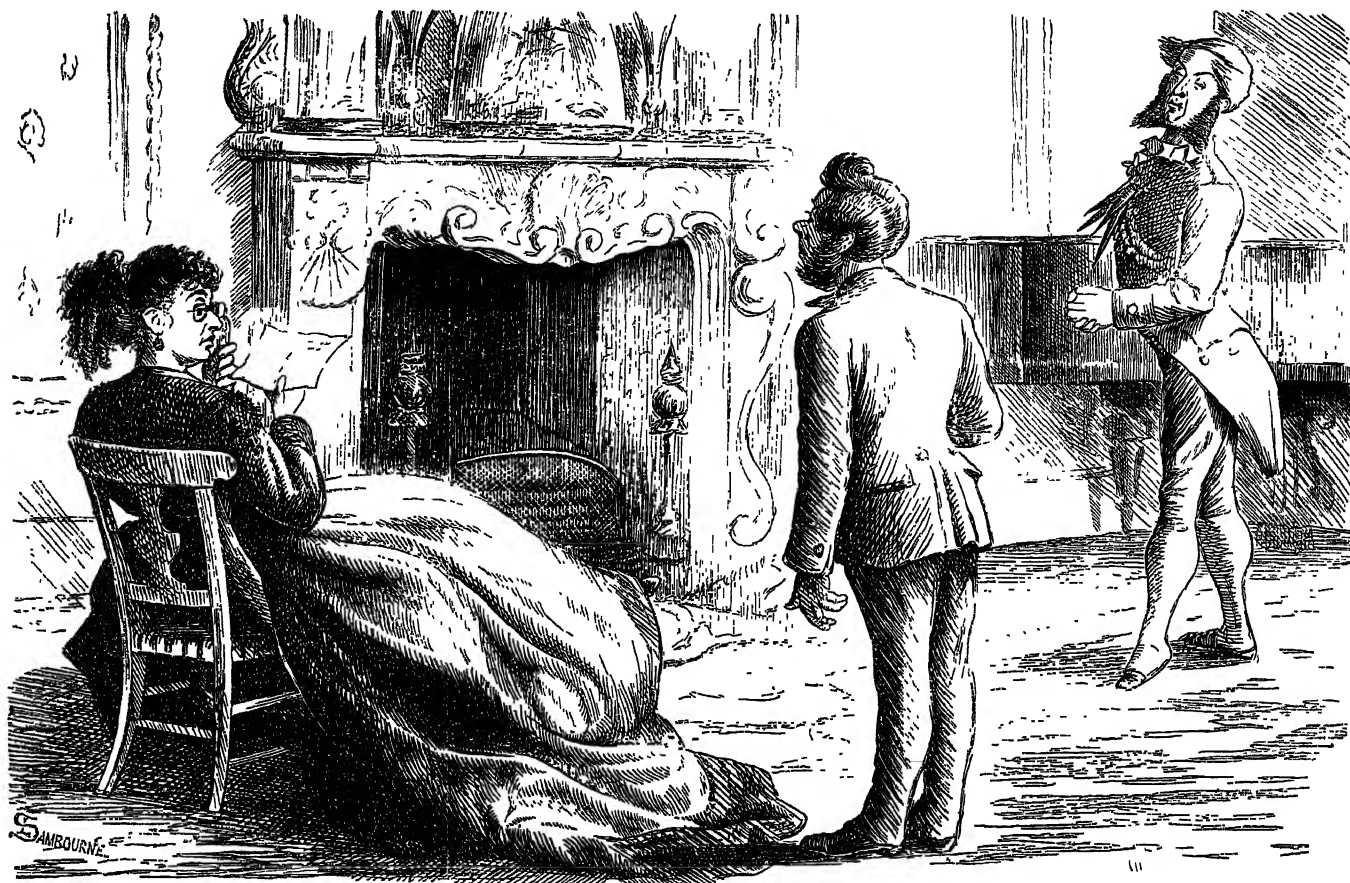
[The Editor of the Botanical Department gives publicity to this query from "Flora Magnolia," with a doubt whether she has given the second word quite correctly.]

SAYING BY A SORE AUTHOR.—MR. STINGER, the critic who reviewed my book, thinks himself a gaddy, when he's only a bug.

ANOTHER VERSION (for a musical genius).—Thinks himself an A sharp when he's a B flat.

TO EPICURES.—The best man to consult on the "Art of Laying the Table," would be the Notorious MR. HOME.

A VERY TEASING PERSON.—LORD TAUNTON.



NOT MEETING HIS MATCH. THE NEW FOOTMAN.

"NO DOUBT YOUR CAPABILITIES AND HONESTY ARE ALL THAT COULD BE DESIRED, BUT THE FIRST CONSIDERATION IS, THAT JOHN THOMAS SHOULD BE PROPERLY MATCHED," &c.
[James is disgusted, and quits his profession.]

MR. JOHN THOMAS UPON THINGS IN GENERAL.

A Letter Addressed to Miss ANN STUBBS, a Country Cousin.

DEAR HANN,

OF noose that's stirrin, there aint nothink I deplores
 Like these ere Civil Suvvice Trade Co Hoperative Stores.
 Its getting quite the fashion now for Swells as is Tiptop
 To turn a onest penny by a keepink of a shop!
 There U may C a Duchess with a pen behind her Ear
 A tying up a parcel, tho her Usbing is a Peer!
 While peraps at the next counter there a Countess U may C,
 A making out a Hinvoice for a duzen lb of T!
 In shawt they act as shopboys, tho their Aunts sisters came over
 With the Conkering Norman Ero, when he landed M at Dover.
 Now to me as a True Briton its most orrible degradng
 To see our Harry Stockracy like grocers all a trading.
 And it really shox a footman of well constituted mind
 A pusson who's a Shopkeeper to ave to walk behind!
 Which to carry ome her parcels I would certingly decline,
 For muskyler exertion it isn't in my line.
 And fancy ow disgustink if my friends I chanced to meet,
 While carrying soap and candles down a fashionable street!
 The hidea so unmans me I must quit this orrid theme,
 And turn to your last letter, which to me is sweet as cream.
 I'm glad as you were Bridesmaid at the wedding of your friend,
 And that you liked the Bookay which I made so bold to send.
 Your dress must ave looked bootiful, but may I just explain
 That Crinnyleans is out of date, U should have worn a train.
 And ave U eard that chignons is wore higher on the ead,
 And dark air is more fashionable than either brown or red?
 But tho some may say as Carrots isnt pleasing to the eye,
 They'd better live content than stand the Azzard of the Dye.
 I'm glad as U were forinit in obtaining of a view
 Of the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA when to Dublin she went through.
 Which if Hireland were more favored by the sunshine of her smile,

Things wouldnt look so gloomy in that unenlightened ile.
 A Balmoral near Dublin might attract their future king,
 And as Paddies say, More power to his Elbow it would bring.
 So I reelly think the Guvermint they ort to make a grant
 For the Prince to unt in Ireland, which without it Y he can't.
 For osses is Xpensive now, and as they say in France
 When the Prince he goes out riding he must do the thing *on Prance*.
 But talking of Xpences, I may be aloud to say
 Its lucky as pore phootmen have no hincome-tax to pay.
 Else from each lb of our wages there'd be took now tuppence more,
 To elp to pay for thrashing of that wile KING THEODORE.
 And tho I dont deny as he deserves to get a wacking,
 I think it costs us reether dear to polish off that Black king!
 Which in whackswork when Xibited at Madam Tussoo's Show
 To the Chamber of her Orrors he ort certingly to go.
 But the dinner-bell is ringing and altho it may be rude
 To break off thus abruptly I must sudnly conclude.
 So oping as KING THEODORE will shortly cry Peccavy,
 Believe me, Yours affectionate
 JOHN TOMMUS, of Bellgravy.

Barely Civil.

THE inhabitants of India are better treated than those of London.
 The last mail says,—

"SIR JOHN LAWRENCE has by a notification settled the shoe question. All those who wear European shoes and stockings are not to be required to take them off at Durbars, or on entering courts of justice," &c.

Whereas all those who wear European shoes and stockings are required to take them off before entering the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, where a stern notice orders them to WIPe THEIR FEET.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Surely if a Medical Quack can be called a woman because he's a *Charlotte Anne*, a Chemist might be called a Ditto, as he is an *Anne Eliza* (Analyser).



MR. PUNCH PAYS HIS YEARLY VISIT TO HIS BELOVED TENANTRY IN PUNCHESTOWN.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 20. Easter holidays being over, DR. DISRAELI'S young friends re-assembled, to count the weeks until Whitsuntide holidays.

Various vacancies occur. Peers have been made, and the voices of SIRS JOHN WALSH, BROOK BRIDGES, and JOHN TROLLOPE will be heard no more in the Nether House, LORDS ORMATHWAITE, FITZWALTER, and KESTIVEN walking into the Chamber of Peers. SIR MORTON PERO, bankrupt, has resigned Bristol, for which MILES and MORLEY fight on the day Mr. Punch appears, and there be other changes.

The work began with a severe attack by MR. SMOLLETT on the Madras Irrigation Company and the conduct of the Government, which has been guaranteeing interest for ever, without taking care that the waterworks shall last for ever, or even for any time at all, inasmuch as, according to MR. SMOLLETT, the channels are so constructed as to be of no use. Next, the Company having collapsed, Government takes the affair into its own hands. MR. SMOLLETT was very severe on everybody, and used language which does not seem out of place in *Roderick Random*, but which its author's descendant might have made a little more decorous for the House of Commons. The Indian Minister answered, of course, and, equally of course, there was an empty house. Who cares about watering the provinces of India?

MR. WATKIN moved for an inquiry into the affairs of Ceylon, but he was set upon by MR. ADDERLEY, whose hymn was that

"Although the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
And every prospect pleases,
E. WATKIN has the bile."

Then we got on Estimates, and the debates were dull, until a select party began an attack upon Hampton Court Palace, and tried to reduce the vote for keeping up that place. Punch is happy to say that LORD JOHN MANNERS utterly routed them. Hampton Court Palace is a place of which the poor are particularly fond. They can get there without much expense, there is no trouble in going in—(the artisan's wife seldom being afflicted with a lace parasol which has to be taken away from her—fine ladies and cooks suffer heavily in this way), there is no trouble in seeing all the sights, the gardens are very pretty, and

the gold fish very tame and fat, and there is no attempt to bother the visitor by improving his mind when he only wants rest, and peace, and fresh air.

Tuesday. MR. SHAW LEEFVRE brought in a Bill for giving a wife absolute control over her own property, or earnings, or deposits. He mentioned that there are 3,200,000 married women in this country working for their living—800,000 of them in trades. The Law Amendment Society thinks that the law should be altered, that the wife should retain her property after marriage, instead of its becoming the husband's, and that anything which she afterwards may obtain should be at her own disposal. The Sanctity of Marriage would, of course, be appealed to, but as that was habitually violated by settlement under Chancery order, the objection was answered by anticipation. MR. MILL seconded the motion. Mr. Punch, who never hesitates to express his opinion on anything, from a new pin to a new planet, says that there is much Philosophy in the view of MESSRS. LEEFVRE and MILL. But he does not suppose that it will find much acceptance, because there is a sort of notion, partly derived from the usage of several thousand years, partly from human nature, partly from theological teaching, that somehow marriage is a little more than a mere partnership between EDWIN JONES and ANGELINA BROWN, and that in return for EDWIN'S name, strong arm, protection, support, maintenance, fidelity, and labour, ANGELINA is to become a complementary EDWIN, rather than to remain an independent ANGELINA. Also, the marriage service says something about a mystical union, the conditions whereof may not seem exactly satisfied by rival banking accounts. There are a great many hard cases, divers of which are the fault of people who are in such a hurry to be married that they don't take half the pains to inquire into the character of a spouse which they would give to that of a servant. But there are settlements for the rich, and protection orders for the poor; and so long as a married couple, neither rich nor poor, lives together, it may be for the promotion of affection that there should be no separate interests.

After the Matrimonial Noose Question had been laid aside, we came to the Capital Punishment Bill—the measure for making executions private. Hereupon MR. GILPIN rode a race upon his favourite hobby, and delivered a long speech to show that there ought to be no executions at all. He finished with so pathetic a picture of the dying criminal, penitent and ready for glory, but considered unfit for earth,

that Mr. GREGORY sprang up and declared that the question was not one of softening hearts or saving souls, but of preventing the QUEEN's subjects from being murdered. But the speech of the night was that of

MR. MILL, who approved of many of the labours of the "philanthropists," but said that they ought to know when to stop. To deprive a criminal of the life of which he had proved himself unworthy—solemnly to blot him out from the fellowship of mankind, and from the catalogue of the living—was the most appropriate and the most impressive mode in which society could deal with so great a crime as murder. Imprisonment would be far more cruel, and less efficacious. None could say that this punishment had failed, for none could say who had been deterred, and how many would not have been murderers but for the awful idea of the gallows? Do not bring about an enervation, an effeminacy in the mind of the nation; for it is that to be more shocked by taking a man's life than by taking all that makes life valuable. Is death the greatest of all earthly ills? A manly education teaches us the contrary; if an evil at all, it is one not high in the list of evils. Respect the capacity of suffering, not of merely existing. It is not human life only, not human life as such, but human feelings, that should be held sacred. Moreover, taking life for murder no more implies want of respect for life than fining a criminal shows want of respect for property. In countries where execution is morbidly disliked, there is no abhorrence of the assassin. MR. MILL added that we had been in danger of reducing all our punishments to nothing; and, though that disposition had stopped, our penalties for brutal crimes (for which he earnestly recommended the Scurge) were, ridiculously light, and ought to be strengthened.

A speech like that "stints the strife," the House went to Division, and by 127 to 23—Majority 104—affirmed the principle of Capital Punishments. Discussion on the clauses followed, the only remarkable proposal being MR. NEATE's, who, because hanging was disagreeable, would administer Carbonic Acid Gas, or allow the criminal to destroy himself. The latter suggestion made the Committee laugh; and certainly, the idea of CALCRAFT coming into the cell, and, like the gaoler of SOCRATES, respectfully presenting GORDON, of Jamaica, or PRITCHARD, of Glasgow, with a bowl of poison, was provocative. The Bill passed through its last stage but one.

Wednesday. Theology, of course. Battle on a Bill for allowing Roman Catholics to be buried, with their own religious service, in Irish Churchyards, without obtaining leave from the Protestant incumbent, who, it was asserted, always refused this. The measure was resisted by the LEFROY and NEWDEGATE party for the usual anti-Catholic feeling; but MR. HENLEY, who has his prejudices, but is not a bigot, suggested that the real objection to free burial might be, that three sets of religionists might come at once, and the churchyard be a scene of unseemly strife. But

"Gin a body meet a body,
Need the mourners fight?"

This is only a detail, and the London cemeteries never witness frays. The Second Reading was carried by 74 to 51.

Thursday. The EARL OF DERBY, walking with a vigorous step, again took his place in the House of Lords. He will accept Mr. Punch's congratulations.

MR. D'ARCY M'GEE, an Irish gentleman whose antecedents were rebellious, but who became a loyal and valuable servant of the Crown, has been brutally murdered, at Ottawa, by a Fenian, who assassinated him on his way from doing his duty in the House of Commons. The Canadians are justly enraged to the utmost, and caught the murderer, and, as they believe, accomplices, for all of whom there will probably be "a short shrift and a long cord." The COLONIAL SECRETARY to-night spoke worthily of the slaughtered victim, who is assuredly a martyr to loyalty.

MR. GLADSTONE's Bill for the mild extinction of the Church Rate was considered by the Lords. It was introduced by EARL RUSSELL. Mr. Punch is sorry to say that some of the Peers showed small wisdom. The Bishops of LONDON and OXFORD spoke as men of the world, who saw that the time had come for a concession, and so they made it; but LORD DERBY assailed the measure with much fire, and LORD CAIRNS also assailed it. These friends of the Church had better pass the Bill—or the next will be a shorter and less civil one. It was read a Second Time, but menaced with a Select Committee.

In the Commons the new CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER brought in the Budget which it had pleased MR. DISRAELI and the Departments to give him. We shall say nothing about it, except that there is a deficiency of upwards of a Million and a Half, and of course the money is taken from the Middle Class, which never defends itself. *The Income-Tax is to be raised to Sixpence.*

There was something about India, at least NORTHGOTE made a very long speech, but we were much too sulky to listen. Improved Government, or something of the sort. Income-Tax, Sixpence. We'll save or evade it somehow, MRS. GRUNDY, eh?

Friday. The Lords sent the Church Rate Bill to a Committee, and it may be that it will be improved there. But the principle must be

accepted *sine gramo*. The author, MR. GLADSTONE, publishes a letter, denying that he is a Papist, a confederate with the POPE, an enemy of DR. WYNTER, a condemner of public aid to the Clergy, a refuser to attend the QUEEN to a Scotch Kirk, a receiver of Papal thanks, or a member of a Ritualist Church. He knows best what attention liars and fools deserve; but, while he was about it, we think he might have added, for the amusement of those who are neither, that he is not a Buddhist, does not speak with his mouth full, never broke into a sausage shop, takes off his hat in church, is not afraid of snails, seldom cheats at whist, dislikes eating asparagus stalks, and has not been turned out of the gallery of the Adelphi Theatre for insisting on "Hot Codlings" in the middle of *No Thoroughfare*.

In the Commons, a debate on Crete, and exchange of abuse of Turks and Russia, and another on the case of a Post Office Clerk, extruded, after having been reprimanded 9 times in 1866, and 11 times between February and July, 1867. Truly the Legislature has leisure.

THE BUDGET OF THE FUTURE.

Lo, the Income-Tax ascending
War expenses to defray,
You, whose cash alone by spending,
Its whole cost the State will pay!
And would you have others share it
In proportion just and due?
"Victims, you must grin and bear it,"
Parliament replies to you.

Bear it; yes, for not much longer
That injustice you'll endure.
When the masses are the stronger,
Equal burdens they'll insure.
They'll insist that each his fraction
Of taxation shall sustain,
And no more, of gross exaction,
One sole class stand all the strain.

Hope, from Parliaments elected
By the People, justice done,
And the rights of all respected,
Imposition forced on none.
Wrong will ne'er be done to any,
When their will its way has got.
Then, wars voted by the Many,
Will the Few be taxed for, not.

A CAPITAL PUBLIC DINNER.

As a rule, a public dinner is a thing to be avoided and abhorred, like a bagpipe or a barrel-organ, or any other noisy nuisance. However, there is now a marked exception to this rule, and such a pleasant novelty demands a pleasant notice.

MR. JOHN PARRY, having given up his *Merrymaking*, now makes merry with the people who attend a public dinner. In half-an-hour of drollery he personates a dozen of the bores whom public diners meet wherever they may dine, and he makes them so amusing that all who meet them with him wish to meet them all again. By mere facial expression and a slight change of the voice, MR. PARRY fills his stage with a host of public characters, without whom no public dinner could be deemed to be complete. He is by turns a chairman, a steward, a treasurer, a toastmaster, a man who can't speak without laughing, another who can't speak without crying, a band of music, a soprano, a procession of small children, and a tenor with a cold. What most "entertainers" fail to do by aid of wigs and whiskers, MR. PARRY does successfully by change of tone and look. When you see him as a lady sitting down to a piano, pulling off her gloves, arranging a stray curl, and smoothing down her dress, you believe yourself the victim of an optical delusion, when you find it is a gentleman on whom your eyes are fixed. Clever artists have the power by half-a-dozen touches to present a life-like face; but JOHN PARRY by an attitude can represent a person, and portray a man, a child, a lady, or a lapdog, by a gesture or a glance. By just one touch of nature he makes the whole world grin; and, if we be pardoned for a further misquotation, we may say that, as an entertaining "entertainer," none but himself can be his Parrylel.

What says Sir Bernard Burke?

In the Installation Procession in St. Patrick's, there was a "gentleman at large." "Who could this be?" the curious ask. Some one who was released from incarceration for that day only, on his promising to return at nightfall? But Irish gentlemen have been far too wise to bring themselves into this predicament. It therefore remains a mystery who the "gentleman at large" was, and how he got his ticket-of-leave—a thousand pardons, admission—to the Cathedral.



A LIVELY LOOK-OUT.

"WHY, SMITH, YOU LOOK DEPRESSED!"

"SO I AM!—UTTERLY WRETCHED!"

"AH! YOU WANT A LITTLE CHEERFUL SOCIETY!—LOOK HERE! I'LL COME AND SPEND THE EVENING WITH YOU!"

THE ABYSSINIAN DIFFICULTY.

(Concerning certain "Know-nothings.")

DURING the present expedition to Abyssinia, I, as one of *Mr. Punch's* Educational Committee, have been much interested in listening to the various opinions freely expressed on all hands as to the merits and demerits of our naval and military organisation.

One young gentleman held forth on the blunders committed by our chiefs: an elderly person, connected prospectively with the Librarian's department of the New Courts of Law, gravely deplored the prevalence of red-tapeism at Head-quarters; another individual, who brought the authority of a prematurely bald head to bear on the question, asserted that all the Abyssinian travellers up to the present time had been wrong in their explorations, and that, in fact, no one knew anything at all about the country. The aunt of a cornet who had served in the Crimea (of course the cornet, not the aunt), and who, therefore (the aunt, not the cornet, this time), *ought* to know, expressed much contempt for the mule arrangements; and a lady of uncertain age, who had, it was commonly whispered, been engaged, years ago, to an Austrian Colonel (who was conquered at Baden-Baden, and obliged to beat a retreat from that dissipated camp), wished that our troops were managed after the Continental fashion, when they would be always ready for action, whereupon a fierce-looking gentleman, with military whiskers joining his moustache, as if they all came off together if pulled over the ear, stretched his legs before the fire, frowned on the circle, and smacking his lips, as much as to say, "Here's something nice for you in the way of a clincher," observed, "They ought to have sent a flying column into the country."

There was a deep silence. Everyone evidently was regretting the omission, and, from the expression on their faces, individually taking the blame upon himself or herself for such an evident neglect. Suddenly inspired, I asked, submissively,

"What is a flying column?"

RODERICK VICH MURCHISON!

HAIL to the Chief in Johanna romances
Belief from the first who had pluck to decline!
Long may such guesses as those he advances
At Burlington House be confirmed 'neath the Line!
BAKER confess them true,
BURTON knock under, too,
GALTON and PETER RICK, GRANT, OSBORNE, & Co.,
Own them mistaken men,
Shout till they're hoarse again,
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON—ho—ieroe!"

His was no fancy as not worth account in
Brains scientific aside to be laid:
Though MOUTSA's lie loomed as large as a mountain,
To declare he saw through it he wasn't afraid.
'Gainst F.G.S.'s shock
Sole he stood, like a rock,
All the louder cried "Yes," all the more they said "No."
BURTON and BAKER then
Echo his praise again,
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly we talk over LIVINGSTONE's doings,
Slave-hunters and fevers and tsetse defied,
Taganyika, Nyassa, and Nile's central flowings,
Traced, mastered, and mapped, with the tribes at their
side!
Though Afric tamed to trade,
Freed from slave-dealers' raid,
May be a dream of Utopian glow,
LIVINGSTONE's dreams, ye ken,
Like him, turn up again!
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe!"

Shout, fellows,* shout, for the pride of the Highlands—
MURCHISON's come of a high Gaelic line,
Old as Silurian slates in these islands,
That bed, on which *he* may be proud to recline!
But a still brighter gem,
Twill be for him and them,
LIVINGSTONE here in the autumn to show,
While swells and learned men,
Make the rooms ring again,
"RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe!"

* Of the Geographical Society, of course.

Everyone looked at me, then at the military man, who frowned harder than ever.

"A flying column?" he returned, raising his eyebrows, as much as to say, "What! don't you know that?"

A smile of pity for my ignorance was on all lips.

Rendered desperate, I repeated the question, "Yes, a flying column; what is a flying column?"

All eyes waited upon the military whiskers, who, having got himself into the hole, unassisted might now get himself out again. His reputation was at this moment as nicely poised as a rocking-stone.

"A flying column," he commenced slowly, and, upon my word, I felt for him—"a flying column is a column which—or I should say"—here he brightened up. "But, first, do you know what a column is?"

Now, here was a dilemma. If I said "Yes," then he'd ask *me* for the information. If I said "No," then he'd say that it was no use explaining a flying column to a man who didn't understand the meaning of an ordinary Column that didn't fly. But the ladies came to the rescue; under cover of my assumed ignorance, they ventured to inquire the nature of a column and of a flying column. Whiskers was in for it, and being in for it, it was at least a quarter of an hour before he got out of it, and then he only saved himself by flight under cover of an appointment at the Horse Guards.

When he had gone I asked the young man, who had been finding so much fault with our military and naval organisation, to describe the system and plan of our Army to me. I asked him, How many foot regiments are there? How many regiments of Guards? How many Line? How many Cavalry? What are the regulations as to age of entrance?

His answer was that a Captain in the Line ranked as a Lieutenant and something else in the Guards: that there was a Guards' Club in Piccadilly: that a fellow he knew was often on guard at the Bank, and that everything in a general way was grossly mismanaged somehow, but he hadn't time to go into details. To the prematurely bald person who had set down all Abyssinian travellers as hitherto totally wrong regarding that country, I put one simple question, "Where is Abys-

sinia?" I wouldn't let him laugh it off or treat it as a joke, "Where is Abyssinia?" I repeated sternly.

It was no good for him to say, "Oh, you know," jocosely. I was not to be trifled with. Besides, I saw I was doing a good work, and awakening the others to a sense of the nonsense they'd been talking, so I pushed into the enemy's country, crying no quarter, no parley, "Where is Abyssinia?"

If the carpet pattern could have opened and swallowed him up (into the dining-room) he would have been thankful.

"Well," says he, rubbing his knees, "Abyssinia is—I can't exactly give you the latitude and longitude"—the humbug—I wouldn't hear of the latitude or longitude—where, I demanded was Abyssinia?

The wretched impostor, who had sneered at our explorers and learned travellers, hesitated, and then looking me full in the face, said boldly, "Africa." I saw that even *this* was information for some of them.

"North or south?" I asked, scarcely giving him time to breathe.

"About the middle," he replied, cautiously; "perhaps a little more south than north, if anything."

He was uncomfortable: but I knew he would go home and consult his map: so I left him (he sneaked off when my back was turned), and confronted the lady who had praised the Continental armies at our expense.

"What," I asked, "did she see to prefer in their systems?"

She murmured faintly, "Vivandières!" and looked so imploringly at me that I hadn't the heart to push the question further.

The rest were scattered, and at my mercy completely.

Sir, I hear a great deal of nonsense talked about many things, but about none, at present, more than about our Abyssinian Difficulty. When, therefore, in future, the subject is started, a few home questions will soon show who among the party are competent to talk upon it; and if, after a few geographical inquiries, you ask the object of our Expedition, you may be pretty sure that the respondent is not well posted up in the facts of the case if he replies, "Well, I suppose that Old THEODORE locked RASSAM up,—RASSAM, don't you know, the Shoho Chief, and sent a letter to the QUEEN, which was replied to by Lord JOHN RUSSELL—the celebrated Darham Letter, don't you know?—and then CAMERON, who was the Consul, went into the interior and interfered, so he was imprisoned and beheaded;—no, he's not beheaded yet, and they're advancing on Malaga, or some such place, with one cannon; and Old THEODORE is very fond of music, they say, and not such a bad fellow, after all."

In such a case remorselessly expose the conversational impostor, and do Society a service.

DON QUICKSET.

ACROBATS IN PETTICOATS.



HOUGH Mr. Punch is a Hercules himself, he is fond of seeing the performance of feats of strength by others; and he has specially been pleased by the Japanese performers, who astonish weak minds nightly at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Punch dislikes all acrobats who aim to make his flesh creep, or his hair to stand on end, by the peril they are placed in. These Japanese, however, only make him stare and clap his hands with admiration. All they do is done with such apparent ease that there never seems a chance of any accident occurring. They fan themselves so calmly in the middle of their feats, that nothing they can do seems difficult or dangerous. No accountant can be cleverer at balancing than they: and in their feats of ledger-de-main they would beat the best of book-keepers. Climbing up a bamboo, and squatting cross-legged at the top, appears as natural to them as it would be to a monkey. To lie flat on one's back, and balance boys and tubs and ladders on one's feet, seems as easy to these men as swimming to a cod-fish.

Acrobats in petticoats have been popular of late, and Mr. Punch by no means admires their popularity. It is bad taste in a woman to perform on the trapeze, and tumble, and throw summersaults; and it is worse taste in the public to applaud her exhibition. These Japanese, however, are men who wear a petticoat as Scotchmen wear a kilt, and their novelty of costume adds a charm to their performance.

Their children, too, look plump and pleasant, and not stunted and deformed, like those who move our pity in our pantomimes and circuses.

One little chap climbs up a ladder, balanced by his father on the soles of his feet, and then creeps along another at right angles to the first, without a quiver in the balance. Another little fellow sits upon a tub that is hoisted in the air upon half a score of others, all of which are kicked away by the feet whereon they rest, which catch the lad as deftly as players catch a cricket-ball. Both these little fellows seem so perfectly at ease that nobody feels nervous at seeing their performance. Indeed the only fear that Mr. Punch experienced was the dread lest Master Punch, who happened to be present, might be tempted to perform some Japanese feats in his nursery, such as balancing the baby on the spike of an umbrella, or spinning a big humming-top on the edge of the best carving-knife, or breaking Mrs. Punch's most valuable fan while attempting to perform the feat of flying paper butterflies.

QUESTION.—Can a Process Server legally be said to be a Writualist?

A GENT'S "NOT FOR JOSEPH."

In dancing-schools and music 'alls I'm runnin' my career;

Object to cultivate my mind: find study too severe.

But, mind yer, I'm well up to snuff; what's what I ravther know;
But nothin' 'eavy I can't stand; that 'ere won't do for JOE.

Chorus. Oh, dear! no; not for JOE, not if he knows it—not for JOSEPH.

Oh, dear! no; nothin' slow—not for JOSEPH, oh, dear! no.

The other night I met a pal; he says to me, I say,
Old feller, come along with me: I'm goin' to the play.

I'm goin' to see 'Amlet done to-night at Drury Lane:

A play of SHAKSPEARE'S—So-and-So performs the Royal Dane.

Spoken.—"No, you don't, my dear feller; you may go yourself, if you like, and sit two hours listenin' to sleepy old SHAKSPEARE, but you don't get JOSEPH—"

Oh, dear! no, &c.

Not long ago another pal whose taste ain't yours nor mine,
Wot likes MOZART and 'ANDEL, and their music calls divine,
He offered me a ticket, which 'ad cost no end of tin,
To 'ear a horatorio and let me *gratis* in.

Spoken.—Hexeter 'All and SIMS REEVES, Har! That's your style of entertainment. Give me the Metropolitan Music 'All and JOLLY NASH. Thanks for kind intentions, but—

Oh, dear! no, &c.

Just now in town there's made a fuss about the pictures grand,
That's open in Trafalgar Square; things I don't understand.
In sportin' prints about my room my sense of Hart appears,
And funny-coloured photographs, and cartes of pretty dears.

Spoken.—What a splendid painter TURNER was! What a wonderful hartist is MILLAIS! Ah, yes, 'Igh Hart may be all very well for them that likes that sort of thing; but as for this individual—

Oh, dear! no, &c.

And now, perhaps, you'll wonder 'ow I manage to get through
The livelong day on Sundays; what a cove can find to do.

A muff once to the Habbey recommended me to go,

And hear DEAN STANLEY preach. Says I, "Don't try that on with JOE."

Oh, dear! no, &c.

A Dish for an Ogre.

In the *menu* of a Court Banquet, given in the *Galerie de Diane*, on the occasion of the marriage of PRINCE HUMBERT with the PRINCESS MARGARET, one of the items is that of "*filets d'innocents à la Princesse Marguerite*."

What can filets d'innocents be? The nearest things that we can fancy, even for the banquets of people who were once believed to eat frogs, and actually do eat horse, are slices of sucking-pig.

NAY, A FEER HE SHOULD BE.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER has been gazetted a G.C.B. Is this to be all? No pension? No Barony? Is the Peerage reserved exclusively for Tory baronets who happen also to be County Members?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 27. An Irishman and a Fenian, calling himself O'Farrel (the name has served as well as any other in his execution-warrant) came behind PRINCE ALFRED, Duke of Edinburgh, at a banquet held at Port Jackson, on the 12th of March, in aid of a charitable institution, and fired a pistol at the young Prince. The bullet lodged in his back, but did no great harm, and has been extracted. The Prince was to be sent to his home, and the ruffian to his gallows. Even the favourers of Fenianism have not ventured to say anything in behalf of a miscreant who could try to murder a boy in order to wound the heart of his mother, the Queen of Ireland. Addresses of sympathy were voted by both Houses of Parliament.

LORD DERBY gave notice to EARL RUSSELL to put his hands up, and be ready to do all he knew.

The Education Bill of the Government was rather severely handled by two or three opposition Lords, but was read a Second Time. LORD GRANVILLE, who was suffering from gout, a gentlemanly disorder—HORACE WALPOLE says no disorder, but a remedy—but uncommonly disagreeable, had the pluck to stand up and make an Education speech. Perhaps the debate, which partook of the character of morphia, had assuaged his trouble; if not, he deserves the laudation due to a man of brave endurance.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER has stormed Magdala, the captives are free, and KING THEODORE is dead. Naturally, therefore, the House cheered the Indian Minister when he came in to-day. The PREMIER, in answer to MR. LAYARD, confirmed the good news, and likened our progress to that of CORTÉZ in Mexico—with the difference that CORTÉZ went to plunder and massacre, NAPIER to execute justice.

"So, sink PIZARRO's daring name,
And, CORTÉZ, thine, in NAPIER's fame."

Who wrote those lines? For NAPIER read BERTRAM, and consult *Rokeby*. They are not particularly good, but are quoted to show MR. PUNCH's readiness in the citation line.

The SPEAKER left the chair, MR. DODSON took his, and invited MR. GLADSTONE to move the First of his Three Resolutions, namely,—

That the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment.

MR. GLADSTONE moved this in a neat nod, and there was Debate all night on the Irish Church.

Tuesday. LORD DERBY squared up at EARL RUSSELL, and let fly right and left, chaffing very well, and charging the smaller Earl with inconsistency. He supposed LORD RUSSELL might be still of the same mind about the Irish Church as he was when he spoke at St. James's Hall, on a platform with BEALES, POTTER, and MASON JONES, though this was a fortnight ago, and therefore LORD DERBY demanded what the Opposition was going to do. The third of MR. GLADSTONE's resolutions was a defiance of law, and would bring the Houses into collision. He advised Government, whatever might be the provocation, not to resign until the enlarged constituency should have elected a new Parliament.

LORD RUSSELL quoted BURKE. "I vary my means to secure the consistency of my ends." He had modified his views as to the best way of securing religious equality in Ireland. LORD DERBY had no business to ask him questions, but the promoters of the Resolutions meant to found a Bill on them, and, when it had passed through Parliament, to submit it to the QUEEN, and if the Ministers chose to give advice that might bring on a collision, they would come to grief.

LORD GRANVILLE remarked upon the novelty introduced by LORD DERBY. He was out of office, LORD RUSSELL was out of office, and he questioned LORD RUSSELL as to what men in office were going to do.

LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS was down upon that third Resolution. It asks the QUEEN to place her Irish patronage at the disposal of Parliament, and the cue has been given to the Conservatives to pretend to believe that by Parliament MR. GLADSTONE meant the House of Commons.

LORD MALMESBURY was very angry because noble Lords went away without listening to him. MR. PUNCH, with regret, must follow their example.

In the Commons there was
Debate all night on the Irish Church.

Wednesday. SIR WILLIAM HUTT has a Bill designed to promote something like honesty on the part of Railway and Joint Stock Companies. He wants to compel them to make out truthful accounts, in a prescribed form, half-yearly. This cruel and persecuting measure was sent to a Committee which has a ministerial Bill, of similar character, before it. Where is this tyranny to cease? We shall have a Bill next for compelling railway clerks to give the right change in good money, and to answer civilly.

A Bill for making County Financial Boards was thrown out. Whether they were to be made by sawing, or by what other means,

Punch did not care to comprehend. The Bill was probably a good one, as the Ministry of the squirearchy opposed it.

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN had a Bill for preventing the Crown from making any more Irish Peers, but as the SPEAKER seemed rather to think that if SIR COLMAN went on, it would be the unpleasant duty of the Serjeant-at-Arms to take him out into Palace Yard and cut off his head, he withdrew the Bill.

MR. TORRENS has a Bill for helping artisans to better dwelling-houses, and at a late period the Government has found divers objections to it. There are objections to everything, and we should never get anything done if we waited until perfection could be obtained. MR. LABOUCHÈRE mentioned that some discounting fellow is secretly buying up miserable dwellings in the hope of getting large compensation when this Bill shall be passed. If MR. LABOUCHÈRE will send us the name, we will do our best to defeat the amiable purpose.

Thursday. The Church Rates Abolition Bill was sent to a Select Committee of Lords, on the understanding that the principle is agreed to, and that the amendments are to be improvements only. LORD MALMESBURY, having recovered his valuable temper, was "much obliged" to LORD RUSSELL for letting the Bill go up-stairs.

Then, passing with smiles from the Church and LORD RUSSELL, My Lords they attended to Oyster and Mussel.

In the Commons,

MR. MILES, who had just come in for Bristol, after a tremendous struggle with MR. MORLEY, another ultra-radical demigod of the MORTON Peto type, took his seat in time to be of no use in the struggle that was coming next.

One scoundrel, MICHAEL BARRETT, has been convicted for a share in the Clerkenwell atrocity, and has been sentenced to be hanged on the 12th. MR. JOSEPH REARDON, an Irish Member, asked the HOME SECRETARY whether he would not reprieve the wretch, seeing that he had managed to get some witnesses to swear to an *alibi*. MR. HARDY was sorry that a Member of Parliament could feel it a duty to ask such a question. The cheers of the House marked its sense of this exhibition of interest in a Fenian ruffian. We suppose it is perfunctory, for MR. JOSEPH REARDON appears from his speech about the Irish Clergy to be a very kind-hearted gentleman, and we must really say that any exertion for the doomed beast BARRETT is Not for Joseph.

On the eve of the Private View day, MR. LAYARD appropriately asked whether the Royal Academy's new buildings at the back of Burlington House were so nearly ready that the next Exhibition might be held there, but for the Royal Society's Library stopping the way. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that the work was going on as fast as possible, but that moving 100,000 books twice was a serious business. These swells, accustomed to the imbecility of their lazy menials, think everything serious. We would back a couple of the spirited officials at the Museum to bring a staff that should move, dust, and catalogue every book in a fortnight.

Then came a row because MR. SURTEES, a valiant Protestant, wanted an old Catholic oath read. MR. GLADSTONE opposed the reading as intended to annoy, and so did MR. DISRAELI.

Debate all night on the Irish Church.

Ha! But not of the flat and meagre kind which had marked the preceding nights. The debate was closed by a brilliant speech from MR. GLADSTONE, the best he has made on the subject. He not only answered, very effectively, all his antagonists in that House, but, adverting to what LORD DERBY had said on the Tuesday night, declared that as a representative of the people he would not receive the word of command from the House of Lords.

The PREMIER replied, as he said, in a condensed way, and spoke rather as one who must speak than because he had either convinced himself or thought of convincing others. Indeed, he made some fun at the expense of the Irish Church, for he said that it ought no more to be disendowed because it did not fulfil the intention of its founder, than certain Companies should be for the same reason. The Fish-mongers no longer supplied good fish, and he had dined at the Merchant Taylors, but never, he believed, had met his own tailor. When a gentleman drops into pleasant banter over the Crisis of England, and the Destruction of our Holy Religion, we may be assured that he sees no more use in the nonsense he talked for the sake of the Stupid. And then, though the Conservatives have won some elections, the numbers, when division was taken, were—

For MR. GLADSTONE	330
For Government	265

Provocation to resign	Sixty-Five.
---------------------------------	-------------

Last time, remember the majorities were 56, and 60.

MR. DISRAELI. "The relations between the House and the Ministers are altered. It is necessary for us to consider our position. I propose to adjourn until Monday."

"What man,
What Roman, would be dragged in triumph thus,
Not *Punch*; not he who bears one name with them
Whose freedom cost the Egyptian host and king."
LUCIENUS—(varied).



"LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG."

Mrs. Twistlewarpe (from the North, but who does not consider herself at all provincial). "POLICEMAN, I WISH TO DRIVE TO WESTBOURNE TERRACE. AH! NOW WHICH IS THE NEAREST WAY!—DO I—"

Policeman. "VERY SORRY, MUM, BUT I'M A STRANGER HERE IN LONDON, MUM—ONLY JUST COME UP FROM THE COUNTRY, SAME AS YOU, MUM!!"

EXCOMMUNICATING AND EXCOMMUNICATED.

THE celebrated Bishop of Capetown, DR. GRAY, is reported to have preached a Sermon last week on Tuesday evening, at Holy Trinity Church, Colchester, when—

"After remarking on the troubles and trials of the Church in these latter days, and giving a sketch of the great work that was being carried on in Africa, his Lordship took occasion to allude to BISHOP COLENSO, and after recounting the heresies alleged against him, said that Churchmen in Africa had done what they could to clear themselves of responsibility in the sight of God and man; they had declared that this false teacher was no longer in their communion, that they did not recognise him as such. But it yet remained for the Mother Church to do the same; for until this had been done they would not be clear in the sight of Christendom."

The attention of BISHOP GRAY is respectfully called to the following extract from an article in

the *Osservatore Romano*, on "The Malediction of Protestant barrenness":—

"The false Anglican Church, separated from the true Church of Rome, could not be better described than the Anglican Lowry did with the above words. Yet the English Protestants cultivated with great care, labour, and love the Anglican Church in Ireland, so that its sterility is innate in schism and error, and will only cease when heresy itself ceases by the return of all Anglicans to the Catholic Church."

DR. GRAY may possibly need to be informed that the *Osservatore Romano* is an organ which expresses the sentiments of one of the Bishops of that Christendom in whose sight he wishes the Mother Church of England to put herself clear by excommunicating BISHOP COLENSO. It may further be necessary to tell DR. GRAY that the Bishop represented by the *Osservatore Romano* is no other than one who claims to be the chief of Christendom's Bishops, and is acknowledged as such by the greater part of Christendom; in short, his Holiness the POPE. Now let DR. GRAY be pleased to observe that the POPE's own paper calls the Anglican Church a false Church, and its doctrine heresy; consequently DR. GRAY himself a heretic and a false Bishop. This being the opinion respecting the Anglican Church and all its Bishops, the BISHOP OF CAPE-TOWN inclusive, in which Christendom for the most part entirely agrees, it may be as well for DR. GRAY to consider whether, by affecting to excommunicate DR. COLENSO, his Mother Church will put herself in any light clearer than that in which she stands at present in the sight of a majority which looks upon her as being herself excommunicated.

CHORUS OF MEMBERS.

We won't divide till morning,
We won't divide till morning,
We won't divide till morning,
Till daylight doth appear,
With a hear hear hear, hooray!
With a hear hear hear, hooray!
For he's a long-winded fellow,
For he's a long-winded fellow,
For he's a long-winded fellow,
And so say all of us.

"SCIENCE GOSSIP."

THE proper thing to use with gun-cotton is shot silk.

The Cuckoo has been heard on Bethnal Green, and the Nightingale has commenced singing in Short's Gardens. The Swallows have returned to the Mansion House.

A Patent has been taken out for manufacturing pens with cocoa-nibs.

Ladies will be pleased to hear that a process has been discovered by which they can electro-plait their hair.

Many persons have burnt their fingers by dabbling in Petroleum.

A Scientific Ghost-story will shortly appear in fortnightly numbers, founded on Spectrum Analysis.

Unreasonable Litigation.

It appears that at a recent election, in Middlesex, many persons voted because they had a right to graves in the county, a qualification which, if the freeholders had been choosing a sexton, would not have been thought at all remarkable, and, as it is, should not excite so much opposition, seeing that the election was of—Coroner.

THE DIVISION LIST.—Divorce Court Causes.



ANOTHER NAPIER!!

GENERAL PUNCH. "SIR ROBERT NAPIER, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS—WHO HAS FREED THE CAPTIVES! SETTLED THEODORE! AND CONQUERED ABYSSINIA!"

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. "NAPIER?—ROBERT NAPIER? NOTHING TO DO WITH US. KNEW CHARLES AND WILLIAM, THOUGH—TROUBLESOME FELLOWS! AND ABYSSINIA? POOH! BOUNCE, SIR—BOUNCE! DON'T BELIEVE IN VICTORIES *WE'VE* HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH; BUT IF *YOU* SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT—"

THE LAUREATE'S NEW POEM.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON has just published, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, a poem called *Lucretius*. It will be read by everybody, because it is written by the Laureate, and it should be read by everybody, firstly, for that good reason, and secondly, because it is a poem of singular beauty and power. Now, as *Mr. Punch* is ever anxious to assist the Diner-Out, that person is recommended to arm himself for inevitable cross-examination by young ladies, who desire or pretend to desire information upon the subject of and the allusions in this poem, now the talk of society. Diner-Out will do well to get the poem, and with the aid of DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S classical dictionary, and some consideration, enable himself to answer the following questions.

1. Who was LUCRETIVS, and in what year B.C. did that Roman poet live?
2. What is the Hexameter?
3. Who was his Teacher, and what were the 300 scrolls left by ERICURUS?
4. What is a love-philtre?
5. What is the Atomic Theory?
6. Who was SYLLA, who was HELEN, who was VENUS?
7. Who was MAVORS, and had he anything to do with a spelling-book?
8. Who was the great Sicilian poet?
9. Who was KYPRIS, and why was she so called?
10. What was the theory of LUCRETIVS about the gods?
11. Should HYPERION be pronounced as *Hamlet* pronounces it?
12. Who was PLATO?
13. Who were PICUS and FAUNUS, and were they related?
14. What is an Oread?
15. What is a Satyr?
16. Who was LUCRETIA?
17. What is cosmic order?
18. Explain "the Ixionian wheel," and the "Fury's ringlet snake."
19. Why does LUCRETIVS kill himself?
20. Is LUCILLA to be pardoned or condemned?

Having mastered which points, Diner-Out may go out to dinner.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(A Song of the Day.)

THROUGH realms Thaumaturgic the student may roam,
And not light on a worker of wonders like HOME!
CAGLIOSTRO himself might descend from his chair,
And set up our DANIEL as Grand-Cophta, there—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

Confronted with HOME, LYON'S terrors are vain;
Into fortunes he flies, and won't fly out again;
And with raps such as his, "worth a rap," means worth all
For which, on rappees, up-to-snuff rappers call—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

Spirit-legs, spirit-hands he gives table and chair;
Gravitation defying, he flies in the air;
But the fact to which henceforth his fame should be pinned,
Is his power to raise, not himself, but the wind!—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

He is vouched for by friends, F.R.S.'s, M.P.'s;
With EMP'ROK and CZAR hob-and-nobs at his ease;
And to show off for shillings he cannot have grounds,
Who still has on tap draughts for thousands of pounds!—
HOME, HOME, DAN HOME,
No Medium like HOME!

Gems of Literature.

A NEW novel is advertised under the name of *The Countess's Cross*. It is rumoured that this is the first of a series with similar titles, such as, *The Baroness's Bracelet*, or *The Fatal Clasp*; *The Duchess's Diamonds*, or *All are not Brilliants that Glitter*; *The Princess's Pendant*, or *Thereby hangs a Tale*, &c. Critics are forewarned not to condemn these works of fiction as precious rubbish.

CHICKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XX.

TIME RUNS ON.

GRACE MARCHMONT had sunk in terror upon the ground, while an enormous turtle, more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, was standing upon its hinder fins of iron muscle, and was regarding her with a fixed amatory look, which NUTT at once interpreted as in the last degree threatening and dangerous. Poor GRACE seemed utterly unable to move, fascinated by the bright twinkling eye of the leering savage monster which had assumed this hostile attitude a few feet from where she was gathering sea-weed. In vain NUTT above tried to distract the attention of the amphibious reptile; then he descended quickly, and taking off one of his new boots, hurled it at the creature's head. With a yell of disappointed love it turned from MISS MARCHMONT to regard its new antagonist, who was standing on the defensive, hoping to draw any attack upon himself, when the turtle seemed to stagger in his purpose, and instead of attacking NUTT, commenced a slow unwieldy movement, somewhat resembling a portion of the old minuet, swinging its head lazily from left to right, and accompanied by a low gurgling sound, like the half suppressed laughter of an idiot, terrible to hear, while its eyes rolled with vague inconstancy, dwelling upon no fixed object.

NUTT saw at once what was the matter.

"I have read of such cases," he explained to MISS MARCHMONT, who, pale and trembling, was now by his side.

"The Turtle is either mad, or simply an idiot. The head you can see from here is very soft. With one blow from a switch," here he cut one from a neighbouring tree by the aid of a blade of grass, which he had fitted to an agate handle, "I can despatch the fellow. He will be very good eating."

But at the sight of the switch the Turtle suddenly reeled and fell, dead. It was so sudden and strange, that NUTT could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses.

"The Turtle saw the stick and expired from fright," said GRACE; "so much is evident."

"Nature, MISS MARCHMONT," answered NUTT, "never acts without a reason, however distant the motive power may be from our present vision, however obscure the cause of the visible result may be. In this case I think I have traced the effect to its proper cause. This huge Turtle has been doubtless the parent of a vast family, all destined

for the food of man, all in due time consumed as soon as they left their mother's care. Boats may have come sufficiently near here to have effected their capture, and if once taken to England, few of the tribe have ever been able to return. But those few what tales to tell, what names to mention (for animals have their own method of communication), what horrors to recount in connection with those names! Would not the words City of London, Alderman, Lord Mayor, be a lesson to the surviving mother. Undoubtedly then she swooned and died on seeing that the switch with which I had armed myself was——" he hesitated.

"What? I long to know, what?" exclaimed GRACE, anxiously.

"BIRCH," replied NUTT.

This led to further conversation, and then GRACE asked him if he thought anybody had ever been there before them. He was silent for a considerable time, but on her assuring him that it was not meant as a conundrum, he answered,—

"You asked me if I had any reason to believe that any one had ever been here before. I have: here it is." And he showed her certain indications of a building of some sort having once stood on this very spot.

What was remarkable and most puzzling about it was the indentations of apparently two wings, one on either side of what seemed to have been a hut.

"It has evidently sunk here," observed NUTT, "in some strong convulsion of Nature, probably dating back as far as the Diluvian period."

GRACE was silent. Then she said slowly, "I know what it was. Trace its form. These which you think were wings, were wheels."

"A carriage!" exclaimed NUTT, in utter astonishment at the deduction.

"No," answered GRACE, gravely; "has nothing wheels except a carriage?"

He looked at her. His mind was busy suggesting watches, manufactories, organs, steamers, and as busily rejecting them. Then he said that he would give it up.

She answered slowly and sadly, "A Bathing Machine."

They were silent awhile, both occupied with the many serious thoughts suggested by this discovery.

Presently the bass voice gave utterance. "This was," it said solemnly, "perhaps the Margate of the ancient world, the Scarborough or Brighton of the ante-diluvian period. Here, perhaps, on the very spot where we now stand Ethiopia's swarthy sons have attuned their lays; nay more, may not the Original Bones lie even now beneath our feet?"

Here the earliest ancestors of the human race may have buried one another in the shingle, or filling their little pails with wet sand, have trotted to and fro with wooden spades upon its yellow surface."

At last GRACE broke the silence which followed these observations. "Dinner!" she exclaimed.



There was some difficulty about the fire at first, but NUTT soon showed MISS MARCHMONT how by compressing sea-water between the hands until all the noxious gases have evaporated, the residue of carbonic can be at once applied to sticks for the purpose of ignition. On the first opportunity he explained to her further how the same process on a larger scale could be with equal success applied to river water.

"Then," said GRACE, "it is not impossible to set a river on fire?"

"By no means," answered NUTT, "provided the water will burn. But there are many contingencies which might prevent an inexperienced hand from attaining its object. However, our present task is with our dinner."

He had luckily caught one of the numerous corkscrew fish, with which the creeks abound, and having fixed his proboscis firmly into a corked bottle, NUTT showed MISS MARCHMONT how the fish by the leverage of his tail could speedily open their modest bottle of St. Æmilion. GRACE, who appeared to have unknown resources at her command—

Femina multa facere scit,

offered before and during the meal to give NUTT pepper; but he declined it on account of the trouble it would have caused her. The turtle's eggs were delicious. The salad made from the rare grasses of the island excellent, and a whale happening to swim within stone's throw of the island served them (for he was soon dispatched by NUTT) with oil enough, when gently strained through a cullender of dried grass, interwoven with twigs, for six weeks' salad and a month's lamps; but this latter was not required, as they found gas on the island in large quantities, the pipes being naturally formed by hollow bamboo canes from tree to tree and rock to rock, which gave on a dark night the effect of a thousand additional lamps lit in the well-wooded inclosure.

During the meal GRACE started up, and exclaimed that the last bottle of St. Æmilion had been lost in the wreck of the house.

"Let us look about us," said NUTT, "perhaps we may find a substitute." After a few minutes' search he came back, radiant with smiles, and bearing in his hand a flowering shrub of a most peculiar description. Its roots grew out above ground, deriving apparently its life from the various suckers which shot themselves out into the air while its leaves and branches had spread and flourished underneath the earth, affording shelter to a variety of insects of a genus between avis and scarabæus.

"This will serve us, MISS MARCHMONT," NUTT said, "for at all events one sort of beverage for this evening. From it I shall distil a sweet and potent spirit, dear to sailors on board ship. It is at once invigorating, supporting, and refreshing."

"Do sailors grow it in Benicia or England?" inquired GRACE.

"I am not aware," he answered, "that the plant itself has been much cultivated in either place, though the taste for the liquor obtains in most of our northern civilised countries. The beverage so decocted is entitled Rum."

"How strange!" exclaimed MISS MARCHMONT, as she examined the stem and leaves of NUTT's prize, "how little do we know of nature's provisions! What an extraordinary sample of vegetation!"

"Yes," answered NUTT, "you have now seen the—"

"RUM SHRUB."

After this NUTT made a decoction, and, when they had finished dinner, they sat down

A voice within him responded to the call, and he put forth all his energies to secure the best repast the Island could afford.

His bill of fare was turtle fins, turtle soup, whitebait, *soupe à la Rain*, boiled mutton and caper sauce, *pommes de terre frites*, omelet of turtle's eggs, salad, cheese of the island, and sardines.

To the first part of this banquet the deceased turtle contributed its share. The whitebait NUTT found in the creek near at hand, also the sardines; but these last were more difficult to secure, as upon the approach of man, with an instinctive cunning, they packed themselves away in their natural tin cases, and, but for their lying too closely to allow of action, would have in this manner eluded his grasp. The soup was of a light, thin, clear nature, of which a little drop went a considerable way. The mutton was easily obtained, for NUTT ascending the cliff found a fine fat long-haired sheep quietly browsing on the pasture land, which he immediately slaughtered, and gave to GRACE to boil in the turtle-shell which he had ingeniously fashioned into a saucepan; then he went outside the house, cut some capers, and returned.

happily with a bottle of the new-made liquor between them. Ah! what a paradise to one of them!

As he was raising his glass to his mouth for the fourth time, GRACE started up, and seizing his arm—

(To be continued.)

Authors to Editors.—Look here, no pictures again in the last number. We bargained for pictures and ought to have 'em. We can understand how difficult the Editor's position of this tale (done by the other Authors) is to illustrate, but not ours, besides an illustration excites curiosity. We have done something for ourselves this week in the vignette representing the imprint of something (*vide text*) on the sand. It's good; not, perhaps, high art, but still if we don't have pictures as per agreement we will draw them ourselves.

Editor to the Above.—Don't do anything in a hurry. The Artist likes you all very much, he has said so, only you do—you mean it well—but you do fluster him. He is nervous, and cannot stand your going down to his house with fireworks, and masks. And then your telegrams irritate him. Let your Editor, your kind well-wishing Editor, do it all for you. He is arranged it, and you'll have *such* pictures.

Authors.—We've made use of the Corkscrew Fish this week. Draw Mr. MALACHELL's attention to the fact.

The Editor.—Quite so. You'll get on capitally, and now, Gentlemen, the Editor does hope (&c., as in previous numbers).

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chickin Hazard."

DEAR SIR,

I TRUST the illustration will suit you *this* time. In the first place I have stuck to the text. In the second I have shown how love has wrought a wondrous change in the Boomerang's features. In the third I have depicted a marked improvement in MISS MARCHMONT, the result of animal food in large quantities, upon an originally delicate constitution. Lastly the forest tree has *not* been evolved entirely from the depths of my consciousness or the teachings of my dendrologist; it is from a study I myself made from nature last Christmas. I *do* hope you will like it.

Faithfully yours,

GASTON DE MALACHELL.

P.S. Tell the gentlemen of the letterpress that if they pester me with any more pen-and-ink sketches of subjects for illustration, I'll be hanged if I don't publish them just as they are, with the Authors' names underneath.

SNOBS AT THE OPERA.



HERE are some people who apparently do not care much for other people; else, being at the Opera, they would not behave in this way:—

"It is simply disgraceful to see the unmannerly conduct of holders of boxes in the grand and pit-tiers. During the solos and duets it is no unfrequent thing to hear a loud guffaw of laughter and chattering, so loud in tone as to entirely disturb those of the audience who go to hear the music. One night last week this was so marked as to elicit loud hisses from all parts of the house, which, after all, only partly checked the nuisance."

One hardly would believe this in a civilised community; but the *Court Circular* is certainly a trustworthy authority. Indeed, were further evidence demanded, Mr. *Punch* might add his own, for he repeatedly has suffered from the nuisance here described. Certain snobesses and snobs think it fine to be heard talking in the middle of an Opera, when the house is hushed and listening to the singers on the stage. They like to make believe they know the music so by heart that it is hardly worth their while to pay the least attention to it. They fancy that by making noises, when their neighbours all are silent, they perhaps may gain the credit of being old *habitués*; and so they laugh and chatter, being selfishly regardless of the nuisance they create.

There is small use in appealing to the good taste of a snob; but it is to be regretted that, when he has the bad taste to make himself offensive at places like the Opera, the Nuisances Removal Act cannot be enforced. People, snobs and fools excepted, when they pay a visit and a guinea at the Opera, pay to hear the singing of PATTI, or of MARIO, of TITIENS, or TREBELL, and not to hear the prattle of Miss JONES or Mr. SMITH. If chatters can't hold their tongues until the Act-drop falls, they

ought to keep away, and not rob other people of the pleasure they have paid for. A snob who makes a noise when MARIO is singing should be taken into custody and charged with picking pockets, for every note he drowns is as good as a bank-note.

SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER.

It is well known that MR. BRIGHT, for instance, in the House of Commons, is not called MR. BRIGHT, but the Honourable Member for Birmingham, and that he will, when MR. GLADSTONE comes to be Prime Minister, very likely be called the Right Honourable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This is the rule of Parliament; and its observance, in the Lower House, is perfectly easy. In the House of Lords, however, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has pointed out, "confusion is, no doubt, sometimes occasioned by a reference to 'the noble Lord on the other side of the House, who followed the noble Earl on the cross benches in replying to the remarks of my noble friend behind me.'" This confusion might be prevented by adopting a method of personal reference which would involve nothing more than a slight sacrifice of dignity.

A very great humorist once, speaking in a convivial assembly which included some who were strangers to him, indicated one of them as "the gentleman with the foreign waistcoat and domestic countenance." Their Lordships the Peers might, in mentioning one another, adopt similar methods of description. They might particularise the noble Duke with the sandy hair, the noble Earl with the Roman nose, the right reverend Prelate with the red face, or the noble Lord who squints.

If any of these descriptions were found to give offence to Peers unable to take a joke, peculiarities of attire or ornament might be adverted to instead of distinctions of form and feature. There could be nothing unpleasant in calling a Peer the noble Marquis in the white tie, or the noble Lord with the eye-glass. Mistakes would thus be effectually precluded, and noble Lords would be enabled to observe a maxim which all boys either born to or destined for seats in the High Court of Parliament, should be taught to write in their copy-books. "Avoid circumlocution."

JUST THE NAME FOR HIM.

ANTIQUARIANS and artists had better go at once and take a last fond look at Paris. Thanks to BARON HAUSMANN's organ of destructiveness, there soon will hardly be a single old house left there. He goes about, like *Asmodeus*, taking all the roofs off and does not put them on again, until the streets have been remodelled. Says a Paris Correspondent—

"What with expropriation and moving, all the world is unhoused."

Unhoused; precisely so: and may we not suggest that HAUSMANN ought to change his name now to Unhausmann.

"I do not Ask to Press that Cheek."

(Copyright, mind)

I DO not ask to press that cheek,
As thou, perchance, mightst smack mine own,
And mild young men, ashamed and meek,
Should let young ladies' cheeks alone.
But if at breakfast, near thee placed
A pig's cheek, nicely cooked, should be,
And thou shouldst hesitate to taste,
O! then I'll press that cheek on thee.

A "Bird's Eye" Thought.

"The district of St Paul's, Westminster, Bristol, has, as churchwardens for the ensuing year, a *Duck* and a *Duck*, the names of the gentlemen appointed being, MR. JOHN DRAKE and MR. GEORGE DUCK."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

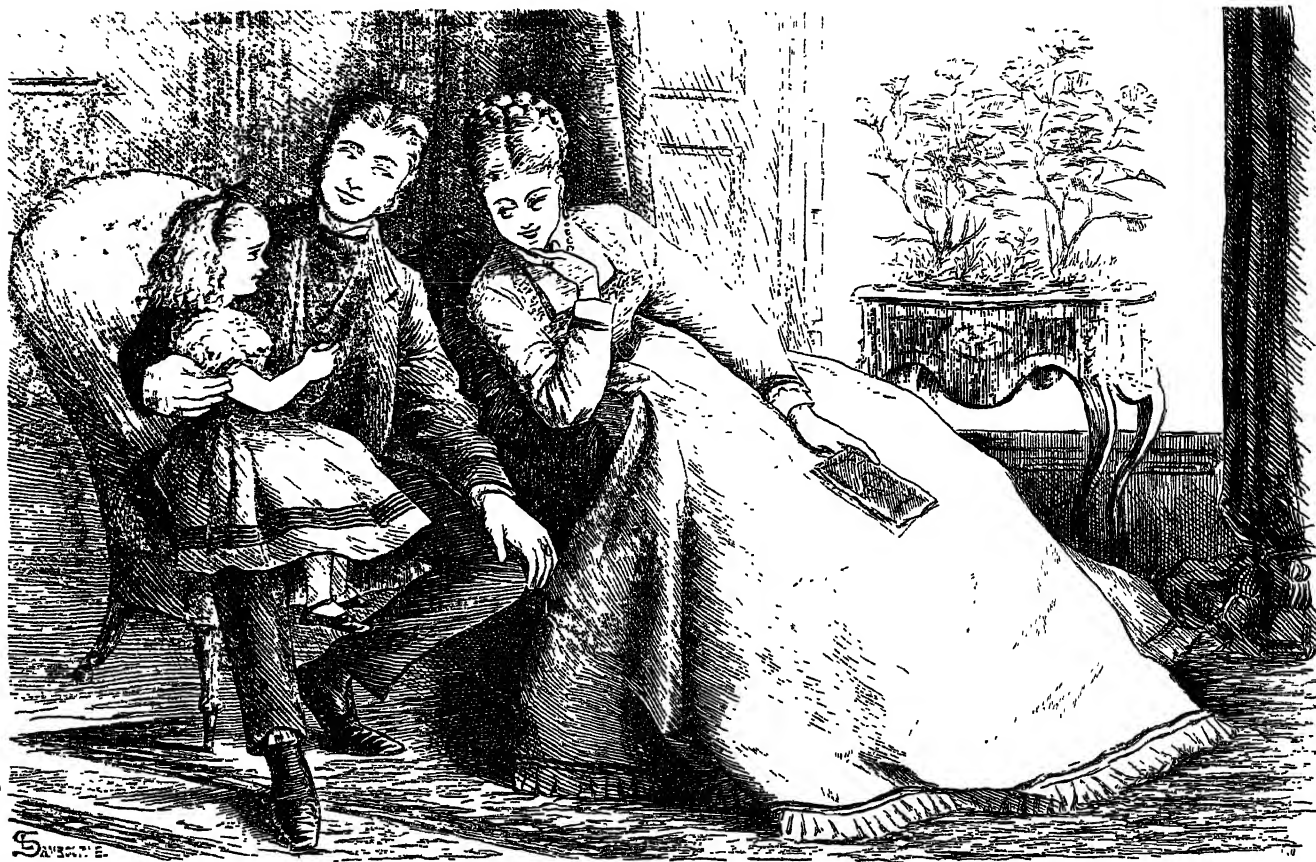
For the sake of the parishioners, let us hope that these gentlemen will not make ducks and drakes of the money entrusted to their charge.

Turning a Type Inside Out.

THE type of faith or Spiritual reliance,
Used to be "DANIEL in the den of Lions."
But since a certain case in Chancery,
"LYONS in DANIEL's den," it ought to be.

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven"—we once were taught:
But now they're Ma'd on earth, young CROesus thinks, just caught.

HIGH WALK OF ART.—BLONDIN across Niagara.



L'ENFANT CHARMANT.

Little Emily (who has just received her usual salute from Fred). "Oh, do kiss Cousin Grace, too, Mr. Lovell!"

[Fred would only be too happy; but, as it is, he and Grace have to explain the subject thoroughly.]

THE GREAT UNTAXED IN THEIR GLORY.

NAPIER came, saw, and conquered; the battle was o'er;
There's an end of the war and of KING THEODORE.
The prestige is recovered that England had lost;
And the popular voice cries "A fig for the cost!"

Lo, the tyrant's abolished, the captives are free!
And there isn't a fraction to pay on our tea,
Or our sugar: how sweet so cheap glory to win!
No additional tax on tobacco or gin!

Let us drink, then, success to DISRAELI and HUNT,
Who exempted the many from finding the blunt;
And laid all the expense of the War on the Few—
For the Income-Tax payer will pay all that's due.

Ah, tremble, ye tyrants, whom England can crush,
At a price which her millions won't care for one rush;
In the scale as a feather the money will weigh,
For a national war when a part has to pay.

Self-Contemptuous Expressions.

A GENTLEMAN has put an advertisement in the *Times*, announcing that, in accordance with a wish expressed in a will, he has assumed the name of PUGH in addition to his surname, one of his Christian names being PUGH already. By thus adding PUGH to PUGH, he may almost be said to have pugh-pughed himself.

IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

UXBOROUGH, who eloped with his wife, always speaks of the golden symbol which he then placed on her left hand as a runaway ring.

A QUICK SAND.—The Sand of Time.

A CARD.

BENDIZZY & Co. beg to offer their sincere and grateful thanks to the Nobility and Gentry, and their customers in general, for the patronage with which they have been liberally entrusted, since they started their political co-operative store. No exertion shall be wanting to render their business a most popular concern, and, while their chief aim is to make it advantageous to themselves, they will do their best to render it attractive to the public. The principle of co-operation upon which their trade is based demands that all shall work together that they may keep their places, and put their shoulders cheerfully to their own common weal.

BENDIZZY & Co. can point with pride to their radical Reform Bill, as a specimen of Tory workmanship which has never been surpassed. Such an article as this could only be produced by the co-operative system, which obliges men to sink their individual opinions, and work together heartily to gain one common end. BENDIZZY & Co. will never hesitate to stoop to any sacrifice of interest or of principle, prejudicial to their scheme of sticking to their business and preventing it from slipping to some opposition firm.

* * Country orders promptly and carefully attended to. A liberal discount offered upon any Tory bill. No connection (just at present) with GLADSTONE, BRIGHT & Co.

N.B. A large number of Unredeemed Pledges to Constituents for sale.

True to their Principles.

In the National Portrait Exhibition, SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON (498) and LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (540) are conspicuous by the splendour of their waistcoats. It has been suggested that the reason for their being so painted is, that they were both Tories; and Tories are particularly attached to vested interests.

Q. Why is the Cam at once the dirtiest and the cleanest river in the world? A. Because it is always going to the Wash.



VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

Sergeant (to Captain Tiffany, of the Volunteers, who has been drilling with the Guards). "YOU SHOULD GIVE THE WORD OF COMMAND A LITTLE LOUDER, SIR; THE MEN CAN'T HEAR YOU."

Captain Tiffany. "OH, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DAMAGE MY TENOR VOICE, YOU KNOW, SERGEANT!!"

COSTUMES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition this year has, as a matter of business, been interesting to artists of another class than the brotherhood of the brush and the chisel. It must have proved very beneficial to those whose art consists in the confection, as the technical phrase is, of female costumes, namely, milliners and dressmakers; and moreover, the linendrapers and silk-mercers must have derived a considerable haul from it. The length of many of the trains worn by the ladies who visit the picture-show of the Royal Academy might suggest the supposition that their wearers regarded the Royalty of that Institution as being of a nature so absolute as to necessitate the display of those flowing robes which etiquette demands at Court.

There are trains and trains—excursion trains and ladies' trains. By the former you go tripping; by the latter you get tripped up. An excursion train taking the British Public to see a Volunteer Review is long, but the trains worn by some of the fair visitors to the above-named Exhibition may be said to have been longer; for the excursion train is usually not more than long enough, whereas the ladies' trains are all too long, at least for any purpose other than the purposes of business aforesaid. For no fellow, wedged in a crowd, and contemplating the works of our best artists, can be expected to look and see where he is treading. Hence ensue damage and destruction of skirts, to the loss of husbands and fathers, if to the good of trade. Now, not only from a rational point of view, but with regard to ostentation, the worst place in the world for long skirts is a crowded room, where their presence is remarked in so far as it is sensible to feeling only, and not to sight, being unperceived by the eye, and felt by the soles. In a picture gallery crammed with people there is at any rate not that objection to short dresses that may be felt by some of the softer sex whom they might elsewhere expose to criticism such as the following, reported by the Paris Correspondent of the *Post*, as pronounced by a lady on a Ball given by "that famed

A CABMAN'S COMPLAINT

Touching the late rise in fares, and the working of it; namely, that the higher the tariff of fares, the higher the charge for cabs by proprietors.

It's 'ard lines with us poor dear cabbies—
Ill-used and hinnocent as babbies!
Now tizzy fares to bobs is risen,
Poor Cabby finds the bobs aint his'n.
We made ourselves so precious busy
Till 'ARDY rose that hextra tizzy!
The party as we wished might get it
Was him as druv the cab, not let it.
We thought, acos we made the fuss,
In course, the tizzy'd be for us;
But—it's enough to wex a saint—
We finds that now it's come, it aint.
All on't—if we'd known, we'd been quieter—
Goes to the blessed proper-ietor.
They've clapped it on four-wheel and shoful,
Till what we pays is something woful!
We can't 'arn money, nor yet love:
Drivers? Blest if we are!—we're *druv*!

DIZZY AMONG THE PICTURES.

(No offence to the PREMIER.)

MR. PUNCH.—Did you observe, Sir, that at the Royal Academy Exhibition, there are a few pictures beneath each of which is inscribed the name of its painter, together with a statement of its subject, if needing explanation! Bless every artist who has done this most needful thing! If all exhibitors will in future do the same, they will save your humble servant, if he lives to see it, and will no doubt also save a great many other people, a pestilent vertigo, brought on by constant and long-continued reference to the catalogue. Visitors want catalogues to make notes in, and, even although the pictures be labelled and ticketed, will buy them nearly all the same. The works of Mr. HOOK deserve attention, but how can you study them if, when you would like to, giddiness in the head obliges you to hook it? This is no joke, but a question propounded in all seriousness, if, as you may say, by a giddy GOOSE.

CHURCH AND STATE.—Beadle in Full Fig.

queen of fashion," LADY POURTALES, at which all the ladies had to appear in "robes courtes:"—

"O triste, très triste, vue pénible et affligeante! Que de vilains pieds pour deux ou trois jolis! Que d'extrémités vulgaires et bourgeoises! Que de pieds plats portant un grand nom, et que de mésalliances lourdement affichées!"

Is it possible that splay feet, gout, corns, bunions, and thick ankles have come to abound among fashionable Frenchwomen? Then, doubtless, a prevalent deformity has prevailed in dictating the fashion of long dresses. If "beetle-crushers" are endemic, no wonder that trains are the rage.

CABINET CEMENT.

THIS useful composition illustrates a remarkable property of political substances—the attraction of cohesion. A house may be dissolved by immersion in hot water, but, fortified with Cabinet cement, one indispensable piece of furniture will remain to create astonishment for its marvellous tenacity. Benches on which Ministers rely for support, are prevented from coming to grief, in common with their occupants, by aid of this consolidating agent. It is warranted not to soil the most delicate hands, and will retain its efficacy for any length of time if kept in the dark. Parties requiring it for packing, can be supplied with it in sticks. Inquire for "PREMIER'S Patent Cabinet Cement." The genuine article is distinguished by the Government stamp, to imitate which is felony.—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Ecclesiastical Lights.

THE Report of the Commissioners on Ritualism contains the suggestion that any difficulties should be referred to the decision of the Bishop in *Camera*. Surely, this sounds uncommonly like a *Camera Obscura*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

So the PREMIER went to see the QUEEN, and to mention to Her Majesty the Provocation (as LORD DERBY calls it) which had been given to the Ministry to resign. He came back, and on

Monday, May 4th, he expounded his doings and his intentions unto the Provokers and his own men. The exposition occupies two columns and a half, and though in no sense what *Bottom* calls an exposition of sleep, it shall, as *Hamlet* says, to the barber's.

We, the Derby Ministry, did not dissolve, though we might have so treated a Palmerston Parliament.

We have governed the country beautifully.

We have made England influential everywhere, but not by Bustling Intermeddling.

We decided on liberating the Abyssinian Captives, we chose the victorious General, whom we supplied with all means of war. Therefore we are not afraid to appeal to the Nation.

Suddenly there uprose the Irish Church Question.

We have four reasons against Destroying the Irish Church:

1. It is a retrograde policy.
2. It endangers property.
3. It disunites Religion from Authority.
4. It menaces the Church of England.

We have three reasons for Dissolution:

1. This Parliament cannot legislate conclusively.
2. The Irish Church question had never been hinted at when this Parliament was elected.
3. The opinion of the Nation on this question is opposed to the opinion of this Parliament.

I do not care for the taunts about wanting to retain office. I have never shown an undue desire to do so.

We rule by a Minority, do we? Then that is an Imputation, not on us, but on the House. But it is false. We govern by general consent. JOHN RUSSELL governed by a minority, if you like.

I saw the QUEEN, who acted with all her accustomed frankness, kindness, and wisdom.

I said that I should advise a dissolution. But that there were times when the Sovereign should not be embarrassed by personal claims, and if the QUEEN thought we had better retire, out we would instantly go, with every grateful feeling towards Her Majesty, for her warm support, and for the aid which the QUEEN gives to any Minister by her now vast acquaintance with foreign affairs. In fact

I tendered my resignation. The QUEEN took a day to consider, and then Refused to accept my resignation, and Declared her readiness to Dissolve as soon as public business would permit.

I then advised that the appeal should be to the New Constituency to elect under my Reform Act.

I stated that I was advised that this might be managed in the autumn.

I shall oppose the two remaining Resolutions, but without debate.

We must pass the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills, and the Boundary Bill, and a short Act, hastening the operation of the English Reform Bill.

Such was the PREMIER's explanation. He was at once followed by

MR. GLADSTONE. Never did a Minister dissolve when he had had 60 and 65 against him. There is no reason for a dissolution, and no hope of reversing the decision of the Commons. I do not altogether object to your compliments to some of your colleagues, but the conduct of the Spending Departments I do greatly condemn. You gave the QUEEN bad advice—

[For, brethren, in spite of the exceeding care with which MR. DISRAELI spoke, he left a muddle in the minds of some of his hearers, who thought he meant that he had advised an appeal to the present electors. This was cleared up in his reply.]

And I am glad She did not take it.

The only question was of your own Ministerial existence.

Autumn be hanged—you will make it the Winter, and meantime you are to govern, and carry important measures!

However, your fate is your own business. I mean to carry my Resolutions and a Bill for suspending Irish Church Appointments, and I make no Covenant with you.

MR. LOWE. So we are to keep in office a Ministry that neither trusts the House, nor is trusted by it.

MR. NEWDEGATE. Nice talk. You treat us as a Warming Pan, do you? [He was too polite to add, "We'll warm you."]

MR. CHILDERS. Autumn ends on the 21st December. Tell me the time at which you mean to dissolve.

MR. BRIGHT. You got into office by unworthy arts, you have held office (I mean you, the PREMIER) by adopting a policy opposed to all you had professed, and why are we to depart from Parliamentary and constitutional usage to keep in place Ministers who have hooted all their own principles out of the House? I am not convinced by a certain

newspaper, which has a constant small *liaison* with you. Are you to sit there like the gods in LORD DERBY's *Homer*, eating Ambrosial Provender? If we keep you in, the question can't be settled till 1870, and the Irish will distrust us. Are Governments a set of Cricketers who think that they must have Innings, because others have had theirs? I advise the House to watch you, for you will stick to office until turned out by an Offensive vote. [It may be remarked that the future Chancellor of Exchequer, or Indian Minister, or Trade Secretary, or whatever it is to be, was not tormented to-night with any return of the affability with which he has lately been afflicted.]

The PREMIER. The QUEEN gave her assent to a dissolution without any reference to old or new constituencies. There! I believe we can dissolve in November, but I will let you know. Newspaper, bother! MR. BRIGHT is always thinking of newspapers, but they are not public opinion, nor is the country governed by them [of course, with the exception of *Punch*], and I wish at least he would not charge us with being in communication with opposition journals. MR. LOWE is full of the amenity and suavity which make him such a favourite, but if you want a vote of No Confidence, pass one, but let it be a straightforward vote. (*Loud cheers.*) There is no candour or justice in transferring recent votes into those of Want of Confidence.

There the Ministerial Crisis question dropped for the time, and we went into Ways and Means and voted

The increase of Two Pence on the Income-Tax.

MR. GLADSTONE pitched into Government extravagance, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON denied that there was any, as, of course did CHANCELLOR WARD HUNT. "There is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form," as LADY BLARNEY or MISS CAROLINA says.

Tuesday. Jolly row in the House to-night, based on the way the DUKE OF RICHMOND had spoken of the interview with the QUEEN. The Duke, in fact, not having the fear of the fiery Provokers before his eyes, frankly let out that the appeal would be to the old or new constituencies, as might please the Minister. MR. DISRAELI showed very good fence, but at last said that the permission to dissolve at present referred only to the Irish Church question. It were not profitable or amusing to reproduce the Westminster Assembly's Catechism for the PREMIER, but he managed to provoke the Provokers beyond bearing.

MR. MILL brought in two Bills, for making Municipal Corporations, and for making a Corporation of London. They are not to be proceeded with, but are to set folks a-thinking.

Wednesday. Do you know that Mines (except Coal-Mines) are not taxed?—that is, the Lord of the Mine is rated, but the property, some six millions and a half, escapes. MR. WINDHAM's Bill for making this rateable, was read a Second Time. Thus far into the bowels of the land he hath marched on without impediment.

Thursday. The Lords approved and read a Second Time the Bill for Private Executions. A coroner's inquest is to be held on the body of the criminal, so that there may be no room for insensate stories of the escape of rich felons.

In the Commons there was simply the most appalling Shine that has marked the debates for years.

MR. GLADSTONE's Resolutions were put, and MR. DISRAELI did not divide against them. So, brethren, the Palmerston Parliament HAS DECREED THE DOOM OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK AND THE TUDORS

Then did two Scotch Members (MR. AYTOUN and MR. LAMONT) go in for mischief like men. They proposed that the grant to Maynooth (Catholic) and the *Regium Donum* (Presbyterian) should be discontinued, and that no secularised money should be given in any way to the Papists of Ireland. Then began the fray, and it waxed furious. Divisions were taken, and all the Ministers went out of the House into "a little room," sarcastically referred to by MR. GLADSTONE, though it was not the room's fault that it was little. Two forms of the Scotch Resolution were rejected, but at last it was agreed to; and so, brethren, the Palmerston Parliament HAS DECREED THE DOOM OF THE MAYNOOTH GRANT AND THE ROYAL GIFT.

But of what bitter things were said by everybody who could think of any, MR. PUNCH can give but a slight notion. *Acribus excipit stimulis furialis ERINnyss.* MR. DISRAELI scoffed at the Provokers, who were Quarrelling over the Plunder: MR. BRIGHT accused the PREMIER of Pompousness and Servility: and, according to the *Star*, "in a magnificent burst of eloquence, denounced him as a Traitor to his Sovereign and his country;" LORD JOHN MANNERS derided MR. BRIGHT for constantly praising his own virtue; MR. GLADSTONE charged MR. DISRAELI with language such as had never been heard from a Prime Minister; and MR. DISRAELI declared that his language was appropriate; and, in spite of MR. BRIGHT's Sable Invective, defied him to make a specific charge, and was willing to be judged by the "Gentlemen" (marked emphasis on the word) who sat on the Opposition side.

Then the Irish Reform Bill was quietly read a Second Time.

Friday. In Australia is a colony called Victoria. It is the most southern colony of the Australian Continent. It is just above Tasmania, which is an island, now named after ABEL TASMAN, its discoverer, in 1642, but

formerly called Van Demons' Land, from being haunted by evil Dutch spirits. Victoria has a capital, which is called Melbourne, named after the jovial Prime Minister. The colony used to be united to New South Wales, but now keeps Separation Day as a jubilee, when the jolly colonists go to Mordialloc, Yan Yean Reservoir, Fern Tree Gully, and even Schnapper Point (or let's be genteel, and say Mornington), and have roysterings. A Governor, called DARLING, became the darling of the mass of colonists for favouring protective views, and carrying his patronage of these views too far, he was recalled. The Victorian House of Commons voted him 20,000*l.*, to make up for the loss of his place, and it is against rule for Governors to take provincial

rewards. So the vote was changed to one for LADY DARLING. This is held equally objectionable. The Lords debated the subject, and the Colonial Minister does not seem to know what to tell the present Governor to do. New LORD SALISBURY was for enforcing the authority of the Crown.

Reaction and calm in the Commons. A very able speech by MR. O'BEIRNE, on our absurd Fortifications, produced an interesting debate, and MR. TORRENS had the satisfaction of passing his Bill for Improving the Dwellings of Artisans. We compliment both Irish gentlemen on having benefacted England. There was no such word as benefacted, but we invent it.



TOO BAD!

Emily. "WHAT DO I THINK OF THE FLOWER, MR. ROBINSON? WHY, MORE THAN I DO OF THE POT, BY FAR!"

PICKED UP IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

LOOKING at No. 10, PENWIGGIN, critic and reformer, expressed his pleasure at finding the *Leys* element at last introduced into the Academy.

"Mrs. Gordon, of Cluny" (No. 375) wearing a lace shawl. The lace, on fair authority, taken to be Cluny.

GRACE in a dwarf bonnet with forget-me-nots, and the newest disposition of back hair, standing before "*Acme and Septimius*" (No. 449) with LIONEL thoroughly up in CATULLUS—GRACE, rather neatly, pronounced the picture to be the acme of perfection.

The coloured moonlight on MADELINE's bed (No. 585) voted "very pretty" by an immense majority.

Farming without Land.

PUBLIC attention has lately been directed to the somewhat prevalent practice of baby-farming. The persons called baby-farmers may, in these euphemistic days, perhaps prefer to call themselves infanticulturists. Certainly, they are not without reason to be ashamed of their name. There is one remarkable difference between baby-farmers and other farmers. The British Farmer is often a Protectionist at heart; but the baby-farmers are utterly heartless, and by no means desirous of any legislative enactment for the protection of the live stock which they live by disposing of.

WE perceive a musical advertisement, "BENEDICT'S ERIN." All right, no doubt, but we should prefer 'earin' BENEDICT.

SLEEP OFF THY BEER.

A Song of Sunshiny Weather.

HE sleeps below
The hawthorn's shade.
Where daisies grow
His head is laid.
There let it rest,
Until 'tis clear;
Ay, that were best:
Sleep off thy beer!

ON bed of green
With cat's-eyes sprent,
Of sapphire sheen
With silver blent,
Where stitchworts white,
Red cranebills peer,
Unconscious quite,
Sleep off thy beer!

THE blackbird sings;
The sun shines warm:
On tiny wings
The hovering swarm
Around thy nose,
Thou dost not hear.
What blest repose!
Sleep off thy beer!

O sweet perfume,
Exhaled in air
From much May bloom!
Thou dost not care.
To thy dull sense
That toadstool, near,
Gives no offence.
Sleep off thy beer!

ATHWART thy brow
A snail doth creep
Unfelt, for thou
Art fast asleep:
And ants explore
Thy features queer.
Snore on, oh, snore!
Sleep off thy beer!

'TIS Sunday morn.
The bells ring out,
Not thee to warn:
A tempest's shout
Would have no strength
To pierce thine ear.
Stretched out at length,
Sleep off thy beer!

THOU art a sight
That tells a tale.
Thou didst, last night,
Have too much ale.
On moss for down,
Soft pillow, here,
Thou drunken clown,
Sleep off thy beer!

It is said that should MR. HOME be allowed to retain MRS. LYON's money, he means to bestow it in charity. The charity that begins at HOME?



MODEST APPEAL.

Lady (to big drum). "PRAY, MY GOOD MAN, DON'T MAKE THAT HORRID NOISE! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF SPEAK!"

THE ROD, AND HOW TO USE IT.

THAT DIZZY is a schoolmaster—
The proof you have before you :
The rod, the rod, you naughty boys—
The rod he keeps hung o'er you!

Venture to vote as you think right,
On BRIGHT'S or GLADSTONE'S grounds,
And good or bad, he'll fine you round,
Each, say, a thousand pounds.

For that's the ticket for a seat,
Taking the lot together;
Though some may manage for a song
Election storms to weather—

And dissolution is the rod,
Your Master keeps in pickle,
The tobies of rebellious boys
At Westminster to tickle.

Then shut up your abusive throats,
And moderate your cholers,
And sing small, as becomes a lot
Of DIZZY'S and QUEEN'S scholars.

A Warning.

AS SOON as SIR ROBERT NAPIER arrives in England, he will, of course, be served with a summons, at the instance of MR. PETER TAYLOR & Co, to attend at Bow Street, and answer for having killed KING THEODORE. We advise SIR ROBERT to go back to India, unless he wishes to suffer for having vindicated the honour of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and preserved the lives of her white subjects.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—MR. DISRAELI'S.

PROGRESS AS TO PERSONS.

HERE, picked out of a paper, are nuts for MR. JOHN STUART MILL, M.P. :—

"FEMALE PARISH OFFICERS.—On Saturday the Aylesbury Bench of Magistrates, at their Annual Session for the appointment of Parish Officers for the several parishes in their division, appointed MRS. SARAH WOOLVER to the offices of overseer of the poor and surveyor of highways for the parish of Ilmire, there being no other 'person' resident there so well qualified to perform the duties. Last year the same magistrates appointed not fewer than four females to similar posts, in parishes within the Aylesbury petty sessional division."

It is no disparagement to the honourable Member for Westminster, at any rate, to say that he is a respecter of persons. The same remark, with as little offence, may be made of Magistrates who evince the kind of respect for persons that has been shown by the Aylesbury Bench in electing persons of the feminine gender to the office of surveyor of highways, and overseer of the poor. Experience very likely will justify their worship in extending woman's parochial sphere of usefulness. The person who is fit to be overseer is fit to be churchwarden, and also, if physically strong enough for the place, and not unfitted by station in life, fit also to be beadle. The paupers and the parish-boys would rejoice under the rule of a beadle of the softer sex, and perhaps, if persons thereof were eligible for the post of relieving officer, and could be Poor Law guardians as well as overseers of the poor, the poor would be less hardly treated. MR. MILL will of course not fail to argue, with the conclusiveness of MILL'S LOGIC, that the person who is competent to act as overseer, is competent to exercise the elective franchise.

Nothing Like Leather.

THE success of the Abyssinian Expedition will probably suggest a happy thought to some ingenious disciple of St. Crispin. Completely to render to the Conqueror of THEODORUS all the honours which by precedent are the due of a victorious Generalissimo, we may expect that the name of NAPIER will shortly be given to a new sort of boots.



A CRISIS !

FIRST PORTER. "NOW, THEN, BILL GLADSTONE, WHERE ARE YOU A-SHOVIN' TO?"

SECOND PORTER. "WELL, THEN, STAND O' ONE SIDE, CAN'T YER?"

FIRST PORTER. "OH, AH, MR. STAND-O-ONE-SIDE! AND MAKE WAY FOR YOU, I SUPPOSE? THANKEE—NOT IF I KNOW IT!"

[And there they are at this moment.]

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued from the previous number.)

—SAID in a gentle but firm tone, "You have exceeded the allowance you made me by three. Let us be upon an equality," so saying she took the bottle from him, and poured the remainder of the liquid into her own glass. Then he made a fresh decoction of the Kum Shrub. They drank gratefully, gazing meantime out upon the distant sea. They discoursed at intervals upon all their hairbreadth escapes, but neither hinted at the possibility of their return to the shores they had quitted.

At last GRACE said, thoughtfully, more as if considering a problem within herself than addressing an observation to her companion, "Can't intelligence be diffused?"

He stared at her. She repeated her question. Then he made another quart of the beverage they had been drinking, and while she sat there communing with herself, drank it.

Then he began to talk.

"Th' Lectry Trellgar wufful 'vention," he began in a voice so little resembling his own, that it was now *her* turn to stare at him in mute surprise.

He continued. "If we'd lectry Trellgar here we send say where were, bus sno Leckstrelgar, thingspossil."

"Thing is *what*?" she inquired, with a look of angelic reproach.

He slowly closed his right eye, which was turned towards her, and shook his head as he repeated, "I shay things spossil."

"The thing is impossible," do you mean *that*, MR. NUTT?" She asked.

He laughed, and then became suddenly grave. He attempted to rise from his chair, which seemed to slip away from under him, and in another moment he was prostrate beneath the table.

He told her afterwards that he then experienced a sweet delirium, which seemed to him like the poetry of motion going the wrong way.

She knelt by his side, being nigh heartbroken. What, after all their toils and danger was it to come to this?

What was she to do?

Had he been in *her* place, she thought, what would *he* have done? Certainly not have sat there idle, uselessly bemoaning the past, regardless alike of present and future.

He slept for three hours, and she sat by him, keeping watch. 'Twas all she could do.

At last he woke confused, giddy, with a splitting headache and a dry distasteful tongue.

"Why am I not walking about?" he inquired.

With her ready woman's wit, she replied, "Because you are lying down."

"I will take that for an answer," he said, sadly.

"You are under my orders, now," she said, playfully, "and as your doctor, I forbid you to rise."

He wished to hear what prescription this young physician would recommend, and finding that she had none to suggest, he asked her with some curiosity what was that leaf with which she was playing at that moment. She did not know, but was able to tell him that she had gathered it from a tall tree on the Island.

"We are indeed fortunate, Miss MARCHMONT," said NUTT. "This tree is one of the rare productions of the tropics, and is Nature's own provision for the parched and weary traveller. It was doubtless overhanging a clear running stream of no great depth."

"It was," she answered, unable to restrain her evident admiration of his apparently unlimited resources.

"I thought so," he returned. "It is the Soda-water tree; squeeze one of those lemons, which you will find growing in large quantities close at hand, into a tumbler, with a spoonful of this powdered sugar, which I have luckily preserved in my pocket-book, and it will, I know from experience, produce the desired effect."

She complied with his request, but she saw, though he whistled and hooray'd whenever she approached, that the pain in his head was not yet overcome.

He drank the soda-water and took the lemons, and though still feverish he was enabled by these stimulants to give his mind to the great problem which he had been engaged upon when he fell ill.

In the afternoon she left him for awhile, and returned joyfully with two large dressed crabs which she had found apparently just about to undress themselves (as is their wont, NUTT explained, to her in these hot climates, and therefore she was to esteem herself fortunate in arriving so opportunely) in cool cave upon the sea-shore.

The sun shone upon them brightly and burningly hot. With a portion of NUTT's ingenuity she had plucked up one of the large tropical mushrooms to serve her as a sunshade, while the next size to it she planted carefully over her patient's aching head.

"Do you think," he asked, presently, "that your friends will ever come in search of you?"

"They may," she replied. "But if they do not, it would be pleasant to get somebody to call here, even if only to have a little music in the evening."

She felt, immediately the words were out of her mouth, that the speech was an unkind one. She placed her hand in his, and said simply, "I did not mean that—I am very happy here."

Then he saw his duty plainly, and set himself to do it.

His duty was to let anyone and everyone know that he was with a young lady alone on an island.

He was puzzled, and looked at her inquiringly.

"No cards," she murmured sadly, and she thought to herself "are not these words in the marriage service?"

"Friends at a distance will please accept this notice," he said, as if in reply to her thinking aloud.

A sharp crisp note from a bird struck on their ears.

NUTT turned, and looking upwards saw a bright red breasted puffy little bird, not unlike a bull-finch perched on a branch.

He rose excitedly. "The problem is solved," he cried. "This is the bird for us. The salt! Miss MARCHMONT, for pity's sake, the salt!"

She brought it to him, and they both approached the bird cautiously. His object was to climb the tree without disturbing the pretty little warbler. It was a difficult matter, but he succeeded to admiration.

GRACE MARCHMONT stood transfixed to the spot in breathless suspense. Another second, and the saline grains were sprinkled sharply upon his tail, and he fell as she had seen the Pangloss fall under the same influence at sea.

"The bird is stunned, not dead," explained NUTT, "when he wakes up he will be our messenger. He has served numbers of people before this time, and, even in the most civilised countries, where the invention of the Electric Telegraph has in a measure superseded that of writing, the bird is still the vehicle of communication between various parties who find this means most suitable for their purpose."

"And yet," GRACE said, "it is not a pigeon."

"It is not, Miss MARCHMONT, and herein lies its peculiarity. It is —"

"What?"

"A ROUND ROBIN!"

Authors of the Boomerang Portion of this Novel to Editor.—We do hereby solemnly protest against the Artist's new conception of Miss MARCHMONT in the last number. We intended her, and he knew it, to be young and lovely: he has made her Repulsive. We won't change our plot for him: he must change his, we mean *her*, face. No one could marry such a GRACE MARCHMONT as he has depicted in the last number. Let him do it again, and we—well, you'll see.

By the way, we do think it's far from good taste on the Editor's part to admit such a representation of our Heroine. Why doesn't the Editor do it with the other, the PIEL DORNTON part of the story? He dares't. Sir (to the Editor), drop this favouritism and timorous policy, and all may yet be well.

We remain, yours, Thirteen of us.

Editor's Note to the Above.—The Editor did inspect the illustration alluded to above, but unfortunately had mislaid his spectacles, without which all objects present to his vision much the same appearance. The gentlemen engaged on this Novel are far too generous and noble to be hard upon an Editor simply on account of an affliction, on account of which he is rather an object of deep commiseration than of scorn, temper and reproach. Let their kind hearts ponder over this, and not again will be heard the petulant complaints of gentlemen who up to this time have shown themselves in every way worthy of the high literary reputation with which they are accredited. In the meantime, to Authors and Artists alike the Editor appeals, and, holding out the right hand of fellowship to all, he does hope that the good feeling and forbearance and gentlemanly tone of all concerned will prevent any *contretemps* occurring just when the work is progressing so admirably.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE Boomerang (whom we indeed need no longer distinguish by this name) next proceeded to dry some leaves in the Sun, and having in the course of his rambles found a cedar tree and a vein of lead, he at once constructed a couple of pencils, marked respectively H and B, with which, however, he was not satisfied, and so waited patiently until the evening, when he observed to GRACE, she would see what she should then and there behold.

As she implored him to let her be of some use, he asked her to gather for him a number of white ferns resembling feathers, while he was engaged in fashioning a kind of awkward boot out of the turtle-fins.

When she returned laden she saw to her surprise that he had fitted these fins on to his feet, and was practising a sort of step which he had often seen the soldiers at home doing in the barrack-yard or on the common at drill.

Without a question, for she had implicit trust in his wisdom, she gave him the ferns, and assisted him to tie them, and otherwise fasten them all about his body until he was completely covered. Then he stooped his body, and elevated his neck, and in this guise, and this attitude, repeated the step she had already seen him practising.

"Oh you old goose!" she exclaimed, with an amused air.

NUTT was delighted. "I have deceived *you*," he said, "with this disguise, and if I can deceive the birds who have no reason to guide them to a conclusion, my object will be gained. The step I was practising when you saw me was

"THE GOOSE STEP."

Then he departed and hid himself like a goose by the side of the small pond where all such fowl used to come down on an evening to drink.

At first the birds were somewhat shy of him, and hissed at him as if not liking his performance, but after awhile they made friends with him, when indeed he took an unfair advantage of their amiability, and

seizing three of them by their necks dragged them from the pond. These supplied him with quills.

Ink was wanting, and, strange to say, once again he returned to the pond, only this time at night.

A fine black swan rewarded his efforts, whose blood furnished him with a rich, clear, indelible ink.



Then they sat down to a delicious supper of stewed eels, fried eels, eels in pies, and eels in every form, which the care and forethought of GRACE had provided. After this he wrote these words on the white paper, which he had made of leaves:—

MR. NUTT and MISS MARCHMONT present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. World and his Wife, and will be happy to see them at No. 42 Longitude and No. 20 Latitude, first turning to the right in the Pacific Ocean, any day during this or the next year. Dinners always ready: Supper at 11. Ships to set down at Turtle Point, and take up at Cork-screw-fish Corner.

This they tied to the Round Robin, with which, and his own notes, he flew away.

Then a great notion occurred to NUTT.

He cut down a tree, and out of its trunk he made a strong post. This he set up in the middle of the island. He then told MISS MARCHMONT to write letters to her various friends, which she did, and he took them to this Post. As he always passed it, letters in hand, he could (as indeed he did) on his return tell her that "her letters had gone by" this post.

It gave her occupation while NUTT was engaged in his grander effort. The eels for supper had suggested to him a grand, a colossal idea—if it could be only carried out. He procured four black boards and a piece of chalk. These boards he erected in various corners of the island, visible from the ocean. On each of them was written in legible characters,

EEL PIE ISLAND. EEL PIES ALWAYS READY.

REAL TURTLE IN EVERY FORM.

GREEN FAT.

ICED PUNCH AND CHOICE OLD MADEIRA.

* Parties attended. Turtle sent to any quarter of the Globe. Apply here, on the premises to MISS MARCHMONT or MR. NUTT.

Upon the third day after these had been up GRACE drew NUTT'S

attention to a dusky speck upon the horizon. He gazed anxiously, at last he cried in an excited tone—

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chickin Hazard."

DEAR SIR,

INSTEAD of an illustration of my own, I send you this time a design by one of the gentlemen of the letter-press, and to which I have made but very few additions. I am told it represents NUTT and GRACE rushing into each other's arms after dinner, while PREBENDARY DORNTON is riding towards them from afar, on a dapple grey horse.

My small share in the execution of this picture is hardly worth mention. I have merely added a slight structure (AAA) to the distant horse, in order to give more solidity—the brushwood in the foreground and the shrubbery just behind the principal figures are also mine. The figures, steamboat, river, sea, table, chairs, &c., are from the hand of MR. —; and I sincerely trust that he will get all the credit for them.

Ever yours,

GASTON DE MALACELL.

Dean Stanley in the Wrong Box.

"DEAN STANLEY rose to move a resolution. He said, 'That what he valued in Establishment was the check it imposed on clerical tyranny, by giving laymen a large share in the Government of the Church.' He was received with hisses, inarticulate shouts, and cries of 'sit down.'—Report of the Church and State Meeting, at St James's Hall, on Wednesday, May 6th.

WHEN STANLEY ventured truth's hard ground upon,

And to plain fact his shovel-hat dared doff,

Church and State champions, for "On, STANLEY, on!",

Shrieked unmistakeably, "Off, STANLEY, off!"

LITERARY FUND TOASTS

AND PUNCH'S SENTIMENTS.



THAT MR. DISRAELI was the right man in the right place in the Chair at the Literary Fund Dinner, all will admit. Whatever men's estimate of the political DISRAELI, they can hardly contest the claims of the author of *Vivian Grey*, *Contarini Fleming*, and *Coningsby*, to sit as the official representative of letters. Where shall we find another author who has worked out in life, at sixty-three, the very conception of a political leader,—as the unscrupulous brains, tongue, and sword of a stupid, dumb, and dispirited party,—which he had put forward in his first novel at twenty? The worst that can be said of him—that he habitually confuses the limits of romance and reality in his speeches, and leaves us uncertain whether what we are listening to is fact or

fiction—involves a compliment to his powers of invention and imagination. But, while we feel that the Committee of the Literary Fund had got hold of the right Chairman for the last dinner, we find it difficult to explain their choice of proposers and acknowledgers of Toasts? That EARL STANHOPE, by virtue of his literary performances, rank, and character, should respond for the Literary Fund was quite proper. A popular nobleman, and a creditable writer, benevolent and wealthy, with the means to relieve the wants of needy authorcraft, and the will to help the lame dogs of literature over the stile, it would be hard to find a better representative than LORD STANHOPE of the good work the Literary Fund is established to do, and the spirit in which it does it. But when we read that the Toast of "Poetry and Imaginative Literature" was proposed by SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and acknowledged by MR. VENABLES, Q.C., *Mr. Punch* must really ask the Why and Wherefore of the selection. What is the connection between one of the dullest of Ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer and Poetry? What has the most matter-of-fact Indian Secretaries to do with "Imaginative Literature?" Is it a piece of sly fun poked at Northcotean Budgets, Home or Indian?—or a slap at the flights of Indian Estimates, and the fancy shown in building up the income of India a year in advance, out of such shaky and questionable sources of gain as Opium Duties? Has MR. DISRAELI's influence so spread, that Revenue Returns are henceforth to be raised to the dignity of Epic, and India to be governed, like the Carabas party, in the fine imaginative spirit of *Vivian Grey*? And why should MR. VENABLES, one of the exactest and most hard-headed of leading Parliamentary Counsel, be charged to respond on such a theme?—unless on the ground that, having found the most unsuitable man in the world to propose the toast, the Committee was bound to find one still more unsuitable to return thanks for it. And why LORD HOUGHTON, who might, with some congruity, have been asked either to propose or respond to SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's toast, was set to propose "the Judges, and Legal Literature," except that he once sat as Judge of the Burns-Centenary Prize Contest, and pronounced sentence on the most prominent offender in that outrage, we are as much at a loss to imagine, as we are to understand why CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL, who never, as far as we know, was guilty of anything more literary than a Charge or a Judgment, and never found his way into print except in the *Law Journal* and the *Authorised Reports*, was chosen to respond to the toast.

It is not as if Literature had been quite unrepresented at the Dinner. There were at least two authors present—MR. THEODORE MARTIN and MR. E. DICKEY.

Altogether, we have seen few queerer things in its way than the list of names attached to the toast-and-butter business of the Literary Fund Dinner.

In one sense only Literature may be said to have been toasted; in such hands she was, certainly, cut and done brown.

Kissing v. Scratching.

THEY say MR. HOME, the Spiritualist, is an excellent actor. He has lately been within an ace of appearing in the character of *Clawed* in the drama of the *Lady of Lyons*.

THE LAST NEW BALLAD.

MR. PUNCH,

I OBSERVE by your last Number that there is a Song just published with the title "*I will not Ask to Press that Cheek*." I know no more of it than the title, and therefore trust I am infringing no copyright, interfering with no right of translation reserved, in offering you *my* notion of what a Ballad with such a title should be.

Yours harmoniously,

ARNE BISHOP PURCELL.

P.S. The Song is a tenor. The statement of this fact will also serve to indicate to you the sum I shall be contented to receive as an acknowledgment, however inadequate, of the time and labour I have bestowed on the composition.

"I will not ask to press that cheek,"

Without a guarantee
That Nature spread the pearl and red
Which there I always see;
Those lustrous lips I will not touch,
Unless you promptly say
That their bright hue is fast and true,
And will not wash away.

Those brilliant eyes may owe their charm
To belladonna's use,
Complexion tints, I've heard dark hints,
Are changed by walnut juice;
And if I ask the dearest girl,
For whom alone I live,
For one long tress to kiss and bless,
It mayn't be *hers* to give.

The pencilled brow, the raven lash,
Are open to a doubt,
And some mistrust, but they're unjust,
The shape I rave about:
So in this dubious state of things,
And as the weather's warm,
I will not seek to press that cheek,
Or ask to clasp that form.

"IGNORAMUS" ON "THE ONE HUNDREDTH."

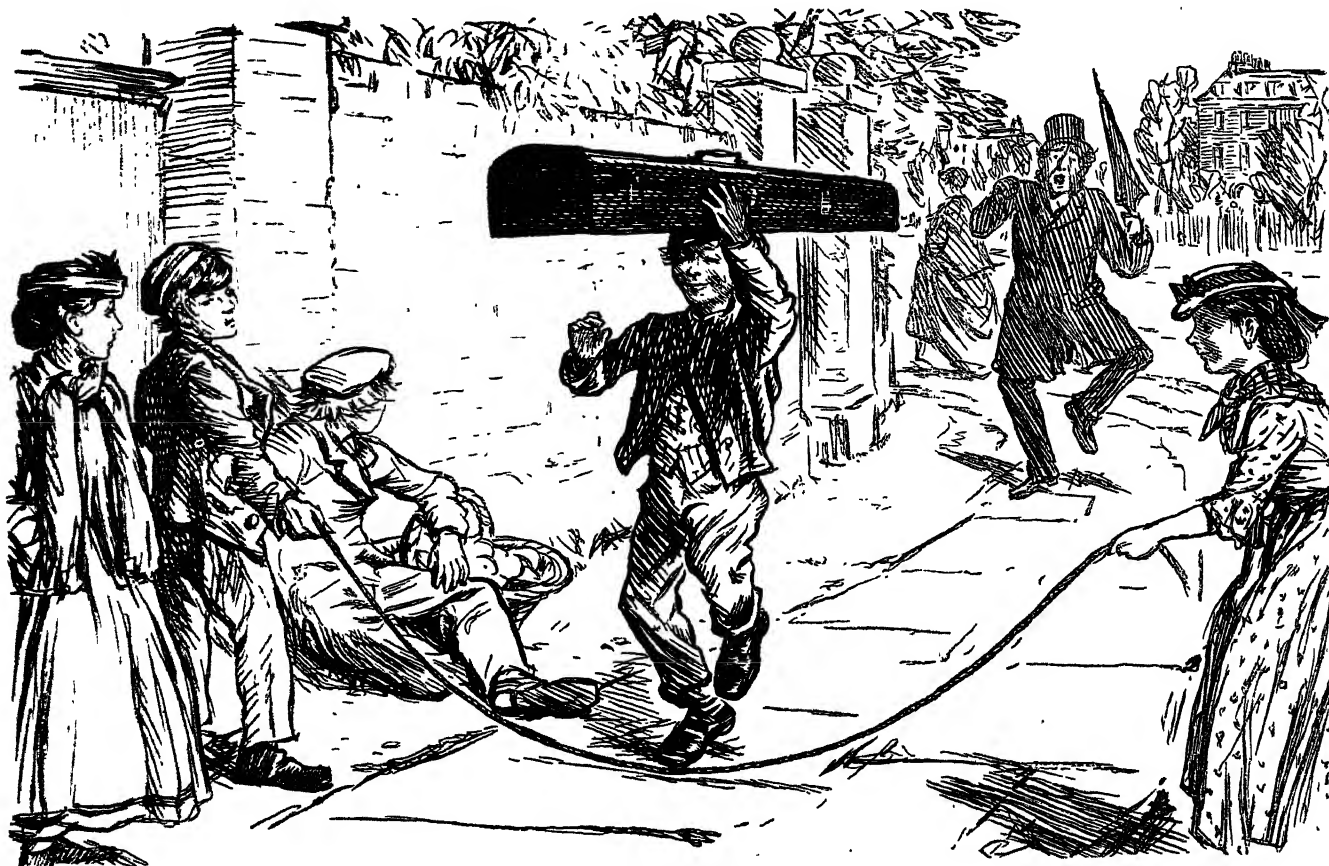
I WISHED to have sent you my impressions of the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, but it is a hundred to one whether I shall be able to do so before it closes in August, as a somewhat disheartening examination of the Catalogue convinces me that, before I can visit Trafalgar Square, possessed of the knowledge without which an intelligent examination of the collection is impossible, I must perfect myself (*inter alia*) in the History of England; the French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin languages; the geography and topography of the British Isles, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, the States of the Church, Switzerland, Egypt, Prussia, Mexico, Algeria, Borneo, and Palestine; the works of SCOTT, SHAKESPEARE, HOMER, DICKENS, BOSWELL, BUNYAN, GRAY, MOORE, STERNE, CHAUCER, BYRON, HOOD, CERVANTES, JAMES, GOLDSMITH, CANNING, POPE, KINGSLEY, KEATS, APULBIUS, VIRGIL, BROWNING, SENECA, BULWER-LYTTON, WORDSWORTH, CATULLUS, MILTON, TENNYSON, THOMSON, and the Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland; Greek, Roman, and Jewish customs; Heathen Mythology; the Sports and Armaments of the Middle Ages; and such miscellaneous subjects as Fleet Marriages, KING ARTHUR, the Crimean campaign, Ornithology, the Apodyterium, the Peerage, *Paul and Virginia*, Mammoth tusks, Records of Quarter Sessions, and, as a matter of course, COLUMBUS, the Commonwealth, the Girondins, LADY JANE GREY, and the unfortunate MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

As I also wish to give you a terse epitome of the history of the Royal Academy, from Somerset House to Burlington House, I have made arrangements for perusing LESLIE and TAYLOR's *Life of Reynolds*, REDGRAVES' *Century of Painters*, the Blue-books issued by countless Commissions and Committees, the Pamphlets in the British Museum, and a mass of other works which will, I hope, leave me master of the subject.

I have also carefully to examine my annotated Catalogues for the last quarter of a Century, that I may determine whether this Exhibition is above the average, or below the average, or about the average,—a word which I once only associated with Corn, and Statistics, and the Weekly State of the Public Health, but which I have now for many years past heard used at this particular season, with reference to the Academy, in all places, under all circumstances, and by all sorts of reasoning beings.

Thus occupied, full particulars of the 1206 Items in the Catalogue cannot for months to come be looked for from

IGNORAMUS.



IN JEOPARDY.

THE NEW BOY WAS ENJOINED TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW HE CARRIED THE FIDDLE-CASE—"BY THE HANDLE, AND TO MIND NOT TO KNOCK IT AGAINST ANYTHING!" IMAGINE THE HORROR OF MR. PITSEY CARTER, HIS MASTER, WHO WAS FOLLOWING, TO COME UPON THE RASCAL, WITH THE INVALUABLE "JOSEPH" ON HIS HEAD, EXECUTING A PAS-SEUL OVER A SKIPPING-ROPE!!

UGLY FOR EVER!

AN enameller and painter of women's faces, and cosmetic vender, who advertises herself as "the great Beautifier to the Royal Courts of Europe," and whom we may call MADAME JEZEEL, winds up one of her horrid puffs by declaring that—

"All other persons endeavouring to copy the beautiful art of which she is the sole professor, and who are vending dangerous and destructive compounds under the name of enamels, powders, and liquids, in imitation of her Royal Arabian Preparations, commit a gross fraud upon ladies."

And ladies, when they employ MADAME JEZEEL'S Royal Arabian Preparations to colour their skin and falsify their faces, commit a gross fraud upon gentlemen. That is to say they commit a gross fraud upon gentlemen in so far as they can deceive any, but there are very few men so dull of eye as to be unable at a glance to detect a fraudulent complexion. The ladies who attempt to practise this imposition must all be purblind, or colour-blind. Otherwise they would need only a moment's view in their looking-glasses to see what an unnatural repulsive appearance their visages present. All mankind, possessing ordinary acuteness of vision, can tell paint, when they see it, from skin; and, if they could see through it, they would see the skin under it in a most unwholesome and disgusting state, produced by the operation of irritating substances and the obstruction of the pores. The continued application of any sort of plaster to a lady's face for the purpose of beautifying it can only result in rendering the poor simpleton ugly for ever.

Tricksy Spirits.

SPIRITUAL communications, we are told, are sometimes grotesque, and take the form of practical jokes. If this is so, spirits are more conversant with *scaunces* than with the *bienséances*. Their tricks, it may be argued, rather tend to prove the truth of spiritualism, as for instance, suppose a spirit pulls your nose. The spirit is probably a familiar spirit and familiarity doth breed contempt.

A GOOD CUT WITH A WHARNCLIFFE KNIFE.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE who, in a speech at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, very justly described WILLIAM BROADHEAD, the Trades' unionist and murderer, as a cowardly scoundrel, the fellow has written an insolent, yet whining letter. This LORD WHARNCLIFFE notices—thus, addressing the editor of a Sheffield paper:—

"Sir,—I enclose for publication a letter from the man whom I designated in my speech last Tuesday as a cowardly scoundrel—viz., BROADHEAD. It appears to be even impossible to mention pitch without being defiled—for the receipt of a communication from a sneaking assassin is abhorred by any honest man. I trust, therefore, to your kindness for the insertion of that man's letter and this one in your next impression. Your obedient Servant, WHARNCLIFFE."

We are glad to republish this outbreak of manly indignation. And whereas BROADHEAD complains that he is attacked now that he is "down," we assure him that all honest men sincerely regret his position, and would gladly see him up—say from 8 to 9 A.M., any morning.

A Song for Mr. Whalley.

You won't rouse, BEN,
Out of his den,
The British Lion. Blow it!
How could you cry
"No Popery!"
Proposing to endow it?

Ireland's Debt to Oxford.

WHAT would the country parsons who ousted MR. GLADSTONE from his seat for Oxford give if they could recall an act which will cost them the introduction of the voluntary principle in Ireland? Doubtless, their ears; of which they must now be painfully aware that it would not take very many in a line to reach to the moon.



A HALF TRUTH.

Guard (of the Fatuous Railway Company, that still forbids tobacco). "STRONG SMELL OF SMOKE, SIR!"

Passenger (his cigar covered by his newspaper). "YA—AS; THE PARTY WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT HAS BEEN SMOKING FURIOUSLY!!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 11th. We forget how many times we have had to write the following record, but here it is again, and we hope the Commercial World is happy. "The Bankruptcy Bill was abandoned for the Session." There was no hope of passing it, said LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS. What are the interests of ten thousand traders and five hundred thousand creditors compared to the question whether DISRAELI or GLADSTONE shall lead the House of Commons?

No more Public Executions. The Bill has passed both Houses. LORD RAVENSWORTH—what reminds us of LORD BYRON?

"To and fro, as the nightwinds blow,
The carcase of the assassin swings,
And there alone, on the Raven Stone,
The Raven flaps his dusky wings."

Because it has nothing to do with the matter—there is no hanging in chains, no raven, and LORD RAVENSWORTH is a very amiable gentleman—this inveterate habit of quotation will get us into a scrape some day. LORD RAVENSWORTH proposed that all prisoners in a gaol where execution is done should be obliged to see it. The DUKE OF RICHMOND thought that it would be unfair, as there were prisoners of various degrees of guilt. We suspect that nine-tenths of them will not thank him for depriving them of a sight, but he was logically right. And there is an end of the Execution Mob, and the arrangements will in future be Academic—a hanging committee, a private view, and press notices.

LORD SALISBURY protested against the severity of the Bill for sending Railway authorities to prison, if the accounts should be fraudulent, and LORD CAIRNS, smiling, softened the clause, and made a guilty knowledge essential. Moreover, it was enacted that a railway running twenty miles without stopping should be compelled to have communication between Passengers and Guards. This relieves all the short London trains from any such necessity, but we hope that those

"COME INTO THE GARDENS, MAUD."

COME into the Gardens, MAUD,
Now the bleak east wind has flown,
Come into the Gardens, MAUD,
I shall wait at the gate alone;
For my uncle and aunt are going abroad,
And the day will all be my own.

Four!—a crowd of muslin moves,
And the glasses are stuck in the eye;
Beginning I am to fear that my love's
Afraid of a showery sky,
To fear for the feast of the monkey she loves
On the bun I've just been to buy.

There's a sound of a Hansom near—
It has stopped at the entrance gate;
She is coming, my duck, my dear,
She is coming, though rather late;
The brown bear dances like mad, like mad,
And the kangaroo lengthens his jump,
The parrots scream out "so glad, so glad,"
And the camel distinctly says "Hump(h)!"

She is coming (from Harley Street),
With her juvenile brother, FRED,
A belle who is hard to beat,
As the men in the Gardens said;
A girl who is hard to beat,
From the little excuse on her head
To the little bottines on her feet—
And I know that I'm turning red.

A Mighty Lively Concern.

THE Irish bishops and archbishops, in the address which they presented the other day to the QUEEN, say "we have the strongest confidence that nothing which affects the well-being of the Irish branch of our United Church can be other than of liveliest concern to your MAJESTY." Now, on the contrary, is it not likely that the QUEEN regards the Irish Church question as a matter of the gravest concern? With the exception of the personalities interchanged between MR. DISRAELI and MR. BRIGHT, which were extremely diverting, the debate on that subject at least has been anything but lively.

already fitted with such things will not, therefore, be dismantled. The larger the population using a line, the more chance of meeting ruffians or lunatics.

MR. CORRY and Navy Estimates in the Nether House. Estimates a good bit over Eleven Millions of golden sovereigns. Criticism by MR. CHILDERS, but not a halfpenny taken off, beloved MRS. GRUNDY.

Tuesday. The Guardians of Guildford have imbibed an idea in the interest of virtue. They think that no one is entitled to poor-law relief, if he or she happens to be an unvirtuous character. Of course, if we could carry out this Arcadian view, and obliterate all folks who are at once poor and evil, it would be very charming; but as the law ordains that, virtuous or not, a pauper shall not be starved to death, we fear that the sun of Guildford charity will have to shine on the evil and on the good. The question was raised in the Lords, and the Guardians were pronounced wrong, but LORDS REDESDALE and OVERSTONE warn us against the increase of vagrout men.

Architecture gives our magnates a deal of trouble. The selection of a Law Courts architect has got into a dreadful muddle, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has been called in as umpire—his decision is awaited. As regards the new National Gallery, things are worse, for LORD JOHN MANNERS cannot make up his mind what architect to employ. Considering that *Mr. Punch* has already furnished about a dozen designs, and that the architect has only to carry out one of them, LORD JOHN had better say which, and take the first name that comes out of a hat.

In the Lords this day and in the Commons on the next, there was discussion on the Metric System of Weights and Measures, which is adopted by nearly all other civilised nations, but which it is good clap-trap to resist, call un-English, and otherwise abuse, and those who seek the admiration of the stupid bid for it highly in this case. But the Commons voted in MR. EWART'S Bill, by 217 to 65, which has rather raised the Commons in *Mr. Punch's* esteem.

HER MAJESTY, addressed on the Irish Church, has been advised to make the very gracious and very wise reply, that *The QUEEN desires*

that her interest in the temporalities shall not stand in the way of the consideration by Parliament of any measure that may be introduced in the present Session.

Land groaned that it was taxed too much, and MR. MILL admitted that for some of the groaning, but not all, there might be reason, but then the value of land had increased hugely.

Wednesday. MR. COLERIDGE, in an eloquent speech, moved the second reading of his Bill for doing away with religious tests at the Universities. MR. WALPOLE made the regular plea on behalf of what he, honestly enough, considers religion, and a new Member, MR. WINTERBOTHAM, for Stroud, made an able speech, and, as a dissenter, begged that the exclusive rules might be done away, for though dissenting clergymen were very pious and all that, they really were not learned, and they wanted academic advantages. The hours of adjournment came while some champion of the Church was talking.

Thursday. The weather was so splendidly hot that the Lords steeped their senses in cool Sea fisheries, and spake of splashing waves and deep waters. Happy for them that legislation and luxury could be so pleasantly combined. *Lord Punch* pulled his coronet over his eyes, and thought of MR. HOOK's pictures until he smelt the refreshing spray. Then he fell asleep, and dreamed that he had got into a refrigerator and was utterly refusing to come out to dinner. When he woke, he heard the words "Irish Education," and the double idea was too much for him—so he made tracks.

MR. MILL presented to the Commons a petition signed by 21,757 women, who asked for the Franchise. The first signature was that of MRS. SOMERVILLE, Mechanist of the Heavens, the second that of MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, Healer on Earth. Right or wrong, the request ought to have been granted to such petitioners.

Complaint was made against the 200 to 300 Iron Gates which close divers streets in London. We actually pay for repairing these contrivances for hindering our drives. There are too many vested interests to be got through without the aid of Rebecca and her Daughters, whom we shall be happy to hear of in town. After the Hyde Park railings, there can be no railings against those ladies. The block in Park Lane, a thoroughfare judiciously selected to be shut up during the time that it is most wanted, was also declaimed against, and early redress was promised. All is for the best, there is nothing like showing the influential classes the brainlessness of those to whom at present we confide our local government.

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX began to be bumptious about the Suspensory Bill, and gave sweet promise of the fun he was to cause later.

We were then asked to go into Committee on the Boundaries Bill, and MR. GLADSTONE pointed out a good many reasons for dissatisfaction with divers recommendations of the Commissioners, but would not hinder the Bill if the Government would be reasonably elastic.

The PREMIER thought that with patience and temper the Bill might be made satisfactory, as no question of party policy was involved. *Mr. Punch* apologises for having winked at this moment—his wink only meant that sundry of the proposed arrangements might not be found to be exactly hostile to the supposed interests of the Conservative party.

MR. BRIGHT was for referring the principal objections to a Committee of Seven.

MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, one of the Commissioners, said that they had looked on the Bill as an Enfranchising measure, and therefore had looked outside boroughs for voters to be brought into them.

The PREMIER consented to a Committee of Five, who should consider petitions against the proposals, and should take documentary evidence only.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE wanted to know a little more about what was to be done, but he asked it humbly, recognising the terrible power which MR. DISRAELI had to deal with a refractory House.

Finally the suggested arrangement was accepted, and the House resumed and got upon the Estimates. A great quantity of miscellaneous wisdom was poured forth about the new law courts, Aberdeen theology, the Regent's Park lake, the statues in Westminster Hall, the ladies' gallery, the Members' grotto under Westminster Bridge, the unjust way in which DANIEL MACLISE has been treated (whereof more another time), OLIVER CROMWELL, and other interesting topics, and MR. OSBORNE was beaten by 234 to 76 on the question of refusing the vote for the pedestals of the above-mentioned statues.

MR. GLADSTONE moved for leave to bring in a Bill for Suspending Appointments in the Irish Church.

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX in opposition began to read a quotation from a speech which asserted that the Irish Church could never be overthrown but by a recreant Senate and an apostate nation.

MR. GLADSTONE. Whom are you quoting?

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX. You.

MR. GLADSTONE. Where?

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX moved that the debate be adjourned for six months.

MR. GLADSTONE. But what are you quoting from?

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX. Partly from your speech

in 1845, no, 1835, and partly from your work published in 1841. You were not a boy then, you know.

MR. GLADSTONE. No, but I want a reference. I don't believe I ever said anything of the kind. That's right, LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON, do help him to find out the passages.

After some discussion, a friend of MR. GLADSTONE's helped him to the passage lastly quoted, and he read it and the context with mischievous emphasis, the Conservatives loudly cheering the sentiments. Then MR. GLADSTONE said,

"The speech was made by MR. WHITESIDE."

The HONOURABLE MAJOR STUART KNOX, amid the roars of the House, thanked MR. GLADSTONE for "corroborating" him, and having made several efforts to speak, and having been put down by the SPEAKER, promised to have it out another time.

This latter scene put the House into extreme good humour, and the Bill was read a First Time, and set down for the 22nd.

Mr. Punch missed this fun, having long previously departed to join the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES at the Royal Italian Opera, and to enjoy MADEMOISELLE LUCCA's adorable personation of the heroine in *Fra Diavolo*, a work which never seemed fresher or more sparkling than in this year's edition at Covent Garden. He took the opportunity of complimenting the Prince on his capital speeches at the St. Bartholomew dinner, and of saying to the Princess that which the punishment of St. Bartholomew should not induce the devoted *Punch* to reveal.

Friday. "REVEREND SALISBURY" has not been long in making his presence felt in the Lords. He has stood up to the terrible SHAFTESBURY, and rebuked that eminent and pious person for not being more cautious and serious in his manner of dealing with the Ritualistic question. He told the Earl that he talked as if there were a Barebones' Parliament at his back. Exeter Hall has, we believe, been shored up.

MR. SERJEANT ARMSTRONG gave notice that he should on the 25th vote that he had No Confidence in Ministers. This Armstrong will probably be spiked.

Among the miscellaneous of the Friday Conversazione was a debate on a Motion by SIR C. O'LOGHLEN for an Address, requesting the QUEEN occasionally to reside in Ireland. The Leaders of the House and of the Opposition were exceedingly gracious in their replies, and all sorts of proper things were said, after which the Motion was withdrawn. The *Times* points out that SIR WALTER SCOTT invented Scotland, and induced PRINCE ALBERT, and through him, the QUEEN, to go thither, and suggests that Ireland should get some genius to invent that country. But let it be noted that, whereas SCOTT lauded his country, and nearly all the dwellers therein, Irish writers tell us of nothing but gloomy scenery, murdered gaugers, profligate landlords, cunning and savage peasants, haughty parsons, and vulgar priests. That's not the way to bring people into Oireland.

FREEDOM IN THE FREE KIRK.

ACCORDING to the *Scotsman*, one MR. PETER CLARK, of North Knapdale, in Argyle, has incurred the censure of the local Free Kirk Session for "the sin of dancing." The REV. MR. FERGUSON, MR. CLARK's pastor, is going to bring his case before the general assembly of the Free Kirk, with a view to obtain a decision on the question whether dancing is sinful. The meaning of the word "Free," in connection with "Kirk," is peculiar. The Free Kirk does not mean a Kirk or Church of which the members are in any sense free, but one whereof the clerical body is free to impose decrees on all the rest. In this respect the Free Kirk of Scotland resembles the Church of Rome as closely as an anthropoid ape does a human being. Only, according to the Darwinian theory of development, the ape was the original animal, whereas the Free Kirk is not the prior institution. Should it decide that dancing is a sin, it will play a sort of monkey's trick, imitating the papal declaration of a new dogma.

The Free Kirk is notoriously ultra-Sabbatarian. Its Sabbatarianism is based wholly on its own authority, which if any of those who belong to it wish to dispute, they will have a capital opportunity of doing so should it condemn dancing. Instead of sitting and stupefying themselves with whiskey in-doors on a Sunday, they could come out, lads and lasses, and have a dance on the green, or any other open space they may find suitable, and thus assert their Christian liberty against the dictation of the Free Kirk in two particulars at once.

The Right Position.

A SCIENTIFIC friend, visiting the National Portrait Exhibition, was disappointed at finding JAMES GREGORY (704) high up on the wall. His companion consoled him by remarking, that as GREGORY invented the reflecting telescope, it was only proper to place him as near the sky as possible.

THE SUSPENSORY ACT.—Hanging the Academy Exhibition.

SIR JOSHUA'S GHOST IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



Among the pictures! Hushed the strife
Of tongues, and feet that fall:
All silent, as the painted life
That hangs upon the wall.
Midnight's last stroke had ceased
to thrill
And in each empty room,
Wall, roof and floor were vi-
brant still
With Big Ben's hollow boom,
When into form from space
began
To gather and to grow,
The misty likeness of a man,
A man of stature low—
Of blunt, round face, yet bright
and bland,
Dark, square-cut velvet clothes,
With an ear-trumpet in his
hand,
A snuff-stain 'neath his nose.
From darkness into moonlight
round

From moonlight into dark,
He moved; his footfall made no sound
Had ears been there to mark.
" 'Twas just a hundred years ago,
In DALTON's rooms, Pall Mall,"—
Such were the words that, soft and slow,
Upon the silence fell;
And then a pinch, and then a sigh,
And trumpet clapped to ear,
As there had been more ghosts hard by
That he was fain to hear.
Face, gesture, form—all eyes had known,
Had eyes been there to see,
SIR JOSHUA's spirit all alone
In the Académie—
A century of its life has flown,
He comes its state to see!

Dian obliged him with a light,
Her brightest, best, May-moon,
And canvasses stood clear to sight,
That well had spared the boon—
Now a huge pinch of snuff he took,
Then "pshawed" with right good-will,
And with impatient fillip shook
The Hardham from his frill—
Now wagged his head in dubious style;
Now dropped a loud "won't do,"
Anon, with an approving smile,
His spectacles beamed through.
But when he had gone round one room,
And found more rooms to see,
His eyes for wonder seemed to loom,
Each eye as big as three—

"If quality with quantity,"
He sighed, "had only grown!
Set what I've seen 'gainst what I see,
Which of them holds its own?
Where's the Grand Style, which my advice
On students used to charge?
The general truth, the sacrifice
Of little things to large?
Where's the heroic, which I hoped
In abstract to express?
The history, after which I groped,
Without historic dress?
Was I in error, or are those
That have so outward grown,
They seem to paint less men than clothes,
Of old times or their own?
Was GAINSBOROUGH's broadly rendered life
Of earth and sky and sea,
Or this, with square-inch study rife,
What landscape-art should be?
Should history seek the largest traits
Of man and of event,
Or in the alleys and bye-ways
Of anecdote be spent?"

"All this I doubt, but—" here he stayed,
And in complacent style
Stroked his round chin, while o'er him played
The moonbeam of a smile.
"But in my own domain of Art
Masters like these—ahem!—
Can scarcely ask the world to start
Question 'twixt me and them.
If this is what for Portraiture
A hundred years have done,
Heaven help the men who must endure
Next century's risks to run!
From me to WEST must be confest
What few advance can call,
But thence to LAWRENCE and to SHEE,
SIR CHARLES, SIR FRANK, to fall!
Has Portrait risen, to life again
Since my hand bade it start,
Till now the Art does for the men
What I did for the Art?
Not always truth my canvas graced,
I own it now with ruth;
But that which in truth's room I placed
Was still more fair than truth.
But what's hung here, or down-stairs stacked
To wait the framer's cart,
Most of it's neither true to fact
Nor beautiful in Art.

"In all besides I own a growth,
If other than I dream'd:
New smiles of Nature, nothing loath,
Have on the painter beam'd:
Fired by Invention's noble rage,
Art is creative still;
Historians' and poets' page
Yields new themes for her skill.
The Academy I loved and reared,
All ways but one has thriven;
Many great names, beloved, revered,
Our annals it has given.
A hundred painters thrive, for one
A century ago;
Into their pockets thousands run,
Where pounds were used to flow.
Painting finds place on every wall,
If not in every heart:
And Mammon that is Lord of All,
Is also Lord of Art.
His priests to connoisseurs have grown;
At R.A.'s annual board,
The Millionaire as buyer known
Rubs shoulders with my Lord.
Yes—I may look all ways but one,
And Progress greets my ken;
But—bitter blank—the art that's gone,
Is that of painting men."

SPIRIT FACE PAINTING.

In a column of advertisements, addressed to fashionable idiots, occurs, with a nominal variation only, the announcement following:—

MADAME JEZEBEL begs leave to inform her lady patronesses that her SEANCES of Youth and Beauty will be held at her private residence—THREE TIMES A WEEK during the Season. Tickets one guinea each, to be had at—

What, has Spiritualism got to the length of procuring cosmetics from the invisible world? Can ladies get themselves enamelled by disembodied impostors at a *séance*, and made beautiful for ever? The only effect heretofore supposed to be usually produced by spirits on the human countenance was one of an eruptive kind, vulgarly called *grog-blossoms*. Nobody but a simpleton could expect any better from *séances* at MADAME JEZEBEL'S.

"Hung, Drawn, and Quartered."

(Mr. Punch's sentence on three-fourths of the Academicians' work "on the line.")

VERY well "hung;" very ill "drawn"; a great deal better "quartered" than it deserves.

A LADY IN THE CHAIR.

WHEN, in the good time coming, the ladies are admitted to our Universities, there will be one post, their right to which no one will dispute—that of Margaret Professor of Divinity.



A NATURAL QUERY.

Conductor. "WILL ANY GENTLEMAN RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"

Obliging Gentleman. "WITH PLEASURE! BUT—A—WHICH LADY IS IT THAT I'M GOING TO OBLIGE?"

BAD FOOD FOR THE MIND.

AT Bow Street, one day last week, *Mr. Punch*, two boys, cousins, JOHN BARRETT, aged 14, and EDWARD BARRETT, aged 13, were committed for trial by SIR THOMAS HENRY on a charge of burglary. The father of the former of these young thieves "said the prisoners had been led astray in consequence of their minds being perverted by reading novels, published in penny numbers, in which the heroes are highwaymen, burglars, and other thieves and criminals." Every now and then, Sir, you read in the Police Reports of so much putrid or diseased meat, fish, or other provision, seized and ordered to be destroyed, as unfit for human food, the person guilty of exposing it for sale being sometimes also fined and sent to prison. Could not a law in like manner prevent or punish the publication and sale of pernicious literature as unfit to be food for the mind?

Look into almost any news-shop window in the poorer neighbourhoods, and there you will see the romance of ruffianism inviting purchase in profusion. Its nature is indicated by illustrations; ten or a dozen, perhaps, adorning so many tales of villanous fiction or actual crime. In each of these some one, evidently meant for a hero, or interesting personage, is represented committing some sort of depredation or outrage—piracy, burglary, highway robbery, garrotting, assault with intent to murder, or murder, in fact. Somebody in almost every print you see, striking an attitude, is discharging a pistol at, or plunging a dagger into, somebody else, or cutting somebody else's throat, or hewing down, jumping and stamping upon somebody else, or battering his or her brains out. Was it not a Saint who said that pictures were the books of idiots?—meaning merely the illiterate. The pictures in low news-shop windows are books that even a born idiot may understand; he who runs may read them: and they constitute the education of our street Arabs.

LORD CAMPBELL'S Act prohibits the exposure for sale of literature and art specifically poisonous. Could not its provisions be extended to the market of publications and prints as poisonous in another way? Suppose, *Mr. Punch*, you invite Government to offer a prize for the

device of a statute whose operation shall repress the romance of crime without invading the liberty of the Press, by checking the issue of the sensation novels which circulate amongst the superior classes. Get our literary PREMIER to try and solve this

PROBLEM.

THE POLITICAL AND THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

OF MR. DISRAELI'S political opponents the *Times* remarks in a leader:—

"They have allowed themselves to be tied, and cannot extricate themselves from the knots so easily as some performers are known to do."

If MESSRS. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE were equal to the political DAVENPORT Brothers, what gentleman of their party might be regarded as corresponding to MR. FAY? Between the DAVENPORT Brothers and the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition there is this difference, that the former perform within a Cabinet and the latter without. The Brothers DAVENPORT are said to exhibit a show of hands at their Cabinet door, but the Brothers GLADSTONE and BRIGHT will doubtless command a larger show of hands on the hustings.

A Great Disappointment.

CARE should be taken by newspaper editors not to mislead the public by the employment of equivocal titles. A paragraph, headed "Spirit Movements," lately appeared in the *Times*, and attracted a great number of readers, who expected to find in it some information about the doings of MR. HOME and his followers. They came upon nothing more exciting than dry statistics of gin, rum and brandy.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.—PINGOE has so taken to heart the unfavourable remarks of the papers on his picture, that he is seriously indisposed. His friends say his condition is—critical.



STEERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SHIP'S CAPTAIN. "GIVE UP THE HELM?—RESIGN THE COMMAND?—NEVER! COME ONE, COME ALL, I STICK TO MY *CRAFT*. BACK, I SAY!—ONE STEP IN-BOARD, AND I BLOW UP THE SHIP. HA, HA!!"

THE PARAGRAPH-PUFF NUISANCE.

[N.B. Advertisers may be supplied with any amount of the most splendid Puffs, in the following style, on application, with cheque, at 85, Fleet Street.]

ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ., Poet Laureate, in his new and beautiful poem, *Lucretius*, describes, with subtle art, the working of a poisonous philtre administered to the Roman poet by a lady who foolishly believed his affection withdrawn from her, and wished to regain it. Exquisitely the English poet says—

"The wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells."

Poetry and philosophy were never married with a finer result. But there are other than love-poisons, and other than love-philtres, and if the public knew how poisonous is the water they drink, and how wholesome it can be rendered by Messrs. Crystal's filters, they would at once apply at No. 50, Fountain Street, Pond Road, E.C.

GALLANT DR. LIVINGSTONE'S return to his native country is now expected with the utmost impatience, and in the words of his faithful friend, Sir Roderick Vich Murehison, ho, ieroe, "we count the minutes" until we hail the presence of the noble adventurer. Those who desire to count the minutes accurately, should procure the new patent watch manufactured by Messrs. Clicker & Spring, Ticker's Lane, Turnip Square.

THAT DISTINGUISHED MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at the meeting of the Liberation Society, bore testimony to the temper of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, a temper which, considering his provocations, is regarded by Mr. Spurgeon as quite as good as can be expected. The zealous and indefatigable Baptist pastor would have borne a still warmer tribute to the temper of Grinder & Pivott's knives and scissors, had he paid a visit to their world-famous manufactory, Steel Yard, Outler's Street.

SHE IS MARRIED.—Who? Why, *La Diva PATTI*, who made her first appearance this season as *Rosina*, in ROSSINI's delightful *Barbiere*. That is, the secular marriage has taken place, but the vows at the altar will not be exchanged until the charming songstress shall have delivered her last lyric vow over the orchestra. Happy Marquis de Caux! Let him buy his wedding-ring at Touchstone & Glitterby's, Silver Street, Golden Square.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has returned from America, but not before making generous acknowledgment of the cordial treatment which the great novelist has received from the warm-hearted Transatlanticans. May the excellent feeling which has been created long endure, and never may the apple of discord be thrown between cousins. We take this opportunity of adding that we have received a fine assortment of American Apples, in admirable condition. Pippin & Ribston, Pudding Lane, E.C.

SHALL CANDLES AND INCENSE be permitted in Church? Such is the question now agitating the Anglican communion. While it is to be deplored that such a cause of quarrel should inflame religious minds to worldly ire, it must be allowed that in many cases the second article ought to be permitted where the first is sanctioned, for the smell of most modern candles requires to be neutralised by a more agreeable odour. Not so with the patent Planet Candles of Messrs. Splutter & Hogshead, which can be obtained only at 15, Tallow Terrace, Snufferton Wick.

NALFABETL.—This mellifluous word is probably unknown to the majority of the public, yet those whom it describes are unfortunately to be counted by the million among us. It indicates the Italians who are without rudimentary education. To those who for political, theological, or philanthropic reasons are desirous to extinguish the race of the British Unalphabetted, no better work can be recommended for distribution than the Primer for the Poor, edited by the Society of St. Cadmus, and sold at all the offices of the A.B.C. Railway Guide.

MR. BUCKSTONE AS IAGO, for the farewell benefit of Mr. Paul Bedford, on Saturday, the 16th May, is a very suggestive personation. We wonder whether that estimable manager's practical mind will lead him to the conclusion that if he has stolen a lady's handkerchief, no great harm is done if he present her with another and a better. If so the article he requires may be purchased ready hemmed, washed, and perfumed with jasmine, at Wipe & Fogle's, Bandanna House, Rag Fair. N.B. Patronised by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambrick.

THIS IS THE JEW whose teeth King John drew was probably the contemptuous phrase hurled at the unfortunate and doubly bereaved Israelite who suffered personally from the ignorance of feudal tyrants that money can be dragged as mercilessly from the tax-payer without the aid of the forceps. It is delightful to think that with the lapse of years have come the lessons of humanity, and that the Hebrew, instead of enduring royal dentistry, is now himself the master-dentist of the world, and soothes the sorrows of carious Christians.—Apply to Messrs. Mephibosbeth, Sheshbazzar, & Zathnathpaaneah, between 10 and 4, Saturdays excepted, at 11, Solomon Passage, Old Jewry, E.C.

WAR WITH PRUSSIA is apparently the intention of the Emperor of the French, for though, as Emile de Girardin has observed, words say No, facts say Yes. Fearful will be the responsibility of a potentate who without any just cause or impediment plunges two vast nations into the vortex of combat, and while increasing the financial burdens of his country diminishes the number of persons who bear them. But it is the duty of all to be prepared for the vicissitudes of foreign affairs, and at this moment Berlin wool is at a price which encourages investment. Apply to Messrs. Kettle, Holder, & Slippers, 15, Woolpack Lane.

WHO SHALL DECIDE when doctors disagree? Great *Punch's* answer is, refer to Me, and the advice is marked by his usual boldness and wisdom. But there are times when even the supreme skill of the philosopher of Fleet Street fails to relieve the patient who repiningly beholds himself made the *corpus vile* for the experiments of quacks, basely fumbling in the dark, and inserting drugs of which they know little, into a body of which they know nothing. At such a moment the Balsam of Timbuctoo, prepared only by the lawful wives of the Emperor of that region, is the true remedy, and it may be procured in large or small bottles at Fur & Mendax's, Swindleton Road, Knavesmire.

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID to Mr. Disraeli, when he asked her leave to dissolve, is the subject of speculation, but will probably never be known until that versatile author publishes his *Curiosities of Politics*. While all are equally in the dark, it is lawful to all to ventilate suggestion, and it is quite possible that Her Majesty may have recommended the Premier to call at No. 2, Liqueurpond Row, Yorkshire Stingo, and take a ham or beef sandwich and a glass of prime old stunning ale, for fourpence. But if the hint was not given by the Sovereign, it is now given by her loyal servants, the proprietors, to the Premier, and also to the People.

SHOULD THE WORD implying excess of joy be spelt Ecstasy or Eostacy? There has been much debate on this subject, and a very heavy bet has been laid at one of the leading clubs. Some persons rely upon classic argument, and stand up for the *e*, while others are content *stare super vias antiquas*, to stare at the old streets, and use the old and masculine spelling, good enough for him who never saw any other spelling of his noble line than

"Or waked to ecstasy the living liar."

But the spelling is of little consequence, provided the sentiment be felt, and those who would cause either ecstasy, extasy, or ecstacy in the hearts of their little ones, will buy them the Goodigoodi Bonbon, warranted harmless, pleasant, and medicinal. Sold only at Rock & Toffey's, Sweetman's Alley, Syrup Road.

THE RITE FAL LARAL WHACK, or, in other words, the right-ful heir'll win in the great Tichborne case. But who is the rightful heir? Mr. C. L. Kenney, inventor of the above *mot*, will hardly take on himself to decide. Nor will we. But what we will venture to say, and to say in the most decisive manner too, is that even should Old Father Antic the Law enact his old part, and devour the oyster, giving each party a shell, that bivalve will not equal the oysters to be had every day in the season at the low price of three-and-sixpence a dozen, at Spatt's Oyster Room, Vinegar Yard.

"BINO, BEEO, BOBBLETY BUMPS." This exquisite song, in the sparkling burlesque of *Take a 'Poon, pig*, now performing at the Earlswood Theatre, is nightly encored seventeen times by intellectual audiences. Without presuming to speculate upon the meaning of the words, we will observe that bumps, as also bruises, sprains, consumption, corns, and hams may be instantaneously cured by the use of Blarney's Patent Alleviator, to be had of all low druggists.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

THE hand which had gripped PIEL DORNTON round the ankle was not to be shaken off easily.

BESS failed to take advantage of his helpless position, and was only too glad to welcome JOSEPH, as the young man sprang up, through the hole in the earth, from the cavern where he had been secreted. He had been climbing the cliffs, in the pursuit of his usual occupation, when his attention had been arrested by the girl's cry for assistance, and he had at once dashed into the recess and so gained the entrance.

"PIEL DORNTON," said the young sailor, "this is *my* betrothed. You have riches, no matter how you came by them, you have houses and lands, but dare to injure so much as a hair of the head of this trembling girl, and your sacred calling shall prove no protection to you,

for as sure as the Eyrie's eggs are nothing other than the eggs of the Eyrie, so surely will that moment be your last, and by my hand, PIEL DORNTON!"

The young man's eyes dilated, and his cheek flushed as he gave utterance to his pent-up feelings.

The Clergyman was foiled. He did not at once see his plan of action.

"The old boy," he said, coarsely, "will soon pop off."

BESS was hardened to most things, but this allusion to her father came so sharply and rudely upon her ear, that for a moment she could only attempt to gather his meaning.

"Do you wish to see him?" asked JOSEPH.

"I do," replied PIEL DORNTON, savagely. "You shall have his last word, ay, if it be the last he should speak on this earth, for the solemn promise he made me. Your triumph will be short, young man. Come, come!"

They descended the hill. Still following in his track came the Child of Destiny.

"He is mine! mine!" he whispered to himself.

A light shone from the cottage window, as they tapped at the door.



PIEL DORNTON grasped his pistol.

In another moment a gaunt spectral form partly appeared from the inner chamber, and rising from the low pallet—

The Authors engaged on this part of the Novel to the Editor.—So at last we're going to have an innings. Time for our turn, after all the Shipwrecked House business, which is read by a few perhaps, though we admit the interest of the tale is not diminished by the intervening Boomerang & Co., simply because the public is waiting for our contribution. But we would ask (on seeing the proofs) why don't you put a good heading to this chapter, referring to the one before with which this is connected?

Editor to Above.—It shall be done. (Subsequently it was found to be impracticable.) The Editor must confess that he is by no means satisfied with the style of the above letter. However, he is sure no harm is meant, and he does hope, &c. &c., as before.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROKEN TIES.

THE old man cried feebly, "The papers! the papers!"

PIEL DORNTON held JOSEPH by the arm for a moment.

"What papers?" he inquired.

JOSEPH answered him with a low laugh and an extension motion of peculiar import which he had learnt when in the Benician militia.

PIEL DORNTON was a bold bad man, but even bold bad men must sometimes shudder. He shuddered.

Taking the advantage thus offered him, JOSEPH shook him off and descended the staircase.

On his way out he passed a crouching form in a dark corner. That form was *his* good genius; it was DORNTON's evil genius. The infant.

It was a rugged and perilous descent down the steepest part of the cliff to where the papers were hidden in a hole in the rock.

He looked over the edge, and saw a white strip fluttering in the breeze. In an instant he had decided.

While JOSEPH was thus engaged PIEL DORNTON was alone with old MARTIN, for BESS, seeing that her father was unable any longer to go out fishing for a livelihood (he had always caught one previously in the neighbourhood) had taken his boat, and nets, and bait carefully preserved in moss, and had gone out to win the support which was needed for their evening meal and the next day's dinner.

PIEL DORNTON was alone with old MARTIN.

"The papers!" shouted PIEL DORNTON in the dying man's ear.

"Don't! Don't!" said old MARTIN, who was sinking fast, getting under the bed clothes and kicking feebly.

Seeing this muscular demonstration, PIEL DORNTON, who, as has already been shown, was something of a physician, at once saw that he was near his last. A bucket was in the room, used probably for the preservation of the fish after they'd been caught: this he carefully removed from within reach of the old man's feet.

"Now then!" he exclaimed, lugging him from underneath the blanket by the hair of his head.

"Don't hurt a poor old man," urged MARTIN, cowering again from the expected blow.

"I won't!" returned PIEL, "but tell me what was in those papers, or I'll choke you."

In vain poor MARTIN tried to turn it off as a jest; in vain he tried to eke out the few hours intervening before his child's return. PIEL DORNTON knew his own game too well: he was inexorable.

"The papers," whispered the venerable invalid, "were left here by my brother's family solicitor, who ran away and was never heard of more. They attest the right of my daughter to a baronetcy of fifty millions per annum. That is what is the matter."

"You lie!" roared DORNTON.

"I don't! indeed I don't," cried the unfortunate old man, disappearing beneath the counterpane just in time to avoid the blow with the fire-shovel which PIEL DORNTON aimed at his head. Then he fired his pistols about the room and strode from the cottage.

Dogged by his evil genius: at a distance.

He came to the edge and looked over.

JOSEPH was below, with his head in the hole, getting something.

In another moment the watcher above saw what it was.

The papers! in *his* hand!

"Give them up!" he shouted.

"Never!" returned JOSEPH, clinging to the white strip which hung between him and destruction.

The sea beneath roared for its prey.

"One more chance I give you," said PIEL, quietly opening a clasp knife.

"I will accept no chances at your hands," replied the brave youth.

PIEL DORNTON severed the tie.

The sea roared and bounded against the yellow rocks with joy. It had received its prey.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NETT PROFIT.

TEN miles out at sea sat BESS MARTIN laboriously toiling. No fish, except a few of those hybrids between bird of the night and flying-fish, intitled Tittlebats, had come to her net. She thought of her father, she thought of everything, and everybody.*

Then she felt a jerk at her floats. The net bobbed, it was as much as she could do to hold it. At last, after much struggling,† she hauled it into the boat. At first, by the light of the crescent moon, it was difficult to see what monstrous creature this was twirling among the hooks.

At last as the clouds cleared off, and the moon again shone forth, the night was as clear as a summer's day.

Then she clasped her hands above her head. In the Net was a man writhing.

"JOSEPH!" she exclaimed.

He tore through the cords which held him, and telling her of PIEL DORNTON's dastardly attempt, pressed her to his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" she exclaimed.

He would have returned to shore at once with the papers, which they then examined carefully, but unfortunately to very little purpose, neither of them having had those extra advantages of education which include a towel, spoon, and fork, and the alphabet, in at all events its ordinary form, exclusive of capital letters.

They wept; tears of joy.

Then said she, "You must not return; he will kill you."

"If he will do that, I will *not* return," he said, boldly.

"But where is a place of safety?" he asked.

She shook her head.

A light streamed across the ocean.

"Ha!" she exclaimed. "I see it."

"So do I," said JOSEPH.

In a second it struck them both.

To the Lighthouse!

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(To be continued.)

* The Editor apologises for cutting out five pages of mental diagnosis and psychological analysis as to what she was thinking about, *how* she thought and *why* she thought it, as he really does want to get to the action. They won't be angry, as he does everything for the best, and therefore he is sure that they will not allow any paltry æsthetic feeling to interfere and cause a breach of that harmony which has been throughout the distinguishing mark of the co-workers on this delightful story.

† Note by Editor.—Lengthened description of struggles omitted, for reason above-mentioned. We must get on.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR ARTIST.

To the Editor of "Chickin Hazard."

DEAR SIR,

The drawing I send requires some explanation.

It struck me that a long sojourn on a tropical island would make a regular new fit-out of clothes desirable both for GRACE and the

BOOMERANG. NUTT's inexhaustible intelligence has provided for GRACE a costume embroidered with pearls and wings of birds, and for himself a lounging suit of forest leaf and fern: she, in her gratitude, presents him with a waistcoat she has made out of a warm and costly material, impervious to wet, and promises him a pair of trowsers of the same.

The scene is the bay; at their feet are starfish and crosstaceæ of various orders (of merit); they have only got to stoop and pick them up.

I have effected a radical change in GRACE's form and features, to please the gentlemen connected with the Boomerang portion of the Letter-press; you will find the original of this new type in those Books of Beauty and Fashion published a few years ago, and illustrated with steel engravings of the portraits of our female aristocracy.

Ever yours, GASTON DE MALACELL.

SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE POLITICAL ARTS.

I. TO DISSOLVE PARLIAMENT.

THERE are two descriptions of Parliament, one perfectly transparent and insipid, the other dark and full of impurities. According to the qualitative analysis of some eminent chemists, common Parliament, that is the Parliament of commerce, is composed of

Ministerial Varnish,
Soft Soap,
Gum Benjamin, and
Colouring Matter.

From gum Benjamin Parliament is supposed to derive its adhesive properties. This substance, though not possessing any peculiar consistency, is wonderfully plastic, and may be moulded into any form by patient manipulation. It is, however, capable of resisting considerable pressure, and while it is itself with difficulty displaced, is said to have the somewhat anomalous power, in combination with Queen's metal, of dissolving all bodies to which it is opposed.

Who has not observed with admiring interest how the sensitive atoms of Parliament are held in suspense, sometimes for weeks, by an occult influence which when in motion resembles fine dust, producing violent irritation and intolerable dizziness?

II. ELECTORAL AFFINITIES.

Gold is an universal political solvent, specially remarkable for its electoral affinities. Administered by an expert hand, tumid independence is speedily reduced, and if largely employed, decomposition of all the electoral tissues supervenes. When the auriferous wires of a powerful club battery are brought in contact with the Poll, which, for this purpose, may be considered as an inexhaustible receiver, the Poll becomes positively electrified with venal avidity, the whole body surrounding the Poll, being charged with a subtle fluid technically called craft.

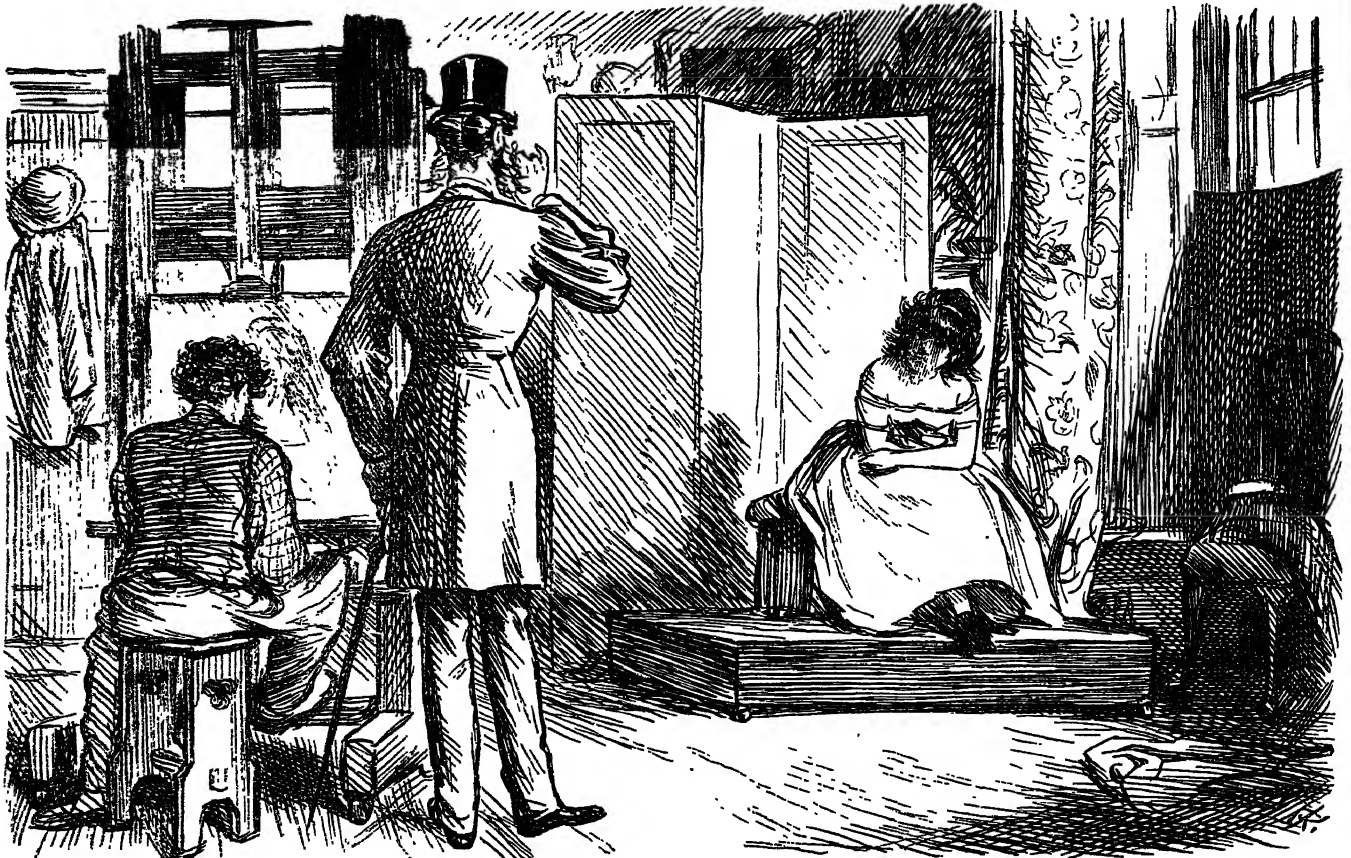
Decomposed electoral tissue is always very offensive, and causes faintness among young practitioners if exhibited in the House.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

SOME want a Swell Commander,
Exclusive son of Mars,
A CONON or LYXANDER
Of Guardsmen or Hussars.
But, of all efficient Generals,
There's none for to compare,
'Tis without doubt a verity found out,
To the British Engineer.

A CLERICAL TONE.

THE ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, the other day, told the deputation which waited upon him with a memorial praying him to oppose the Universities Tests Bill, that "he should do all in his power to maintain the religious tone of the clergy and ministers." In this determination his Grace is to be commended—with some reserve. There is a tone which, being adopted by some of the clergy in the reading-desk and in the pulpit, but especially in the pulpit, may be called religious, but which the Archbishop should do all in his power not to maintain but to terminate. A certain class of reverend gentlemen, thinking to read prayers, or to preach, impressively as the reporters say, and, from natural vulgarity, uncorrected by drill in elocution, not knowing how, are accustomed to recite the service, or deliver their discourses, in a moaning tone of voice, which instead of being impressive is ridiculous. A preacher had better intone his sermon than hold forth in such a tone as that. The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY will do well to deprecate this canting sort of utterance.



BAD ORTHOEPEY.

Swell. "A—UGH! A—DM'ABLE! BA—Y JOVE, 'PERFECT M'RILLAH, I DYCLARE!" *Pert Model.* "GORILLA YOURSELF!!"
Artist. "MURILLO! HE MEANS MURILLO!" *Pert Model.* "THEN WHY DON'T HE SAY SO?"

POLITICAL PARLANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

How delightful it is to be able to converse with Politicians! I often wish I were, not a butterfly nor a bird—nothing so ridiculous—but an Electress! That's a new word, *Mr. Punch*; but it will be required soon, you'll see, if things go on merrily with our dear little MILL. "When the wind blows, then—" you know the rest; and every little puff is of service in keeping it in motion. But, dear *Mr. Punch*, sometimes I tremble at the very thought of my impending responsibility, for I am so dreadfully ignorant of Parliamentary chat. Of course, I know perfectly well what is going on in the "Deliberative Assembly" (as it is sometimes pleasantly designated) near Westminster Hall. How can it be otherwise, when every week you so kindly set before your grateful guests that "Essence of Parliament" which is so nicely adapted to please every lady's taste, however exigent it may be?

But what I cannot comprehend are the technical terms with which you, *Mr. Punch*, are so charmingly conversant. For instance, how funny it seems for people to resolve to read something "this day six months." If it be worth reading at all, why not read it at once, and have done with it? I doubt whether a novel would be allowed to "lie on the table" so long uncut.

Then, again, some honourable Member, at his wit's end to bother a pertinacious opponent, moves a curious obstacle in his way, which he calls "the previous question," but never dreams of telling any one what the question is. Before EDMUND (not the Confessor, but my EDMUND) popped the momentous question to me, the previous question he put to my little brother PETER was—a most ridiculous one, to be sure, but it shows what importance men attach to anything that gratifies their senses—"Did CICELY ever make a custard pudding?" That was his "previous question;" but EDMUND is a little bit of an artist, and I have heard if you wish to impress a painter's heart, you must show a lively interest in his palate.

I half suspect the "previous question" is, "Would MR. SPEAKER like to recline on the sofa?" an inquiry which would naturally precede

the ordinary proposal that "MR. SPEAKER do leave the Chair;" a position which however uncomfortable, I suppose he can only occupy during the suspension of the "Standing Orders."

As the essence of female curiosity is a laudable desire for mental improvement, perhaps, *Mr. Punch*, you will some day introduce into your celebrated Parliamentary Essence a little explanation of political parlance, which will so much oblige,

The Priory.

Yours, very sincerely, CICELY CHATSWORTH.

NEW BOOKS.

SOME writers seem to fancy there is something in a name, at any rate as far as regards a work of fiction. Perhaps they think that readers are attracted by a title, like plebeian millionnaires. We shall not be surprised if, before the year be over, the following new works are announced as being "nearly ready" for the public:—

Corks or Bladders. By the Author of *Sink or Swim.*

The Harvest of a Busy B. By the Author of *The Harvest of a Quiet I.*

Big Bores. By the Authoress of *Little Foxes.*

Crack it Up. A Sequel to *Live it Down.*

Sweets to the Suite. A Tale of the Court; being a Companion work to *Tonic Bitters.*

As Much Again as Half. By the Author of *One Too Many.*

Cap and Scissors. By the Author of *Sword and Gown.*

Winks through a Window. A Sensation Sequel to *Lights through a Lattice.*

Goodtempered Greengages. A Romantic Novel, written by the Author of *Cross Currents.*

Paternal Solicitude.

OBJECTION has been taken to CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL converting his son, who was a Lieutenant of Lancers, into a Clerk of Assize. Has it occurred to the cavillers that the Chief Justice wishes to give his son the opportunity of seeing what a real action is?

HINTS FOR DERBY TALKERS.



YOU inform me, my dear GERALD, in a letter which you omitted to prepay, that you are going to forsake the study of the law on Wednesday, the 27th, to accompany your fellow-student, MARKHAM CLINTON, his sister and cousin, and hamper, in the family barouche, to Epsom Downs; and you ask me to supply you with some materials for conversation on the way, telling me, as one of your trustees, that you are desirous to secure the good opinion of your friend's sister (photograph enclosed), who is two-and-twenty, of prepossessing exterior—your expression, not mine—and the favourite niece of an aunt

with funded property, in delicate health and Dorsetshire.

Having known you from your perambulator, and being anxious to see you settled in life, and a roomy house, I am ready to comply with your wishes, and be your "Guide to the Turf," and will do for you what I have done for millions in previous years in these pages—a testimonial, I am told, is in contemplation, the minimum subscription five guineas, and the substantial acknowledgment an *épergne* and an oil portrait—run through the names of the principal competitors for the great stakes, and prime you with some stable talk, avoiding technicalities, imparting useful information, and abstaining from any attempt to vaticinate the Winner of the Derby of 1868, which the newspapers are sure to say was more numerously attended than on any previous occasion, although I have it on the tip of my tongue to put you up to something which my man told me he heard from his cousin, who is engaged to the sister of the brother of one of the helpers in the — stable.

Place aux Dames! Lady Elizabeth. (No indirect opinion is meant to be conveyed that the filly is sure to get a place.) A safe Bet, her backers say—a good Bet, all will say who have money on the mare from a florin to a rent-roll, happy as the Day is long, when the Battle of Hastings is over, and the Elizabethan style has thousands of hoarse admirers, provided she passes the Judge's chair first, if only by an eyebrow. I halt a moment to express my conviction that of all duties, a Government Whip's alone excepted, those of a racing Judge must be the most delicate and difficult.

Rosicrucian. BLANCHE and her cousin ISABEL will be sure to ply you with searching questions, which your University education may fail to enable you to answer. Who was Rosicrucian? What was Rosicrucian? Why is a horse called Rosicrucian? I will therefore deal you out a little of my encyclopædic information, that you may pass your examination creditably. The Rosicrucians, then, were a sect of philosophers (according to their admirers), of impostors (according to their enemies) who filled the daily papers, and got involved in lawsuits about five-and-a-half hundred years ago, pretending, amongst other things (see bills of the day in the British Museum), that they possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone, a contrivance for changing the inferior metals—tin, copper, electro-plate, &c.—into gold. If you, my dear GERALD, have money on the horse, and he wins, you will be a sincere believer in the power of a Rosicrucian to produce sovereigns such as the Master of the Mint cannot beat; but if he loses, you will, with the satiric literature of the time in which the sect flourished, show him up as an impostor.

Blue Gown. You will find your fair travelling companions (by the way, I cannot be certain, from the photograph, whether *she* is light or dark: if the former, I shall use the freedom of calling her likeness a *carte Blanche*) very much interested in this steed, its name suggesting millinery and dress-making observations, which, if you wish to have rational conversation, you must instantly suppress. May SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY's lot in life and Surrey be happy! Yet there are sceptics who insist that the Derby is "not for JOSEPH"—a quotation from a classical author (see *Macmillan* for May—Article, "Lucretius") irresistible, but indefensible.

Paul Jones. Who is he? Is he in society? BLANCHE the blonde, and ISABEL the brunette, will test your academical knowledge with a co-operative curiosity which you may find embarrassing. Narrate, therefore, when the lobster blushes and the Moselle sparkles with delight, and the glove business is uncommonly brisk, as follows:—Distinguished political economist; founder of the Utilitarian school in the Black Forest; in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister;

invented the corkscrew and the Shoeblack Brigade; Knight of the Hare and Tortoise; died at sea; monument in Westminster Abbey.

Speculum. Have you backed this horse? Then, if he lands his ducal owner's colours first—you will observe by my phraseology that I have been reading sporting papers lately, night and day—he will prove a good Spec.; if he is in the ruck, wherever that may be, you will denounce him as a bad Specul(um)ation. Another glass of Moselle, if you please, after that.

Tom Bowline Colt. How can a horse expect to run away with stakes of the value of £5,678, or something of the sort, when he has not even taken the trouble to provide himself with a name of his own? If you are peculiarly interested, retain some spiritualist to cross-examine the late MR. CHARLES DIBDIN as to his estimate of T. B. Junior's chance, and get MR. SIMS KEEVES to sing his praises, and tell you whether "Bowline" ought not to be "Bowling."

Green Sleeve. See observations on *Blue Gown*.

Orion. Read up astronomy, mythology, and quote from MR. HORNE's poem; also compose a parody on "*Beautiful Star*," and recite it in the barouche coming home, if this constellation, or Sign of the Zodiac, or galaxy, or whatever the Astronomer Royal would call it, is in the ascendant, and shoots a-head of all terrestrial competitors, carrying off the prize to the skies where he will be received with a "perfect ovation," and have addresses presented to him.

Pace. I think I understood that you had drawn him in a sweepstakes: if so, let us hope he will go the pace.

St. Roman. The title of one of SCOTT's novels (you have heard of SIR WALTER SCOTT, I believe?) will rise to the lips of the backers of this the last horse I shall embalm for posterity, if he wins—St. Roman's well!

I shall find the barouche out. Don't forget the truffles in the pie. You will know me by the ruffles on my shirt. If any one of the horses puts money into your pocket, show your gratitude to the noble animal by vowing never to eat him, or any other courser.

Yours, Emily Faithfully,

Drinking Fountain Court.

TEMPLE CHAMBERS.

MEMORANDUM ON MILITARY ECONOMY.

THE 'only serious argument against the abolition of purchase in the Army, proposed in Parliament by MR. TREVELYAN, is that the country will have to pay handsomely for that reform. In connection with the increase of payment which will be thereby entailed, your economists may consider another department of warlike expenditure. They have been informed by the *Times* that:—

"A charge of powder and shot rarely cost above 15s.; now every shot from a 9-inch gun costs at least £4 5s., and from the 12-inch gun about £7 12s. Many varieties of projectiles cost a great deal more. The ammunition alone required to test a 9-inch gun costs £1,800. In 1860 it cost only £150. We are now making 12-inch guns, and if it costs £1,800 to test a 9-inch gun, it will cost £2,000 to test a 12-inch."

From the same authority economical legislators may learn that shells cost £7 12s. each; from £7 12s. perhaps we should rather say. Now only fancy firing our modern artillery on these terms—blazing away at this rate in vain! The expense of military projectiles and ordnance may be less than that of naval, but is more than heavy enough to make its prevention, or diminution to the smallest possible amount, very desirable. Howbeit no such expense, if necessary, can be spared. The object, therefore, to be accomplished in warfare is that of having the greatest possible number of enemies, or amount of mischief, to show for the money which goes in every shot, and still more in every shell. To this end the shooting must be got over by victory as soon as possible. That requires the most efficient officers we can procure. Let promotion, then, go not by purchase, but by merit, which will cost you much less than you will otherwise throw away in powder and shot.

Women's Rights with a Vengeance!

A BILL laid before Parliament by a number of gentlemen, including MR. MILL, the Philosopher, for legalising female rights, provides, amongst other things, that wives shall be capable "of contracting, suing, and being sued, as if they were unmarried women." Suing and being sued! Wives to have suitors as though they were spinsters still!

Oh, MR. MILL!

SIXES AND SEVENS.

THE present state of affairs in the House of Commons is one of manifest derangement. Is it the delirium which precedes dissolution?

AS SHYLOCK SAID.

Railway Shareholder, with Shares at a Discount.—"Give me my principal, and let me go."



LAST NEW THING IN SKIRTS.

Aunt (slightly shocked). "WHY, CHILD, ALL YOUR CLOTHES ARE FALLING OFF!"
 Laura. "OH, DEAR, NO, AUNT; IT'S THE FASHION!"

DENSITY AND DIRTY WATER.

At the approaching Handel Festival, some that have ears will hear that wonderful Chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, "*They Loathed to Drink of the River.*" So, the hearers may think, might the British public. In a summary of the Registrar-General's report for 1866, thus says the *Times*—

"DR. FARR has to state that there is no apparent evidence of decline in the rate of death from fever. He considers it exceedingly probable that typhoid fever is sustained by increasing contamination of the waters, and typhus by the increased density of the population."

No doubt the increased density of the population is what chiefly sustains both typhus and typhoid fever. The increasing contamination of the waters is caused by the increased density of the population whose towns are drained into them. That density is double; not only physical but moral; and it is moral density that pollutes the streams of England, making them flow with slops, and sewage, and the slush of chemical works. Owing to this density the fish are perishing in the rivers and the flowers on their banks. It is a density worse than PETER BELL'S in effect; for the primrose on the river's brim had at least an existence for PETER, and he saw that it was yellow, whereas, from our population of increased density, that primrose has mostly disappeared; and, where it does here and there occur, it looks whitish-brown. But if the increasing density of the population causes destructive fevers, the moral density must in a considerable measure operate in diminishing the physical. That is to say, it must thin the population. Were this density rarefied by needful culture, would not its rarefaction bring the death-rate down?

This is a question that may be deemed worthy of attention by practical gentlemen accustomed to stigmatise solicitude for the conservation of pure streams, pretty flowers, and the beauties of nature at large, in any degree of contrariety to material progress as "sentiment." Call it sentiment, Gentlemen, if you will; this sentiment is a difference between you and some of our humble servants: it also distinguishes them from the lower animals. It is a weakness which you are exempt from, eh? So is the ass.

THE POWER OF STREET-MUSIC.

O INCENSE-BREATHING Spring!
 What lord of Music's art
 Of thee shall help me sing,
 BEETHOVEN, or MOZART?
 As nightingales in May,
 As blackbirds sing in June,
 Ah! so would I, but all astray
 Am led by that street-tune—

Sing, in June,
 Not that tune,
 Not that music, not that music;
 Not that tune,
 Not in June,
 Not that music, not that tune!

CECILIA, sainted maid,
 Do thou my song inspire;
 Oblige me with the aid
 Of thy celestial quire.
 Impart a hallowed strain
 Suggesting hope and joy—
 O horror, there he goes again,
 That grinding-organ boy!

And *Champagne Charlie* is his air,
 Low, vile execrable air!
 Tune unsuitable for song of flowers,
 Cuckoo crying in the woodland bowers.
 Airy carol of the lark.

The golden sunlight glows
 With love, whose season's this;
 The west wind woos the rose:
 My soul is faint with bliss.
 To power of sweetest sound
 I fain would wed my verse.
 Once more that organ-boy confound!
 I copy, while I curse,

The sing-song that is fit to drive one crazy,
 And can't help warbling. Oh!
 Of all thy flowers that blow,
 Thou lovely Spring, I wish I were a daisy.

THE DEAR CREATURES.

LADIES, look at this description of how one of you was dressed at a late ball in Paris, a ball which probably did not begin till midnight, and may therefore very fitly be referred to as a late one:—

"Instead of a necklace of precious stones, she wore a garland of flowers à la *Parabère*. Her blond hair was relieved behind, straight from the roots: with neither chignon nor nattes; the hair attached at the summit of the head, and terminating in bows. Several roses were fastened in the hair in a very graceful manner."

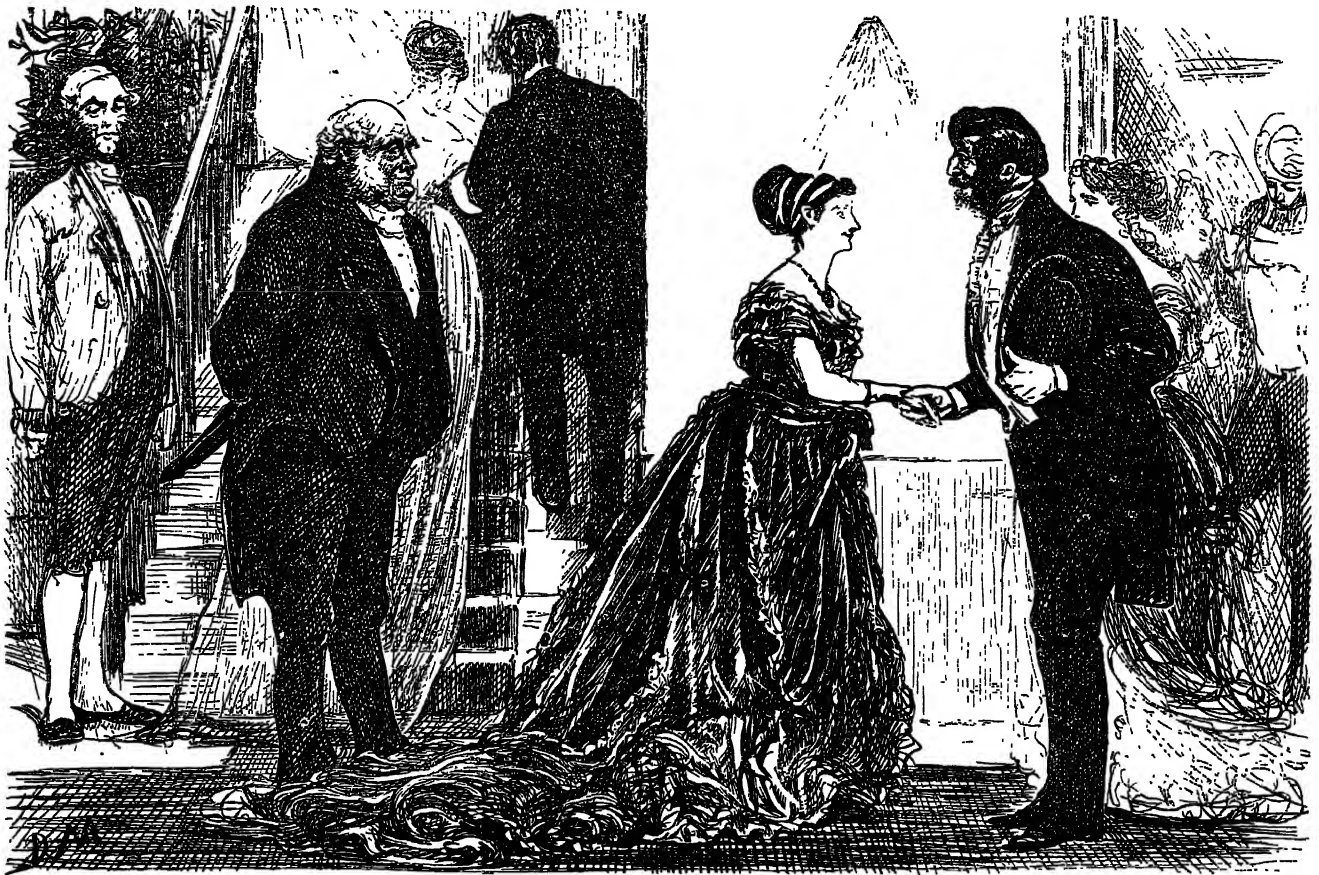
A punster might protest that a lady without *nattes* hardly could look natty; but wiser persons will reflect upon the wisdom of a woman who wears neither *nattes* nor chignon which in any way may hide the beauty of her neck. They will rejoice, moreover, to learn that in these days of over-dressing and extravagance, there is still living a lady who, "instead of a necklace," has the taste to wear a simple garland of flowers. Surely, they will say, a jewel of a woman needs no jewellery for ornament. Good looks require no diamonds, as good wine needs no bush. A bright eye far outshines the sparkle of a ruby; a white skin has a beauty far more brilliant than a pearl.

Pearls however are still worn by the swellest of Paris, and worn in great profusion, as the following will prove:—

"Another lady had a very peculiar kind of headdress; she was literally covered with pearls."

A lady covered with pearls must be really a dear creature, in respect of the enormous lot of money she must cost. We pity the poor man, unless he be as rich as *Croesus*, whose wife goes out to dances with her head covered with pearls. We wonder how many she loses on an average each evening, and whether she drops more in a gallop or a waltz. To dance with such a woman must really, to our thinking, be a dangerous adventure; for if a handful of her pearls were to fall into one's pocket, her husband might suspect one of intending to pearl-oil them.

AXIOM FOR THE ADMIRALTY.—A Rolling Ship plants no Shot.



KNOCKING OVER AN OLD BUCK.

"WHAT, YOU HERE, MY DEAR MR. BRUMBLE! IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN! WHY, YOU MIGHT HAVE CHAPERONED ME, AND POOR PAPA MIGHT HAVE STAYED AT HOME!"

MAGNETISM OF THE HORSE.

WHATEVER, *Mr. Punch*, may be your opinion about Mesmerism, you will doubtless admit that, in a certain sense, there is some reality in a species of animal magnetism; a magnetic force which attracts some people to some animals. Not to mention mere pets, dogs and horses may, for example, be said to be animal magnets, or magnetic animals. The magnetic properties of the horse, especially, are wonderful in the extreme. What attraction the creature has for the multitude, what fascination for most, and how it possesses some people with downright infatuation! Permit me, this racing week, to quote a few lines from your friend "ARGUS":—

"Still, faulty and ruinous as the conduct of the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS must be admitted to have been, and for which, as I have said before, I am no apologist, it is only right the public should know, before they condemn him so severely as they have done, the sacrifices he has made for the maintenance of his credit. In the first place he has disposed of his Racehorses, his Hunters, his Hounds, his Hacks, the Reversion to Donnington, and his London estate. In addition, he was absolutely forcing into the market the other securities he had to offer to meet his difficulties when they had come to a crisis, as he felt them at the time very keenly."

The liabilities which have necessitated these sacrifices on the part of the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS are estimated by "ARGUS" at about £50,000, to meet which the Marquis was prepared to raise £20,000—a sum whereof one-half would make a philosopher (without wife and children) happy. That noble lord the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, you see, Sir, has lost all his property, apparently, if not more besides, in bets made upon that noble animal, the horse. A noble animal it is, truly; chivalry and the equestrian order derive their very names from it; yet in these days, anyhow, it is one thing to be chivalrous and another to be horsey. Regarded as an animal magnet, the horse does not appear to emit exactly a noble animal magnetism—does it? On the contrary, it attracts blackguards about it in far greater numbers than gentlemen, and it is apt to exert a very demoralising influence even on gentlemen; stultifying most of those whom it does not demoralise. Under the influence of that noble animal men win money like rogues, or lose it like fools. But what I want to call your attention to is the evidently magnetic nature of this influence.

In the first place, Sir, consider the polarity of the horsey influence. The roguery on the one hand, and the folly on the other, in which it becomes visible, curiously correspond to the north and south poles of terrestrial or ferro-magnetism, or to positive and negative electricity. In the next, think of the property which horses thus apparently possess, of imparting the aptitude to cheat or to be cheated. Is there not something in this similar, at least, to magnetic and electric induction? The horse appears to affect the majority of those about it either with positive dishonesty, or with a negation of intellect. In the latter case, that is to say, when its magnetic induction is an inducement to lose money, may not that noble animal the horse be said to induce upon a man the condition and quality of that ignoble animal the donkey? Strange that the horse should make asses of men; but so it does.

In the particular case to which this communication refers, let us rejoice, *Mr. Punch*, that the negative effect of horsey animal magnetism was the only one induced. Let us hope that it was transient, and no longer exists.

Allow me to conclude with a remark on a few peculiar words in the foregoing quotation. I wonder how many sporting gents would like to bet that they could correctly recite the statement of "ARGUS" that the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS had disposed of his Hunters, his Hounds, and his Hacks. Horsey magnetic influence does not seem always to confer the ability to pronounce the word "horse" aright, or to talk horse with any utterance of that word's initial letter, unless where it ought not to be sounded. Of the betting men congregated at Epsom, for instance, a no small proportion, perhaps, would tell you that they don't believe in 'Ossy Hanimal Magnetism. They demonstrate, however, what they mean to deny to

PARACELSUS MINOR.

P.S. Horse-shoes are still nailed to doors by bumpkins for a defence against witchcraft. The most usual form of magnetised iron or steel is that of the horse-shoe magnet. These are facts—*valde quantum*.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—STUART KNOX's Comprehension of the meaning of "Corroboration."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 18th. The Education Bill was scratched. No great loss, for it was a three-legged brute, and very weak. "All Mr. GLADSTONE'S fault that the scratching had to be done," said the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, plaintively. Which, in a sense it is, no doubt, as if he had not brought out the Irish horse, the Government screws might have had a chance. Excuse racing slang on the Derby Day.

Next came the Regulation of Railways Bill. One good thing was stuck into it. The nuisance of a smoky chimney, reeking before you for hours, and filling the carriages with sulphureous odours, ought to be abated. The Companies lay the fault on the engine-drivers, and the engine-drivers on the Companies. The Bill imposes a heavyish penalty on both. Something should have been said of the cheek of a Company that inflicts huge volumes of foul smoke on a passenger, and fines him for lighting a ten-penny cigar.

About three years ago a fellow called O'LEARY was sent to gaol in Ireland, and to the usual question, "What's your religion?" impudently replied, "that he had none, and that he called himself 'Pagan' O'LEARY." Whereat the Governor, a military man, ordered him to have a religion immediately. He refused, and was put on penal diet, and this process was repeated until he declared himself a Roman Catholic. This being precisely the plan which Roman Catholics, where they have power, adopt for the purpose of making conversions, they can say nothing against it, but Mr. PETER TAYLOR, the Leicester grievance-monger, brought the matter before the House, which roared a good deal during LORD MAYO'S explanation. Of course, a conscientious atheist is entitled to all consideration and commiseration, but as this O'LEARY merely meant to be insolent and defiant, we do not know that any particular harm was done. When COLERIDGE, at school, avowed himself a republican, his master flogged him, "wisely, as I think, soundly, as I know."

We referred the Boundaries Bill to a Committee of Five, chosen by Mr. DISRAELI, who selected a majority of Liberals. Actually, none of the Opposition attacked him for this, or accused him of hypocrisy or trickery.

Then we prepared to go into Committee on the Scottish Reform Bill. It was proposed to give seven additional Members to Caledonia (stern and wild), and thereby to raise the numbers of the House of Commons. Mr. BAXTER asked, instead, that all English boroughs with fewer than 5000 inhabitants should be disfranchised, and the Scotch Members obtained in that way. SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY, an old Tory, preferred that places having two Members, and fewer than 12,000 people, should lose one seat. The PREMIER found that he must give way, so he supported the second proposition, but the House carried the first, and Government was again defeated; numbers 217 to 196, majority 21. The Scotchmen thus pulled a piece out of the English Reform Act, and obtained their demands at English expense. We suppose it is revenge for Flodden, but they must not carry their vengeance too far, or English indignation will carry an Act forbidding a Scotchman to quote BURNS more than six times in any one speech or article.

We went into Committee, and the irrepressible Scotch, led by Mr. BOUVIER, an Englishman, wopped the Government again, by 118 to 96. The clause enacting a Rate-paying qualification was knocked out.

Mr. DISRAELI then cried "halt," as this was an important alteration.

There was remonstrance, when out spoke SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, of the Victoria Cross, and advised the PREMIER to appeal to the country against his antagonists. The nation understood the situation, added SIR CHARLES, and that the business was merely a struggle for power between two men of eloquence and ability.

Mr. DISRAELI took until Thursday to consider.

It is convenient to add here, that having considered, he announced that this Amendment had been arrived at precipitately, and that he should give the House an opportunity for reconsideration. He should on the following Monday move that no one should vote in Scotland who had not been Rated, and paid his Rates.

Another scene of abuse was added to the Cabinet Drama. A few of the epigrams may amuse theatrical readers.

Hon. Percy Wyndham (a Conservative). Government pull out what they call their principles, as a showman draws his puppets from a bag, to be dangled awhile, and put away when they have served their turn. Some of us refuse to be dragged through the mud.

John Bright (a Quaker). The Minister ought not to menace us. A crisis twice a week is rather too much for my nerves. If he picks a quarrel now, it is for love of the quarrel.

Mr. Bouverie (a Whig). The Minister is like *Ancient Pistol*, also Mr. Toole. I could wish my enemy nothing more humiliating than his position.

Mr. J. Hardy (brother of Mr. G. Hardy). If Mr. BOUVIER likes to go into the country, nobody will regret it. Why give the narrow-minded Scotch more Members? I won't say with CHARLES THE SECOND that Presbyterianism is not a religion for a gentleman; but it is not conservative, and bands with Papists.

Sir R. Knightley (the old Tory). I only want the two other Reform Bills passed; then turn the Ministry out next day, if you like.

Sir George Bowyer (Catholic). The language used is the true humiliation. If Ministers desire to keep office, their opponents are hungry for place. He had heard no Ministerial menace, which would, indeed, be a crime.

Col. Lloyd Lindsay (Conservative Son-in-Law of Lord Overstone). Mean and paltry motives ought not to be attributed to the Ministerialists; and, as for Mr. WYNDHAM, let him remember ADDISON ON SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S hounds. An old one is listened to, but a raw dog may yelp his heart out.

[Of course, they met at Chalk Farm in the morning, when Mr. WYNDHAM's ball took effect in Primrose Hill, and Mr. LINDSAY'S somewhere in the Adelaide Road, after which they shook hands.]

Mr. G. Hardy (Home Secretary). I say nothing in the way of retaliation for offensive remarks, but why don't the Opposition try to put an end to an exhibition which they say is a disgrace? For that proceeding I long. I defy you. Make a distinct motion.

Mr. Bernal Osborne ("a nondescript country gentleman"). Baiting a Minister is delightful, but it may be carried too far. Let us pass the Bills. Representative institutions are getting rather to a discount.

Mr. Moncrieff (late Liberal Advocate). It is not right to throw Government crises into Scotch faces.

Then that matter was left until the Monday.

Tuesday. The important Friendly Societies Bill was scratched in the Lords.

Mr. GLADSTONE demanded the intentions of Mr. DISRAELI as to the Suspensory Act.

Mr. DISRAELI. As it is the first step towards the disestablishment of the Church, I intend to give it all possible opposition.

The whole sitting was given to a debate on the Purchase System in the Army. It was originated by Mr. TREVELYAN, who would abolish the system and buy up the vested interests, a process which GENERAL PEAR estimated would cost between ten and twelve millions. The discussion was too technical to be interesting, but the subject itself demands attention. The middle classes complain that they are nothing in the Army, which is composed only of the highest and lowest.

Wednesday. The day sitting was given to SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN'S Libel Bill, the object of which is to make the speakers of libels responsible for them instead of the newspaper which merely records them. It is a small and reasonable relief, yet it was opposed; but when we say that among the opponents was Mr. WHALLEY, we need scarcely add that the measure commends itself to every sensible man. It made progress.

Thursday. In addition to the Reform epigrams above, we made some progress with the Bribery Bill, which Mr. MILL declared to be, though incomplete, very creditable to the Government, as a bold attempt to grapple with a great evil. A Bill for the "comprehending all vagrom men" went through Committee, and a Member feared that it would punish two of the Commons who might toss for a cab, and also would interfere with games at marbles and buttons. Was not the elephantine trunk illustrated?

Friday. Mr. DENIS JOSEPH REARDON signalled himself in the House of Commons by asking, or rather by trying to ask, whether, as the QUEEN has gone to Scotland, Ministers did not intend, for her own comfort, and the good of the Nation, to advise HER MAJESTY to Abdicate! From all sides of the House descended a storm of indignation, which the SPEAKER crystallised into an intimation that such a question must not be put. The case is not one for the use of hard language about poor Mr. REARDON, whose own Abdication is desirable.

CAPTAIN ARCHDALL put into a Question Mr. Punch's suggestion last week, that Negromania might induce a prosecution of SIR ROBERT NAPIER, for the same reason that it has induced a prosecution of Mr. EYRE. Two military gentlemen also adverted to the subject; but on the whole, we think their advocacy of Mr. EYRE had better be confined to an imitation, according to their means, of LORD OVERSTONE, the typical dispassionate man, who has come forward with a subscription of £200 to the Eyre Defence Fund, and a dignified intimation that the pecuniary ruin of that brave and good officer "can never be permitted."

Now, does anybody, this Derby week, want to know more about the Irish Church campaign than that Mr. GLADSTONE to-night carried the Second Reading of the Suspensory Bill by 312 to 258, majority against Government, 54, after a long debate, in which Mr. HARDY was "mighty valiant in speech," and Mr. DISRAELI ingenious and orthodox. If anybody does, he may go to the Exchange, in Catherine Street, and make the best bargain he can with a news-boy for a copy of a Saturday morning's paper. Now, then, is that champagne packed, and where is the Wenham Lake ice put?

Henry Brougham.

BORN AT EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 19, 1778.
DIED AT CANNES, MAY 7, 1868.

A GRAND old tree has fallen ! Can it be,
That with so little stir it has come down ?
That in the forest scarce a gap we see
For loss of that great trunk and reverend crown ?

Gaunt, grey, with vice-like roots and gnarled knees,
A green leaf here and there on some tough limb,
That once had growth and girth for many trees,
He stood : no passer-by but noted him,

Wond'ring to gauge his wreck, and learn his age,
And hear how broad was once the shade he cast ;
With what defiant port he faced the rage
Of storms, when weaker growths gave to the blast.

He lived and lived . . . from hot youth to hoar eld,
From flush of leaf to bareness of green bough :
A giant in decay, that still up-held
A shrunken strength, and weight of furrowed brow.

Until at last we heard he was laid low ;
Not by the stroke of storm or levin sped,
In still Provençal night, and May moon's glow,
When none was by, he bowed his ancient head.

The peaceful death to close the restless life,
The quiet eve to crown the stormy day !
Such should be the surcease from noble strife,
So should a well-spent being ebb away.

As he lies thus, . . . ere earth to earth is given,
We trace back his long life, and find it knit
With all wherein our century has striven,
Stirred, spoken, reared, o'erthrown, fought, wrought, or writ.

The ninety-year-old man was part of all,
Great part of most that's worthiest and best :
Through that long race the oar he scarce let fall,
Scarce through that long day's work paused once to rest.

It was a time of tempest and of toil,
An age of battle with all forms of ill,
Ill that brought strength to crush, and fraud to foil,
Delay to sicken, and contempt to chill.

Bias of honour, place, wealth, worldly good,
Drew all away ; he would not so be drawn.
Truth and Right's soldier from the first he stood,
And in the thickest darkness looked for dawn.

Count all the triumphs in these fifty years
By Right and Truth o'er Wrong and Falsehood won ;
Of the Good Cause's Paladins and Peers,
A faithfuller than HENRY BROUGHAM is none.

He lived through all those fights, and seemed to grow
Tenser and tougher with their wear and tear ;
And when the strife was done, and the sun low,
And "age brought honour and the silver hair,"

He could look o'er his life, and say, at last,—
"No cause for which I fought now counts a foe :
No goal I made for but is reached and past ;
No ill I aimed a blow at but lies low."

A fighter born, with fighter's work in hand,
He had the fighter's weak points with the strong ;
Hot, vehement to rashness, never bland,
In hates, as loves, too sudden oft and wrong ;

Vain, quick of temper, proud of all he knew,
As who, that knew so much, but might be proud,
By all he had done, and all he hoped to do—
Lifted, his great head's height, above the crowd ?

Why note what flaws may be in such a fame ?
Freer of flaws than his the fames are few ;
Sum up the gains to which he linked his name ;—
What nobler work did ever statesman do ?

The senate purged ; charity's stream strained pure ;
Slaves freed ; chicane and bigotry put down ;
Knowledge on ignorance gaining, slow but sure ;
This was his life's work, is his memory's crown !

COMFORT FOR CAMPAIGNERS.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old Soldier, Sir, and I must protest against the milk and water tenderness which, in my belief, is ruining the Army. Only look at this, Sir. I quote it from the *Lancet*, which is pleased to make some comments on our infantry equipment :—

"The equipment, as now perfected, is extremely simple ; so much so, indeed, that it seems wonderful it was not sooner adopted. The old framed knapsack is entirely discarded, and a soft valise is substituted. The weights are distributed round the body, and are brought low down, with a view of gaining the great mechanical advantage of keeping the centre of gravity of the body as near as can be in the position in which it is in the unweighted person, and of allowing free action of the chest and of the great muscles of the shoulders. The sacrum and the tops of the scapulae, which are the two strongest parts of the body, bear the chief weights ; and advantage is taken of the principle of balance. The equipment is most easily adjusted, and is put on and off in a moment."

These "improvements," as some call them, are all owing to the hints of a War Office Committee, appointed to investigate the health of the Army, and ascertain how far the ancient knapsack was affecting it. I suppose that pipeclay will shortly be discarded, lest soldiers get sore throats from wearing a damp crossbelt. Perhaps ere long the troops will all be stethoscoped before they are allowed to undertake a march, and if they get their feet wet they will not be allowed to go to bed without warm bottles. "Tallow your noses" will be the final bugle call at night, and, for fear of the raw atmosphere, no soldier will be suffered to appear upon parade before ten in the morning.

Sir, in my belief the service is going to the dogs, and our abolishing the Cat is but a further proof of it. It sickens me to think that there should be such care to keep our Army in good health, and I am horrified to find that it is actually thought proper now to make our soldiers comfortable. Clumsy knapsacks, Sir, were worn when Waterloo was won, and it is my belief, Sir, men only grow effeminate by being molly-coddled.

Yours, in indignation,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

MESSERS. BAXLEY and RAWSTHORNE, of the Patent Wheel Works, 42, Newington Causeway, in a letter to the *Times*, headed "The Lambeth Smoke Nuisance," attest the praiseworthy activity of MR. SANDISON, the Government inspector. They state that on the previous day they were fined at the Southwark Police Court for "unlawfully using a furnace not constructed so as to consume its own smoke." Of this mulct they say :—

"We do not complain. We have a burning desire to consume our own smoke."

Very well said. They have no right to complain. Their burning desire to consume their own smoke is commendable as far as it goes ; but a burning desire, how hot soever, has not the heat that will consume smoke. What they want is a furnace which will burn the smoke up. This, indeed, they go on to urge, sensibly enough. But they remark :—

"We submit that, if the Government insist on all manufacturers using a smoke-consuming apparatus to their satisfaction, they should be prepared to adopt what they consider the best invention, and fine all manufacturers who do not use it."

Nay, gentlemen manufacturers all and sundry, the Government does its part, and has enough to do, in taking care that you shall not defile your neighbourhood with soot, and poison the atmosphere. It is for you to discover how not to establish nuisances, whether works which, in towns, offend the eyes and the nose, or, in the country, plants that sear and blacken all surrounding vegetation. You must live by your plants and works, must you ? There is no necessity for that ; and your right to live must be conditional on your managing to let live, and so not killing herbage and trees, nor stifling people to death.

Common Cause in the County Court.

SUBJOINED is the conclusion, according to the *Globe*, of a County Court case, wherein TITIENS was sued by a perruquier to recover £15 17s. for a wig which she had ordered to wear as *Marguerite* in *Faust* :—

"MRS. THÉRÈSE TITIENS, defendant, said the wig produced was not of the colour she had selected ; it did not fit her, and was not the natural hair she had stipulated for, and therefore she declined to pay for it. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff."

Of course. At this time for betting it would be as safe as seasonable to lay any wager that the jury was composed of small shopkeepers.

AN OLD QUOTATION WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

THOSE who think that the proceedings against PRESIDENT JOHNSON are not over wise, will be glad to see that so far the American Senate is not disposed to "own the soft impeachment."



THE DERBY DAY, 1868.



OUR ANNUAL HOLIDAY.

MR. PUNCH. "AH, DEAR BOYS! THIS IS BETTER FUN THAN ABUSING ONE ANOTHER AT WESTMINSTER."

DR. JOHNSON AT THE DERBY.

(Hitherto unpublished in Boswell.)

1780. AGE 71.]

THE next day I carried my revered friend to the Epsom Races, at which a new Prize was to be contended for, the struggle being called the Derby. I took care to drive thither early, so that DR. JOHNSON might escape the ribaldries of the lower sort; and I also took pains to obtain a good place for our vehicle, which was drawn up between two carriages of persons of quality, as appeared by the heraldic insignia. Pointing this out to him, he was not pleased, and said, "Sir, you are a fool. That my carriage should be in juxtaposition with dukes, confers upon me neither personal dignity nor the right to address them. We came hither for pleasure, and I had rather have been brought nearer to those agreeable ladies." I proposed to move. "Nay, Sir," he said, "that were greater folly than t'other." Perceiving me dashed, he added, with his accustomed kindness, "Never mind, Sir, we do not expect wisdom or knowledge of the world from a Scotchman." The usual fry of gipsies, mendicants, and miserable instrumentalists gathered round us, and I ordered them away with more severity in my voice than was needful; but I was anxious that he should not be disturbed. "Tut, let the creatures alone," he said; "they exist, and therefore it is for us to tolerate them. They were created for some purpose or other." I ventured to urge that it was not his ordinary custom to favour the worthless. He replied, rolling his head, and laughing loudly. "I favour you, Sir." It was impossible to be offended, so prompt was my revered friend's wit. But he would allow me to be assaulted by no one else, for on one of our companions, a gentleman of merit, saying, "You have handicapped Bozzy, Sir," he replied, "Sir, although in the open air I stickle not for the rule of the saloon, I admire neither the cant of the jockey, nor the familiarity of the clown." So jealously he watched over the interests of those whom he loved. I ordered the servants to produce refreshments, of which I had provided a good store, and he was pleased to say that I had catered well; yet his humorous nature and vast power of illustration immediately hurried him into satire. "What would one of your hungry Scotch ancestors say, Sir, could he see you devouring a pie of France, and washing it down with a wine of Germany?" I said that I hoped my ancestors had better food in Elysium, but he instantly rebuked my levity, and bade me not talk like a heathen. Then, his goodnature prompted him to add, "But you are a small poet in your small way, Sir, and we must permit licence to such folk." I represented that DRYDEN had written of Elysium. "Nay," he said; "if you liken yourself to DRYDEN, I have done with you." I thought he did me injustice, but I would not say so, and turned the conversation with a harmless but natural remark upon the greatness of the crowd, and the thought that, in a hundred years, all those persons would be dead. "I think, Sir," said my venerable friend, "that you are one of the greatest asses in the world. Whether these persons are on Epsom Downs, or scattered at their ordinary avocations, they will equally be dead in a hundred years. Why these trite moralities?" He then did me the honour to bid me fill his glass, and hummed aloud gaily his own immortal line—

"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

A kind of lottery being proposed by one of my companions, DR. JOHNSON said, "With all my heart, you gambling dogs, I'll have a frisk with you;" and he allowed me to pay his half-crown for him, and seemed pleased when told that a favourite animal had been allotted to him by fortune, quoting from I know not what Greek writer, to the effect that "fate had thrown for him the Treble Six." I did not at first see the entire felicitousness of this; but when I discovered that my revered friend's horse was Number 18, which I need scarcely remark is the treble of six, tears of admiration came into my eyes. "You are so dreadfully ignorant and slow," he said, when I explained the cause of my emotion, "that a small thing produces an undue effect on you." Thus did the great DR. JOHNSON undervalue his vast merits. The bell then resounded for clearing the course, and he was pleased at seeing the ease with which a few constables divided that mob, and ranged it in order. "Were this Scotland, Sir," he said, "we should have had every Sawney wrangling and arguing with the constables, and thus defeating his own pleasure; but we are a civilised nation." I said, "that perhaps we Scots carried our pertinacity too far, but that it had helped us to civil and religious freedom." "There is neither a civil nor a religious man in Scotland," roared my venerable friend, adding playfully, "now that you are in England." But I refused to accept this compliment at the expense of my nation, and told him so, when he instantly answered, "Don't be afraid of your nation going to any expense." I pressed the subject, and he told me that I had better hold my tongue or else get out of the carriage—"Manet sors tertia, cædi," he added, holding up his large fist in merriment. The first Derby race then took place, which was gained by a horse named *Diomed*, and it will cause no surprise that DR. JOHNSON'S

wonderful memory instantly served him with a happy quotation from VIRGIL—

"Vidimus, O cives, Diomedæ Argivæque castra."

which is peculiarly applicable, when we reflect that the dishonest persons who attend races are called Greeks. He pronounced the words with his accustomed sonorous voice, which attracted the attention of some young ladies in a neighbouring carriage, and one of them, with scarcely excusable familiarity, asked him whether he was talking Dutch. "No, you pretty little idiot," he replied, with perfect good-humour, "as you might know, evidently coming from the *Low Countries*." Then, thinking that he might have hurt her feelings, he desired me to get out of the carriage, and convey to her a glass of wine to drink his health, which she did with much gratification when I informed her, in a whisper, of the name of the great man who had thus honoured her. Returning to my place in the carriage, I ventured to joke, and to say that I had played the part of Cupid, at which my revered friend was good enough to laugh heartily. He had luckily drawn the second horse, and thus saved his stake, but when I claimed the coin, as having paid for him, he pocketed it defiantly, saying, "No, no, Sir, he who leads his friend into gambling deserves to incur a penalty." Thus did my venerable acquaintance omit no opportunity of fixing a moral in my memory. The wine, and the excitement of the day, and the honour of being abroad with DR. JOHNSON, combined to liberate my fancy, and I said that I wished our group could be painted for posterity. "No, Sir," he said, almost sternly, "I desire not to be remembered by my acts of recreation, nor," he added, silyly, "by my companionship with you. Let's have no more of that." Yet I flatter myself with the hope that *nomen erit indebile nostrum*, and that in virtue of my friendship with my revered companion, I may find a place on Academical canvasses in years to come. The thought enabled me to bear his railery, but it made me pensive, which DR. JOHNSON observing, cheered me up by kindly asking why I hung down my head like a booby, and pointing out to me, with his accustomed exactitude, that a man should be either sober or drunk. Acting upon this hint, I proposed a series of toasts, among which the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of my illustrious friend was foremost, and I have not a very distinct recollection of our return to London. But in our next interview he reproved me severely and deservedly for this lapse from virtue, concluding by saying: "And, Sir, remember that to the sufferings of those who had lost their money at the Derby, you added a new pang by the intolerable howling with which, under the pretence of melody, you made night hideous on our return journey." May the lesson of the illustrious sage be useful, not only to me, but to all other spectators of the Derby!

THE REVOLT LEAGUE AGAINST EYRE.

Ye savages thirsting for bloodshed and plunder,
Ye miscreants burning for rapine and prey,
By the fear of the lash and the gallows kept under,
Henceforth who shall venture to stand in your way?
Run riot, destroy, ravage, kill without pity,
Let any man how he molests you beware,
Beholding how hard the Jamaica Committee
To ruin are trying to hunt gallant EYRE.

Our mob-leaders suffered, in fancy, with others,
Of stamped-out rebellion who felt the strong heel,
They are touched by the hemp that chastised their black brothers,
And their feelings are hurt by the lead and the steel.
A set ever ranged on the side of sedition,
To mutinous negroes, now, hands they extend,
And, now, with their names back a Fenian petition—
The foe of the Ruler is always their Friend.

They are doing their worst to make certain that, never
Again, shall rebellion encounter a check;
That the chief who to crush a revolt may endeavour,
Shall his duty perform with a rope round his neck.
Conspiring against one, from maddened brutes' fury
Who saved Englishwomen, and Englishmen's lives,
Their fangs may they gnash while they curse a Grand Jury
Of Britons who value their daughters and wives.

Rather Type-Confounding.

A PAPER was recently read at a meeting of one of the Scientific Societies, with the apparently cruel Title—"Elasticity of Animal Type." As this requires explanation, perhaps some intelligent compositor will have the kindness to say what sort of type this is; and whether it can be used without inflicting much suffering, which would be distressing to the workmen to catise and witness, printers being usually most humane men. It occurs to us that the only type which can possibly be considered animal is—Bourgeois.



GOING CHEAP.

Charley (to his Country Cousin). "GOING UP TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR, TOM?"
Tom (evidently the victim of some absurd hoax). "OH, YES! ROBINSON HAS PROMISED TO GET ME A SEAT IN ONE OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY'S DRAGS!"

"COMMITTED."

At length, MR. PETER TAYLOR (with the aid of a Black or two, and a sailor, who was so overpowered by remorse or rum, that he was as hard to bind over as the tipsy priest found the child was to baptise) has obtained the Committal of MR. EYRE. A man whose name was dear to the Australians for his gallantry as an Explorer, and for his humanity to the natives,—an officer who saved Jamaican society, White and Black, by his promptness and resolution, is to stand in the dock, and answer for that crime against some of the most brutal savages in creation. At last, MR. EYRE himself expressed his feelings, and his words deserve all publicity:—

"Not upon me, but upon those who have brought me here, will fall the disgrace, that a man who has served his country faithfully for twenty-six years, and for twenty years in positions of high responsibility, is now, after two years and a half of unceasing and most rancorous persecution, about to be committed to a felon's dock for having discharged his duty faithfully to the best of his ability, and irrespective of personal considerations, saving indubitably a great British colony from ruin, and the people from massacre, or worse than massacre. I do not envy the feelings of those who, conspiring to ruin a public officer, now at last succeed in bringing this additional stigma upon him, but I do rejoice in believing that they form a very small section of the community. I have the confident belief that neither these views nor the magistrate's decision will influence or be accepted by the higher tribunal to which the case will now be preferred, or by the large majority of my fellow-countrymen, to whose common sense and sense of justice I confidently entrust my honour as a gentleman and my character as a public officer."

The Court rang with plaudits, which could with difficulty be checked; and, that the Echo may be prolonged, we republish the speech. It reminds us of the story of WARREN HASTINGS, the victim of the hate of far greater men than those who persecute EYRE. He, too, underwent a long martyrdom at the hands of his enemies, and was ruined. But he lived to be received with acclamations by the House of Commons, who rose and uncovered to receive him, and to be thanked by the representative of the Crown for having saved British dominion. Englishmen listen too much to noisy and gushing men,

THE OCCASION IMPROVED.

ANOTHER Derby Day comes round;
 And you, my friends, how has it found?
 What have you won or lost this year
 Since you were last assembled here?
 What wrinkles have you gained since then,
 More than by growing older men?
 What dodges added to your store
 Craftier than you knew before?
 Are you more downy than you were
 On this day twelvemonth, to compare?
 More fly, less easy to be done,
 More, each of you, a knowing one?
 Think you in gumption you have grown,
 Or must you still some softness own?
 Is there, among you all, to spy,
 A speck of green in no one's eye?
 Come, now, speak, let the truth be told,
 And say, have none of you been sold?
 Have all your books been made secure.
 And is your calculation sure?
 O come, whilst threepence yet remains,
 And purchase all this print contains!
 Buy this, and you are sure to win,
 As *Punch* is to be taken in.

A HOMŒOPATHIC HOME.

THE following advertisement, extracted from a daily paper, speaks for itself, and sufficiently well bespeaks its author:—

HOMŒOPATHY.—Paris.—A Physician can RECEIVE an INMATE, with or without medical care. Being graduate of Oxford and Paris, and late gouverneur of a prince, could efficiently direct the studies of a pupil. Terms from £200, or per month. Address, Dr. —, &c.

This "Physician," who "can receive an inmate with or without medical care," and "being graduate of Oxford and late gouverneur of a prince, could efficiently direct the studies of a pupil," is evidently a man of education, and thereby particularly qualified to be a tutor. He writes remarkable English. The heading of his announcement, "Homœopathy," is by no means to be taken to mean Humbug. His proposal of "Terms from £200, or per month," cannot but be regarded as a very moderate offer to take anyone in.

but recover themselves in time, and make ample amends. But in MR. EYRE's case, Society has long given its verdict, and a Grand Jury will, we hope, speedily confirm it.

SPIRIT HANDS WANTED.

FOR those who like strange puzzles, here is one we find in a dramatic newspaper. For absolute inexplicability (a nice word that for an after-dinner speaker) it beats all to nothing what Prime Ministers will say when they mean to be mysterious:—

WANTED, to join immediately, a GOOD LEADING CORNET PLAYER: also to play First Violin inside.

It may seem a little strange that somebody should want to hire a player on the cornet to play the violin; but how very much more curious is the demand that he will play the latter instrument "inside"! How on earth can anybody play a violin inside? A spirit hand might do it, but where are we just now to find a spirit hand? MR. HOME has left off playing "*Home, Sweet Home!*" on the accordion. Since he got into Chancery his spirits have quite left him: most men find their spirits leave them when they get into that court. Since they were nearly smashed at Liverpool, the DAVENPORTS disclaim connection with the spirits. So we really quite despair of learning how to play a tune inside a fiddle; although we feel convinced that nobody without a spirit hand to help him could possibly perform so curious a feat.

Special from Abyssinia.

WHEN SIR ROBERT NAPIER found that COLONEL PHAYRE's enterprise in approaching Magdala had a brilliant result, although not exactly in obedience to orders, he is reported to have said that he might go farther and Phayre worse.

A BISHOP "*in Camerâ*."—In the act of being Photographed.



ALARMING !

George (late Comic Bachelor). "WHAT DO YOU THINK THE MAN WANTED, MY DEAR ! (A visitor had called during breakfast.) HE CAME TO TAKE MY LIFE !!!"
Affectionate Wife (rushing at him). "GEORGE !"

George. "I MEAN, MY LOVE, IN THE IMPERIAL ADAMANTINE ASSURANCE OFFICE, THAT YOUR MA'S BEEN BOTHERING ABOUT EVER SINCE WE WERE MARRIED !"
[Didn't he "catch it" !]

CHICKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXV.

PENDENTE LITE.

SHE shut her lover into the Lighthouse and returned.

This proceeding had been watched by PIEL DORNTON by the aid of his powerful telescope.

"She must be mine," he exclaimed. The prospect of the baronetcy and the millions had entirely absorbed him.

But the papers. How to obtain them ?

JOSEPH would not part with them, and without them—stay ! The girl's claim existed—that was a fact, at all events. One set of papers attesting the fact was as good as another.

Old MARTIN was dead, at least so he believed, and for the first time he regretted an act which had deprived him of the only person capable of giving him any information.

"Just like me," he said to himself, remorsefully. "Always choking, or shooting somebody. I must give it up."

Ah, PIEL DORNTON, would you could even then have acted upon this call of conscience. But he stifled it.

"The Girl !" he said, suddenly. "Bess can tell me."

He ran to the cottage.

She was gone.

He searched the house. Old MARTIN was gone: not a trace of him.

"I must have shot him; thoroughly," he muttered to himself,

"Blown him quite away !"

He was silent for one second: then he fired off a pistol.

Roused by this, he saw but one course before him.

"She has gone to the lighthouse," he thought, "to join him. I can produce papers as good as theirs, ha ! ha !" and he laughed fiendishly at the recollection of the documents to which CHEKK, DISS, COUNT & Co. had given their respectable attestation.

'Twas all clear now.

"I can succeed without them," he said, and waved his hat in triumph.

From the shelf he took a box of matches, which would only ignite when you didn't want them, or on other solemn occasions, and he proceeded by the secret pass among the rocks to where his small canoe was always kept, ready, if need were, for instantaneous escape.

Seizing the paddle, which in this boat, being his own property, he always worked himself, he glided noiselessly towards the lighthouse.

A voice from an upper window asked, "Is that you Bess ?"

It was JOSEPH's, and came as a revelation to him. *She was not there.*

"Will you give me those papers ?" he asked, pitching his voice as high as it could go. 'Twas not like ELIZABETH's; Love knew the difference.

"Go away !" exclaimed JOSEPH, with real aversion. "I have nothing for you."

"Then perish," exclaimed DORNTON, savagely, and applied a lighted match to the base of the Lighthouse.

Creeping, curling, slowly, certainly, upward the flame took its way.

In and out of the brickwork, round the stones, through the wainscot crept the cruel unerring fire.

JOSEPH instinctively dreaded something, but he only felt a sudden warmth, for which he was unable to account.

PIEL DORNTON returned to the shore, and landing opposite Phlebosco Palace, summoned his confidential servant.

"Is your mistress within ?" he asked.

"LADY ANNA is asleep, your Reverence," was the reply.

"'Tis well," he returned. "Loose the bloodhound."

The confidential servant did so.

"Unmuzzle him," said PIEL DORNTON.

"My Lord," exclaimed the wretched man, "I cannot."

"Obey my behest," thundered his master, "Or by heaven"—

The man staggered back. The ball had entered his head.

It was a thoughtless act, and one of which even he, in his calmer moments would not have been guilty.

Aroused by the noise, the LADY ANNA stood behind him.

"PIEL!" she said, tenderly.

"I cannot stop now," was his rough answer. "I am going out hunting. Don't whine—don't mope—go to—bed."

She looked at him searchingly. So changed! He who owed so much to her, which only they two knew.

But she feared to rupture the one silken cord still between them, and turning on her heel walked into the house.

Once within, she opened a secret door, and out stepped the Infant-watcher.

"You say you are devoted to me," she said to the Infant, who bowed. "I believe you; follow him, and let me know the result." The Infant stole out upon the track.

"She is treacherous!" said PIEL DORNTON, as he stood alone in the court-yard. "She cannot deceive me with these gay steps! I must be free of her." So saying, he unmuzzled the hound, and mounting upon his spotted steed, followed in the track.

Till he came up with BESS: for the Hound was sure and safe, and held her till he arrived, when he enticed him away and secured the girl.

"I am thy lover," he hissed in her ear. "I love you, madly."

The word made her tremble. She felt the force of this description of his wild and lawless passion.

"I will give thee gems, and jewels, and riches, diamonds, and a

title, aye, and a house in the Vast Metropolis far from here, within the shades of square-graced Hanover."

"But JOSEPH—," she exclaimed, "What of him?"

"Of him!" cried DORNTON, "See!"

The sky was illumined with a fearful glow. He gave her his glass, and through it she saw the Lighthouse in flames: in flames which were chasing a running frightened figure with papers in its hands up the iron stairs.

The entire lower part of the Lighthouse was consumed, not one brick or stone or stick left to tell its fearful tale. Only the upper part remained, which was fast becoming enveloped in the arms of the raging devouring element. The glass was the old powerful one of PIEL's, and brought the object so near that she stopped her ears, lest the perishing creature's cries should pierce them. Then as the flames reached the last point, the very top of the Lighthouse, all beneath having fallen and crumbled entirely away, they saw the form of a man tying some papers to his belt, and as the trembling support gave beneath his feet, they saw him, distinctly, with one tremendous leap, plunge, headforemost, into the dark and angry sea below.

Then she fainted.

In his power now, placed across his horse to escape detection, he galloped with her to their new destination.

In the meantime strange events were happening in Old MARTIN's cottage.

(To be continued.)

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



MY first remark, is, "Hooray!" my second, "Here we all are again;" and my third, "That I wish you all many happy returns of the day, and here is all your good healths." And now to business, which should always be postponed to pleasure, for any booby can do business, but it takes a clever man to enjoy himself. It is a pleasure to me to address this annual prophecy to my affectionate readers and noble patrons; they are all so blessed clever, and

understand a fellow's least hint and wink as well as if he expatiated like ten DISRAELIS rolled into fifteen GLADSTONES. Talking of that, Do you know what an expatiator is? Well, in Lancashire he's a fellow who stands on a bank and sees a man sinking, and says, "That poor chap 'll be drowned; what a pity there's nobody here to take hold of this here rope and pitch it to him." There's a lot of that sort in other places than Lancashire, my esteemed swells; mind that, when you might help a cove, but modestly content yourselves with pitying of him. Where was I? This Derby makes me Dizzy, when I ought to be Hardy, but mind my Manners notwithstanding, Hunt up defaulters, and pay whatever I May Owe. Twig them Ministerial puns? Bless you, I could make twice as many in half the time, and think no more about it than if I'd swallowed an Irish Church. But touching and concerning these horses. The horse is a noble beast, that must be allowed, and perhaps it is the very excess of his nobility that makes most bipeds who aspire to be intimate with him so uncommon ignoble; but that's neither here nor there. He is a distinguished member of the family of *Equida*, is a herbivorous party, but will devour Christians, vide the case of DIOMEDES, also will eat up gold and estates very rapidly, vide a variety of handsome young noblemen and gentlemen, on whom you may look around from the height of your drag. Now I have assembled here to see this 88th Derby run, and you demand of me which horse will win the same. I reply to you, with the same frankness, that I don't know. But you little know your prophet if you think that he is to be deterred by "a trifle like that" (for we all love a pretty girl under the rose) from stating in the most positive, Macau

leian, and dogmatic manner, what you had better do. Anybody can tell you what he knows, and I may remark that what most people know can be told in a very short time, but give me the man with cheek to tell what he nose not, and here that man is. I see a word in my own journal last week as I never see before, and it was Analfabeti. I take it to mean coves which don't know their Alphabet. I despise them. I hate the ignorant. I'll take the horses alphabettigammadeltically and doubleyouxwiseheadically, and to the temperate young man who shall spell these words one hour after the race, I advise the young lady as he's spoons on to stick, for he'll be a model of the domestic virtues. Here is *Athena*. She reminds me of my Lord Byron's lines, "Frown not on England, England owns him not, Athena, no, the plunderer was a Scot. Athena means Minerva, whose status is before the Athenaeum Club. If she wins, and the owner is a member, he will take off his hat to the goddess whenever he goes in—1000 to 2 against the triple event. *Betrayal*, the most difficult word which a young lady can give you to make out of separate letters, gave me the headache so horribly while I was finding the riddle out, that I decline saying more on the subject. This is *Blue Gown*. Edie Ochiltree was a blue gown and a beggar. This animal is a beggar to run, but when called on to mend his pace, may reply mend-I-can't. The *Earl* comes from Celia's arbour, or rather stable, but a votive wreath will not be hung there by the winner of the Derby. I hope that we shall have no thunder, except a thundering good lunch, but if we have, I don't think that it will, as *Falstaff* says, thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. Now here's a constellation, at least a constellation, and it is called *Orion*. That heathen, as you may all forget, came to grief at the hands of Diana, to whom he proffered attentions of an unacceptable character; and though he ran like mad when the lady fitted her arrow to her bow, she brought him down whack. Let him run to-day as he ran then, and I will ask Mr. HORNE to write another Farthing Epic about him, and if he won't, I'll do it myself. Next cometh *Pace*. He was not called so from his rate, nor is it Irish for peace, nor a Latin gabbative, but he was named from the respected Jockey Club steward at Newmarket, and his sire was *Caterer*. I think it's a case of *monops inter cacos*. Here is *Paul Jones*, so a word in your private-ear. There is, I am given to understand, a continental coin called a paul, and after putting that limited amount upon this horse, you can invest the rest of your assets in Jones's locker. And now place for the lady, the *Lady Elizabeth*. I take off my hat to that darling, and if wishes were horses, and beggars could ride, I'm the beggar that would ride her into glory, and win the Battle of Hastings, though I grudge the money that would thereby accrue to a lot of greedy ring men. For *Le Sarazin*, being a foreigner, I can only say politely, *Commong voo, parley voo, wee, au revoir*. The next is the Knight of the Rosy Cross, better known as *Rosierucian*. The mystics, of whom he is one, had secrets, and wrote in hieroglyphics, but when the wheat was sifted from the chaff there was uncommon little of the former. Still, I won't think small beer of a horse that has been trained by PORTER. He was a great pot, but is now rather pot-stomached, like his betters. You can put your money on *See-Saw*, child of *Margery Dase*, if you like, but don't blame me if you have to sell your bed and lie on straw. *Speculum* is the Latin for a mirror, and I should like to hold a true mirror up to the nature of this creature. *King Richard the Third's* two wants would be met in him. "Till I can buy a glass," and "My kingdom for a horse." If, as there should be with a mirror, quicksilver on his back, this looking-glass will cause pleasant reflections (Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!) to those who back it. His offspring should be called *Amalgam*, duke. St. Running, as the accomplished turf men call *St. Ronan*, may do something if he runs, and if St. Ronan's Well. In regard to *Suffolk*, if he were a Suffolk *Punch*, he should not want my good word and wish, but may I be sufficated if I put more money on him than I can afford. *Tom Bowline* may be for bowling into the arms of victory, but the ear of prophecy seems to listen to a voice singing of a sheer hulk. *Tympanum* means a drum, which is a thing to be beaten. May I never be so drunk as To put much tin on Mr. *Uncas*. We come next to *Viscount*, and it were false heraldry to be more civil to him than I was to the *Earl*, and whatever faults are attributed to my British aristocracy, they were never famous for running when people wanted 'em to. And having thus investigated the pretensions of the candidates for the Blue Ribbon, I proceed, in the undaunted spirit of a CUMMING, to vaticinate. THE WINNER WILL BE A WOMAN OF FASHION COMING DOWN TO BREAKFAST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Nephew (who knows his relative's peculiarities). "THIS WON'T DO FOR YOU, UNCLE; IT'S A SMOKING CARRIAGE!"

Uncle (horrid crabbed old bachelor). "UGH! 'T ANY RATE IT'LL BE SAFE FROM WOMEN AND CHILDREN!!"

A CAUTION TO GOVERNORS.

SCENE—A Waiting Room.

THE REVEREND SHARON SNUFFLES.

MR. JOHN COOPER.

Suffles (to Cooper, folding up a newspaper). Does your paper, Sir, contain any report of the great Missionary meeting at Exeter Hall?

Cooper. No; but a very full account of the Derby. At your service. (*Offers paper.*)

Suffles. Thank you; n-n-no. I have no interest in sporting intelligence.

Cooper. Not even in the Eyre Hunt?

Suffles. The what hunt, Sir?

Cooper. The Jamaica Committee hunting GOVERNOR EYRE—trying to hunt him to death.

Suffles. Oh! Sir, pray do not speak in that manner of conscientious and Christian men.

Cooper. Well, there's MILL at the head of them.

Suffles. Those worthy men, Sir, are endeavouring to bring a great public criminal to justice.

Cooper. A criminal! Why they do not pretend that he acted from any guilty motive.

Suffles. MR. EYRE was guilty of inflicting punishments which were illegal. He fearfully exceeded his duty.

Cooper. Suppose he did. I don't admit it. But say that he did. Grant, for argument's sake, that, in stamping out a rebellion, he stamped too hard, too wide, and too long. It was question of degree in a time of danger. Even if he over-estimated the necessity of striking terror, is that an error of judgment for which he deserves anything but respectful sympathy—instead of persecution?

Suffles. It is a precedent, my dear Sir, which must not be permitted.

Cooper. A precedent! Hadn't the Indian mutiny been quelled before? Recollect how that was crushed, and the mutineers put down. By "hanging them like fun," we were told; by blowing them from guns,

SPEECHES BY MACHINERY.

A PUBLIC dinner this hot weather! What a horrible idea! And still more dreadful is the thought that one might have to make a speech there! What a blessing it would be if after-dinner speeches could be made by some machinery! Can not some inventive genius hit upon a plan by which to get a speech made, without the bore of making it? Everyone knows everything that anyone can say, when called on for a speech; and if nobody were to make one, surely nobody would suffer. By the side, say, of the chairman, a wax figure might be placed, modelled to resemble him in features and in figure. This dummy might, by clockwork, get upon its legs, when wound up by the toast-master, and might be made to mumble what might pass for a good sample of after-dinner oratory. To carry out this notion with suitable effect, each famous dinner talker should go about provided with a model of himself, supplied with tubes and tones to imitate his own peculiar voice. Perhaps after awhile the presence of a speaker might entirely be dispensed with, and his effigy alone be invited to attend. When this is happily the fashion, what rejoicing there will be among our martyred public diners, and what a spoiling of digestion and of temper will be spared them! We recommend our notion to the Humane Society, whose duty clearly is to rescue public orators from floundering about in a perfect flood of verbiage, and often well nigh sinking in the middle of a speech.

SOMEWHAT SUPERFLUOUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS are usually paid for by their length, and advertisers commonly aim at using as few words as they can to give their meaning. Still, even in the shortest notice words are sometimes introduced which seem entirely needless. Look at this, for instance, from a dramatic journal:—

WANTED, a SINGING WALKING LADY (young). . .
Always an opening for Good Niggers.

Surely, it is superfluous to mention that the lady must be young. To sing while one is walking is not an easy task, and certainly no old lady would be able to accomplish it. Clearly too it is superfluous to make a stipulation that the niggers must be "good." As if any one would open his doors to a bad nigger, if he anyhow could help it!

and flogging, no end. Where was then the outcry now raised on behalf of the Jamaica Blacks?

Suffles. There is a difference between the cases.

Cooper. More than that. There are two striking differences. The first is, that the East Indian rebels were either Hindoos or Mahometans, and their cry was "Deen!" whereas the West Indian revolvers were Baptists and Methodists, who sat under Missionaries, and sang psalms. The Sepoys were heathen; the Jamaica Black was a man and a brother.

Suffles. Surely, Sir, you would not condemn Christian sympathy?

Cooper. Quite the contrary. Sympathy with savage miscreants.

Suffles. The poor creatures, Sir, were sadly misguided.

Cooper. Yes, they were; and by whom? There's the other difference. There were no mob-orators at work among the Sepoys and their associates. The Jamaica outbreak was owing to the eloquence of gentlemen like MR. GORDON. No wonder our Tribunes of the People, who are sometimes apt themselves to use strong language, object to making such gentlemen responsible, in a time of anarchy, for insurrection and massacre caused by their harangues.

Suffles. Ah, well, Sir, it was an awful business! Let us trust the like will never occur again.

Cooper. You may. It is unlikely ever to occur again—exactly. Half of it only will occur in future. Insurrection and massacre will occur; suppression won't—at least, in Jamaica, or anywhere else in which demagogues preach to natives who are addicted to psalmody. It may possibly be different in the case of the mild Hindoo, and, as some of the Missionaries' African friends might pronounce him, the full-flavoured Mussulman.

Suffles. Oh, Sir, do not say such things!

Cooper. The treatment of EYRE is enough to make one say anything. Its authors will one day be gratefully remembered by their white countrymen whose relatives will have been murdered or mutilated, and so on, by the irrepressible Nigger.

Suffles. Why irrepressible, my dear Sir?

Cooper. Because, henceforth, when he breaks out, nobody, thanks to the Jamaica Committee, will dare to repress him. (*Bell rings. Exit.*)



THE PRESENT FASHION.

POLITICAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.—A CARD.

THE MISSES MAUD and HESTER HAZY respectfully beg to announce that they propose at Midsummer to extend the sphere of mental cultivation to which they have hitherto confined their assiduity, in compliance with the urgent wishes of many esteemed friends of feminine enlightenment and progress.

THE MISSES MAUD and HESTER HAZY humbly venture to hope that the gratifying success which has so long attended their labours in a less elevated path will be deemed a satisfactory assurance of their ability to confer on the young persons under their tuition the crowning triumphs of a refined political education. Gentlemen of acknowledged parliamentary talent have kindly volunteered their valuable services, and will conduct the various classes as will be seen on reference to the subjoined synopsis.

LORD CLAUDE FLEUR-DE-LIS, M.P., will attend on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from three to five, to lecture on Parliamentary Amenities.

Much attention will be given to *finesse*, and the nice art of misquoting *Hansard* with perfect safety, and advantage taken of the brilliant light afforded by recent achievements.

A class for instructing novices in political physiognomy and the mode of preserving the countenance when "found out," will be conducted by a most honourable Member of celebrity in this very difficult department.

Fale blue principles will be superintended by a liberal Professor, Cantab.

Violet ditto by a Conservative B.A., Oxon.

The mode of preparing Estimates and regulating Ways and Means will be taught by an ex-official perfectly *au fait* with the pulse of the House, and conversant with its peculiar prejudices in reference to economy.

Paintings, of the most attractive arrangement of colours for "catching the SPEAKER'S eye," will be furnished to pupils at a trifling expense.

The most approved system of settling small Bills with Government checks, will be explained by a young gentleman of great Parliamentary promise.

The secret of keeping the Seals will be communicated by a voice from the Cabinet.

The softer sentiments will be tenderly cherished, and the sweetness of resignation illustrated by examples drawn from *ancient* history.

The "Standing Orders" will be recited daily by a 'provincial Member, whose normal impetuosity has been tempered, if not entirely subdued, by the salutary discipline of being repeatedly coughed down.

P.S. Ladies of a certain experience whose political education has been neglected, qualified for Office in a few lessons.

*** Ministerial explanations extra.

ALL UP WITH F. O.

ONE office still was left us—
One service, 'twas the last,
Where Swells could stoop to places,
And yet not forfeit caste.
Where blue-blood still was sacred,
And manners made the man,
And Snobs without connection
Lay under blight and ban.

Though the House its meddling finger
Had thrust in every pie,
O'er the coals hauled each department,
To each sinecure said "die,"
One service still was guarded
'Gainst their intrusion low;
One office held its head up,
Nor the Commons deigned to know.

That service was DIPLOMACY,
F. O. that office high:
Where the *right* set had the *entrée*,
Which the *wrong* were fools to try.
Where *sans* account or estimate,
We stooped to take Bull's tin:
'Twas ours, as Swells, but to pay out,
What he, as Snob, paid in.

'Twas "THE OFFICE" brought men forward,
"THE OFFICE" put them out:
Ruled who should have a pension,
And who should go without.
Found snug berths for its fav'rites,
Left its black sheep in the cold;
Held none too young for favour,
For snabbing, none too old.

In that Official Concert,
From highest note to bass,
If 'twas not the right *man* always,
It was always the right *place*.
Where o'er Swell-Head Parliamentary
Swell-Head permanent held sway,
And for Swell clerks Swell messengers
Ran Swell errands all the day.

If we took the public money,
To spend it we were free;
Other offices might render
Accounts; so would not *we*.
There were our Special Missions,
Our Secret Service, too,
Our Agencies,—what had the House
With our *métier* to do?

So once it was, and long we hoped
That state of things would last:
But now, confound that LABOUCHÈRE!
Those halcyon days are past.
The House of Commons, eager
Departments to devour,
F. O., at last, has sucked into
The Maelström of its power!

With Customs, Inland-Revenue,
Woods, Works, and Cads like those,
We're ordered to keep items
Of how the money goes!
To send in, what's called "estimates,"
Render, what's called "account,"
As if a Swell could ever get
Beyond a "gross amount!"

For your SEELY and TREVELYAN
Your ORWAY and your WHITE,
Our sacred Office myst'ries
We're to put in black and white.
Brook irrelevant overhauling
Of the House and penny press—
In fact, do our diplomacy,
'Neath Democrat *durcèse*!

Society is reeling
For cataclysm huge:
Now I understand the saying
"Après nous le déluge!"

Tests—Pocket-boroughs—Corn-laws—
Unmoved I saw them go,
Nor dreamed how soon their fall would draw
The down-come of F. O!

Last bulwark of Society,
Last life-buoy of the Swell,
The wild wave of Democracy
Howls o'er thee, like a knell.
"La carrière ouverte aux talents,"
I hear the hideous cry!
I fling up my appointment,
Renounce F. O. and die!

NOVELS! WITHOUT NONSENSE.



Y DEAR MISS BROWN,—Occupied as you are daily, like most other young ladies, with dressing, driving, dining, dancing, flirting, morning-calling, luncheon, riding, kettle-drumming, and the hundred other labours of a fashionable life, you can have but little leisure to devote either to reading, or to writing, or to thinking, or to any work which really may exercise your mind. If you are sentimental, perhaps you keep a diary, and doubtless write long gushing letters to your dearest bosom friends. But your reading, I suspect, is confined to the Church Service, and the last sensation novel, and you seldom take the pains to look into a newspaper, unless to see what fêtes and flower-shows are in prospect, or what toilettes ravissantes were worn at the last drawing-room, or the EMPRESS's last ball. So I have small hope that you ever read the *Quarterly Review*, or have been questioned by your partners as to

what you think of the late article therein upon SIR WALTER SCOTT, and whether you consider there is much truth in the following:—

"Doubtless there will be found at most railway stations cheap copies of Scott's Poems, and of the Waverley Novels, which travellers purchase one by one that they may read them on the journey as they read any other worthless trash, and then throw them away. But the instances are rare, we suspect, in which, even among educated persons, young men or young women under five-and-twenty know anything at all, either of what SCOTT wrote or of what he did."

Judging by your conversation when I have had the happiness to hand you down to dinner, I fear that you are not one of these *rare aves* (ask your brother what that means when you next write to him at Eton: and give him my condolence in his poignant grief at having to leave school without a "leaving book"). I doubt if you can name half-a-dozen of SCOTT's novels, or faithfully describe the plot of any one of them. Your sister, I believe, is a devourer of French romans, and may possibly have stumbled on *Les Puritains* (which is French for *Old Mortality*), or scrambled through *Boanây* (to use the foreign accent), or skimmed over the cream of *Les Aventures de Nigel*, or sighed over *La Prison du Comté d'Edimbourg*, as our lively neighbours call it, although *Le Cœur de Midlothian* would surely sound as well. But translations are poor substitutes, even at the best, and I should no more care to read old RABELAIS in English, than SIR WALTER SCOTT in French. I fear, however, you are not so learned as your sister, and could neither make a list of all the *Tales of my Landlord*, nor give the title of the novel in which *Amy Robsart* dies. And I thoroughly agree with the reviewer in the *Quarterly*, that ignorance of SCOTT's works is a thing to be deplored:—

"We look upon this fact . . . as a great public misfortune. You cannot find a surer test of the habits of thought in a people than by taking note of the light literature which is most in favour with the young of its educated classes. When we find such great works as *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary* cast aside, in order that young ladies and young gentlemen may break their hearts over the sorrows of bigamists and adulterers, we confess that the impression made upon our minds is not very flattering—we do not say to the tastes, but to the moral sense of the age."

Girls nowadays, I fancy, but seldom go to school: in fact, there are no girls' schools in these euphemistic days, for they either are called "seminaries," or, more grandly, "ladies' colleges." Still, I dare say you have had some sort of mental culture, and you would doubtless be indignant if I questioned your belonging to the "educated classes." Yet how little has your mind been cultured in reality, if it finds pleasure in the sorrows of the interesting bigamists who figure in so many flashy novels of the day! Such "light literature" as this to me is very heavy reading, and I am astonished that a girl of any sense of what is delicate and feminine, can find the slightest pleasure in it. I should as soon expect to see her read the *Newgate Calendar*, or devour the latest dirt which is dug up in the Divorce Court. To say nothing

of propriety, there is far more life and interest in one of SCOTT's fine novels than in a score of Frenchy fast sensation stories, which are as false to nature as they are false to art. Yet *Guy Mannering* and *Waverley* are left upon the shelf while ladies sigh over the sorrows of *Dora the Deserted*, or wonder what will be the end of *Miriam and her Mysteries*, or breathlessly await the coming magazines, which will continue the sad story of *Laura the Lone One*, or the *Wife of Seven Husbands*, or will reveal the thrilling fate of the *Mormonite Unmasked*.

Love: Marriage: Murder: Mystery: there is plenty of all these in the tales which SCOTT has written, and there is plenty of a hundred other interesting themes. Where is such pleasant history as SCOTT puts in his novels? Where are kings and queens and court-scenes brought so vividly to life again? Where are ancient rites and customs so truthfully described? Where else is such poetic word-painting of scenery: such close insight into character: such humour and such pathos: such naturalness of dialogue: such variety of incident: such vigour of invention: and, as in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, for instance, such poetry of passion, and such poetry of prose? Yet far too commonly will a young lady leave unnoticed and untouched this "well of English undefiled," and will drink in with delight the tales of trashy writers, who draw their inspiration from the cesspool and the sink.

Yes, I know these are strong words; but when I happen to feel strongly I must use words to match. You may call me an Old Grumpy, or a Great Big Silly, and may pout your pretty lips at the lecture I am giving you: but you will owe me many a kiss for many a happy hour, if I persuade you to follow the advice of the *Quarterly*, and read *Waverley* and the *Antiquary*, and the like other "great works." To use a sporting phrase, which I dare say you will not want your brother to translate for you, I will back "SCOTT's lot" against the field of our light literature, for as many dozen pairs of gloves as you may like to bet.

With this offer—not the first I doubt that you have yet received—believe me yours in all sincerity,

SOLON SMITH.

A DOCILE CREATURE.

(Interesting Incident in the Experience of MR. HOMEGREEN.)

WHEN I was up in London, as it happened t'other day, From Richmond back droo Hammersmith to town upon my way, When I'd got zammut past the Bridge, a new sight there I see, A Pig a foller'n of a man, as willun as could be.

A ragamuffin kind o' chap the feller was to view;
His four-legged follerer by fur the clanest o' the two.
However, that there man had got command o' that ere Hog,
As trotted along arter un like any spannel dog.

A whity-brownish coloured Pig, looked nigh about five score;
But, big or little, sitch a Pig I never see'd afore.
I'd heerd about a sportsman as for pointer had a sow,
Which story you may doubt on, but I quite believes it now.

Sometimes Pig lagged behind a bit, then on again a'd run,
Soon as his master whistled to 'n, and cut to heel like fun.
I wonder, now, if ever they'll put up that Pig to fat.
I thinks I shouldn't have the heart to kill a Pig like that.

That there Pig and the Larned Pig's relations, I should say.
His teachun 'oodn't, anyhow, be all on't throw'd away.
Was other Pigs all sitch as that, we mightn't gridge the State
To saddle we poor farmers wi' a eddication rate.

BEN DIZZY, don't you wish your pigs as close 'ood foller you,
And let you eddicate 'um in the way you'd have 'um goo?
But your pigs be pig-headed Pigs, that must be drove wi' blows—
They wur'n't be led, unless 'tis when you leads 'um by the nose.

THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

THE subjoined announcement will perhaps evoke a remark from more than one young officer in a "crack" corps:—

"Batta TO THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.—According to the custom in the Indian army at the close of a war, the Indian troops in Abyssinia, with their officers of all ranks, will in all probability be granted batta, or extra pay, as a reward for their suffering and toil on active service. The batta usually means one year's extra pay."

The remark will perhaps be that batta pudding is better than parliamentary praise. A member of the Rag and Famish may be expected at least to know that there is such a thing as batter pudding.

BOOK BY HOOK.—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, by DR. HOOK, might be correctly called *History of the Ecclesiastical Crook*, by the Ecclesiastic Hook.



TWIN SISTERS OF CONSOLATION.

Helen (to Bob, whose picture has been "skied"). "BUT FANCY, IF IT HAD BEEN PUT CLOSE TO THE GROUND, WHERE ALL THE SKIRTS WOULD HAVE RUBBED AGAINST IT!"

Clytemnestra (to Bill, whose picture is ever so much under the line). "BUT FANCY, IF IT HAD BEEN HUNG SO HIGH THAT NOBODY COULD HAVE SEEN IT!"

Tom (whose picture has been rejected altogether. Aside). "NOW, I WONDER WHAT THOSE GIRLS WILL MANAGE TO SAY TO ME?"

MURPHY AND WHALLEY.

It may have appeared to reasonable people that certain genteel persons with ritualistic proclivities make two mistakes when they call everybody, who, in any respect, tries to oppose or controvert Romanism and Roman Priests, a WHALLEY; the first mistake being that no such controversy and opposition can possibly be based on liberal principle, and the second that the name of WHALLEY is as synonymous as it is symphonious with folly. The second mistake, in rational estimation, may seem as great as the first certainly is.

A letter, however, in the *Times*, signed JOHN PAGE HOPPS, dated at "The Parsonage, Dunkinfield," on "The MURPHY Riots," informs the civilised world that:—

"MR. WHALLEY told the House of Commons on Monday night that 'a more honest, truthful, and he might almost say, a more careful man in his statements had never appeared as a public lecturer than MR. MURPHY.'"

MR. HOPPS, in illustration of the extent to which this declaration is true, tells us that, in January last, MURPHY began a lecture at Staley-bridge by producing, without any provocation, a ten-chambered revolver, and saying, "I'm a queer lad, as you'll find out yet," that he next threatened to smash something or somebody, and then offered up a prayer. Here follows a passage from MURPHY's lecture:—

"The way to get rid of Fenianism is to hang the priests. Every priest is a Fenian head-centre. I am going to Ashton to lecture in a cotton mill, and within 300 or 400 yards of the Catholic chapel, and it will not take as long to drive the Popish lambs to Paddy's land. If the people once break out in Lancashire, they will first seize the Catholic priests, then the Sisters of Mercy, and afterwards the lambs, and send them all aloft, neck and crop."

If MR. HOPPS has not been misinformed respecting the demeanour and language above reported, there are only two suppositions whereon these peculiarities can be conceivably accounted for. Either MR. MURPHY was lecturing under the influence of excess in whiskey, or else in a state of excitement and absurd persuasion arising from mere

disorder or lesion of the brain. On the former hypothesis he ought to have been put, if possible, in the stocks: on the latter he should be immediately taken care of before he does himself or others some mischief beyond that of provoking Irishmen to attempt to refute imputations on their religion by rioting. His friends should look after him in the interest of Protestantism as well as for his own sake; and those of MR. WHALLEY, if WHALLEY knows how MURPHY has been raving, ought also to take care of him. Hanwell or Colney Hatch might receive MURPHY, and WHALLEY could be provided with an asylum at Earlswood.

THE COLOUR OF THE WINNER.

SCENE—Club. TIME—The Time for Sherry and Seltzer.

"WHAT colour was the winner of the Derby?" asked GRIGG of a sporting friend GRIGG had won his money by.

The sporting friend replied that he did not know.

GRIGG answered, that his colour was "Spotted."

"Spotted!" exclaimed TURFUS, his friend, his thoughts reverting to the Circus, "Impossible!"

"Not at all," returned GRIGG, "I am certain of it; for, before the race commenced, I spotted him!"

[Exit GRIGG, R. TURFUS left to pay for the Sherry and Seltzer.]

Extremely Happy.

THE SECRETARY FOR INDIA publishes his congratulations to SIR ROBERT NAPIER. We cordially join in them. But when SIR STAFFORD adds, "I must ask for a motto, and suggests *Qualis ab incepto*," we must venture to regret that he did not suggest *Resurgam*, or *In celo quies*, or *Diluculum surgere saluberrimum est*, either of which would have been as appropriate.



“FOR THE DEFENCE.”

SHADE OF PALMERSTON. “BENJAMIN! BENJAMIN! I WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM IN THE LURCH.”

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 25. This Derby week was so horribly and indescribably dull, Parliamentarily (spell that after dinner, Vinoso) speaking, that *Mr. Punch* felt inclined to dispose of the proceedings in a single line, in which the two words Scotland and Boredom should be the nouns. But he scorns to yield to his inclinations, being lord of himself and all that. Don't blame him, however, because your legislators were not amusing. There were one or two episodes that may be worth notice—to the hot weather, and it may be to the means resorted to in compensation, is chiefly due the state of affairs.

MR. DISRAELI was asked whether Government would not defend MR. EYRE against the Negromaniacs. He replied that it would not, but that he reserved the right, after the trial, to appeal to the Houses in favour of MR. EYRE. Such would not have been the answer of LORD PALMERSTON. We can hear the fine old English gentleman. "Sir, Her Majesty's Government may not give unqualified approbation to all that was done for the purpose of making an example that should deter conspirators and savages, but believing that MR. EYRE rendered signal service to the Crown, and that he acted to the best of his judgment in a terrible emergency, the Government would feel that it shrank from its duty to a public servant, were not my learned friend the Attorney-General to undertake MR. EYRE'S defence against inveterate persecution by an irresponsible Junta." And we hear the cheers that MR. DISRAELI has missed.

MR. BRIGHT made a solemn appeal to the Home Secretary to give MICHAEL BARRETT, twice convicted of murdering and mutilating men, women, and children by the Clerkenwell explosion, a third chance of escaping the gallows. MR. HARDY replied that the only ground for reprieving BARRETT was the desire to investigate the evidence of an *alibi*, which had utterly broken down. About fifteen hours later the Fenian assassin was hanged, and he will be remembered by his atrocious crime, and by his being the last felon publicly executed in this country. *Apropos* whereof, a curious piece of biography has been issued. Some of the Gushers who write articles in the provincial papers have improved the occasion, and have abused CALORRAFT, the executioner, on general grounds. A clergyman addresses the *Telegraph* as followeth:—

"As the minister of the church in which he worships, I happen to know the man, and a more worthy creature does not exist. * * * He is a good and tender-hearted man, an habitual frequenter of a Church of England place of worship, where his white head and venerable appearance is pleasingly conspicuous, though his identity is not generally known among the congregation. * * * He is by trade a shoemaker, and you might deal with him all your life, and have no more idea that he was the common hangman than that he was the Grand Lama of Thibet. He is a very devout attendant upon public worship, and a man of very simple and straightforward mind, fulfilling all the relations of domestic and social life in a kindly and affectionate manner."

Something of the same sort (deducting the religion, of course) was written about the Frenchman SANSON. It may be all true, but if a living could be got by shoe-making, it would scarcely occur to shoemakers of average amiability to improve their income by killing people. In America the engine of death is nearly self-acting, and no regular executioner is needed, a fact which may be commended to the attention of MR. JONAS, the admirable Governor of Newgate.

Then, and also on Thursday, the House went into Committee, and discussed the details of the Scotch Reform Bill. Of course *Mr. Punch* is not going to bother you with such things, but when the Bill is complete, he will tell you as much about it as you care to know. MR. DISRAELI got the Committee to reverse, practically, the decision which enacted Household Suffrage pure and simple, and the Scotch are to have but seven of the condemned little boroughs, three of the ten being reprieved. MR. MILL made a stand for fair play and the triangular vote, and MR. BRIGHT opposed both.

Tuesday. The Lords debated MR. TORRENS'S Bill for improving the dwellings of artisans, and LORD CHELMSFORD made out so strong a case for it, that it might well have been passed at once, but it goes to a Select Committee, and may be lost altogether.

The Roman Catholic bishops, having signified that they will accept the proposed College only on such terms as no Protestant Government can accord, the negotiation falls to the ground, and the Cabinet is free to cry, "No Popery!"

MR. LABOUCHERE gained a little victory over the Government, carrying by 76 to 72 a resolution that the sums granted for diplomatic services should be submitted to Parliament in detail. LORD STANLEY said that this would transfer responsibility from the Foreign Office to the House. But that is in accordance with what the present Cabinet calls its principles. Then, this being the Eve of the Derby, Members could not be bored with a discussion on the best means of preventing Colliery accidents—how could you expect it?—and were Counted.

Wednesday. The Derby. A splendid day. All the world at Epsom. Our contemporary above cited describes the business of the day thus:—

"A scramble to the Downs, ample eating and drinking, a minute's mad excitement, more eating and drinking, and then home from 'the Isthmian games,' with much foolish horseplay, and British efforts to be joyous, which means but too often being noisy, stupid, brutal, and drunk."

Mr. Punch speaks of himself as he finds himself, and respectfully asserts that he did not scramble, was never madly excited, acted no horseplay except a game at sweep-stake, and does not exactly remember having been either noisy, stupid, or brutal. *Lady Elizabeth*, LORD HASTINGS'S mare and the favourite, displayed unladylike temper, and was nearly last, and the winner was SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY'S *Blue-Gown*, as predicted by *Mr. Punch*, who explains his vaticination elsewhere.

Thursday. Scotch debate as above, and the only amusing incident was this. MR. LIDDELL had remarked on MR. BRIGHT'S devotion to American principles. MR. BRIGHT politely rejoined, "There is not a syllable of truth in what the honourable gentleman has said."

THE CHAIRMAN apprised MR. BRIGHT that his language was in excess of Parliamentary usage.

MR. BRIGHT had no doubt that MR. LIDDELL had spoken in mistake. MR. LIDDELL said that at all events MR. BRIGHT was evidently an admirer of American manners.

Friday. A great thunderstorm came to-day, and with it woe to the ladies who went in brilliant garments to the Oaks.

"Destinat in Piscem Muller Formosa superna;"

which, being interpreted, means that the Woman who went to see Formosa win ended as wet as a Fish.

But the Storm did not get rid of the Electricity in either House, and the night was tempestuous. After Royal Assent to piles of laws, including the Private Execution Bill,

LORD RUSSELL made a fierce onslaught upon Ministers, declared them not to have the confidence of the Commons, and hoped that, in the new Parliament, they would not unconstitutionally seek to keep place if that House voted against the Irish Church. LORD MALMESBURY replied that the Government had the confidence of the House in regard to many important measures, and, when the new House met, LORD RUSSELL'S friends might move an adverse vote. Then my Lords adjourned till the 8th June.

We were miscellaneous in the Commons. Condemnation of the MURPHY riots was general, but MR. WHALLEY justified MURPHY, on the ground that his father had been stoned to death at the bidding of an Irish priest. Filial vengeance has been respectable since the days of Orestes, but it has usually been expended on the right people, not on folks who had nothing to do with the offence, and it is time that MR. MURPHY'S tender affection should command itself.

Fight on the side of the Law Courts, which most people think should be placed on the Embankment. LORD JOHN MANNERS says that the question is decided; but surely a Parliament, like a Disraeli Minister, may change its mind.

Then a question by MR. W. E. FORSTER as to Dissolution, brought on some hot firing. LORD ELCHO hoped that the Ministers would not be in a hurry, as he wanted to make holiday in August and September, and not be bothered with Electioneering. MR. GLADSTONE, who probably does not want to make holiday in August and September, was very severe upon stress being laid on such a trifle. *Mr. Punch*, who not only does want, but intends to make holiday in August, and September, and October, too, doesn't care a farthing which way the office-holders and office-wanters settle it—he goes off, weather or no. There was no definite information to be got out of the Cabinet, and so the House rose until the following Thursday.

HAYTI-TIGHTY!

THE Jamaica Committee will have been pained to learn, by telegram received at Liverpool on Thursday, that:—

"Anarchy reigned at Port-au-Prince, and the stores had been pillaged and many civilians shot. The British Consul was endeavouring to stop the outrages when the steamer sailed."

As Hayti is not a British possession, the Jamaica Committee, if the British Consul shall be found to have taken the law into his own hands when Anarchy was reigning at Port-au-Prince, and to have stopped the outrages by what they may consider too strong measures, will be unable to prosecute him.

NOTE FOR JUNE.

FIRST great Billiard Festival at Kew. MISS POOLE has kindly consented to sing.

Second will be held in Balk'em Station, Sussex.

For the third another spot will be desirable.

The celebrated Irish Dancers, the Little Jiggers, will attend, and amuse the company with a Thingummyjig.

A Gipsy will be present, to consult the bright particular Star.

After which, the Performing Cats, with Nine Lives each.

The Coach containing the above merry party, will be drawn by four wonderful Screws.

For further particulars, see Small Bill, if you know him.



A DESPERATE CASE!

First Driver. "How's poor Bob?"

Second Driver. "Oh, he's a good deal better—TAKES HIS LOTIONS MORE REG'LAR—"

First Driver (reassured). "Ah!"

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE BROTHERS.

STRUGGLING, battling manfully with the waves beating upon the lower rocks beneath Old MARTIN's cottage, came ashore, upon the eventful evening which has occupied the last few chapters, the body of a man, old before his time, grasping in his right hand a bottle and a lump of sugar.

He lay for some seconds extended upon the beach, until another wave more furious than that which had stranded him, turned him and tossed him over, like a giant at play with an empty butter-cask, and giving him as it were a last kick, retired again into his ocean cave, drawing in his breath with a chuckling roar over the broken state of his old toy.

'Twas the sea's last effort, a grand one, and then it began retreating, like a cowardly giant as it was, to go and play with huge ships for shuttlecocks and vast rocks for marbles on the other side of the world.

The form on the beach moved, stretched, and finally sat upright: a bottle in one hand, a lump of sugar in the other.

"Confound them for a couple of idiots! Commit me to the sea when they hadn't given themselves or me, for the matter of that, time to know whether I was dead or not!" muttered the figure in a grumbling tone. Then he poured three drops of "stuff" as it was labelled, upon a lump of sugar, and placing the latter in his mouth, soon appeared much invigorated.

"A murrain on the jade!" he exclaimed, trying to rise, "an she hath not given me cramps and agues, and a tertian, it may hap enough to last me till next Martinmas, may I never crush cup or demolish pasty more." *

* Note. The Gentleman among the literary staff who wished the entire tale to be called a *Medieval Romance*, and who, under this impression, became a shareholder

HOW WE BREED OUR BURGLARS.

THE other day a couple of mere boys were indicted for a Burglary, and the following is a bit of the evidence adduced:—

"They had hitherto borne a good character, but lately they had had their minds poisoned by the reading of infamous publications, such as the '*Juvenile Highwayman*,' and other things of that stamp, and he believed that they had been the cause of their present position."

We justly pride ourselves in England on our having a Free Press; but the question may be asked if a Press which lures to thievery be not more free than welcome? Due precautions have been taken to regulate the sale of drugs which are noxious to the body, and surely something might be done to stop the sale of novels which are hurtful to the mind.

To begin with, works such as the *Boy Burglar*, or the *Infantile Assassin*, should not be suffered to go forth, without having the word "Poison!" stamped upon the cover; and it might further somewhat tend to the suppression of the evil, if, after being branded, every such book should be burnt.

FAREWELL TO PIPECLAY.

DRILL SERGEANT of the old school, go thy way,
Where alone thou should'st be a master now;
Academy for youth, or even, say
Young Ladies' Boarding-School—*chassez-croisez*—
Word of command to caper, or to bow,
The British soldier give as well might'st thou.
Breech-loading rifle management's his need;
The art at quickest rate his foes to slay.
The goose-step for the geese! What a recruit
Should have in exercise in musket drill,
That he may learn to blaze away with speed;
Instruction which in battle will bear fruit,
In wonders. Sergeant, cultivate that skill,
And teach the young Militia how to shoot.

Levitation by Law.

WHETHER or no MR. HOME, the Medium, was ever lifted into the air by spirits, people may question, but nobody can doubt that, at the suit of Mrs. LYON, when he was arrested he was taken up.

Rising with some difficulty, the Lieutenant, for, as our readers have probably already divined, it was indeed he, commenced the ascent of the crag overhead.

"Come Martinmas!" he said to himself, "odd that the name of MARTIN should occur to me now. My poor brother! But for a quarrel about some wretched property and a title (may all ill light upon such causes of disagreement!) we should have been living together now, and he would perhaps have been an Admiral."

The past seemed like a dream to him: NUTT, GRACE, the Pangoflins, the fatal sugar, the Castor oil, all had passed away like the fashions of a kaleidoscope. It was evident to him that while in a trance they had, as we, being truthful historians, have stated in another place, committed him early on the fifth morning of their floating-house voyage to an ocean grave, which is as much as to say they pitched him over. And we added, "interred him decently;" that is, as it were, turned him out well, as became a faithful niece and attached servant. So as he strode up the crag the thought recurred to him, and he questioned in his heart the treatment he had received at their hands.

"Pitched over! Turned out!" he went on, harping upon these grievances until the balmy air of morn, stealing from the far west, crept in among his grey hairs and whispered peace.

A harmony as from another world seemed round about his head.

He clasped his hands, and with a smiling self-devotion looked upwards as he murmured softly, so softly, to himself,

"A singing! in my ears! Ah! happy childhood!"

Then in reverent spirit he doffed that weather-beaten hat, and moved in a gay and stately manner, reminding the looker-on of the expressive joyous occasion of an old Castilian, whose blue blood would have been stirred by the sight of some wild deeds of chivalry, or some Moorish dogs biting the dust before the sainted banner of Compostello.

A looker-on *did* see him.

to a large extent in the Novel Company, has expressed himself sufficiently satisfied by this speech being put into the Lieutenant's mouth as a protest against more modern English and ordinary phrases.—Ed.

An old man above, from a window where he had crept to see "the blessed sun before life ebbed."*

He could only feebly breathe "Hi!"

The sound attracted the Lieutenant's attention.

He ran towards the door.

It was MARTIN's cottage.

He lifted the latch, and quick as lightning threw the bottle towards the sinking figure, who, guarding his head by the instinct which even men in the last stage have of self-preservation, seized it, and drained it to the dregs.

The morning sun shone in.

"My Preserver!" exclaimed old MARTIN, rushing madly towards the Lieutenant.

"My Life preserver!" ejaculated the Lieutenant, feeling in the vest of his uniform.

Within an inch of each other both started back.

"It cannot be!" was their one exclamation.

Then MARTIN, holding off from the other at a foot's length, stared straight in his face, and asked rapidly,

"CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEONARD?"

And the other replied with an interrogatory:

"MATTHEW MARMADUKE MARTIN?"

The two old men were in each other's arms.

"My brother! my dear brother!" each cried.

In that moment all was forgotten and forgiven. Explanations quickly followed, and MARTIN, or as we must now call him, MATTHEW MARMADUKE MARTIN MARCHMONT, put it clearly to the Lieutenant, his elder brother, how when they had both married, he had never intended to hurt his feelings, by taking the girl who should have been his brother CHARLES's bride; while a similar assurance on the part of AUGUSTUS LEONARD soon cleared the veil of doubt and mystery from the heart of the younger, though now old, MARTIN.

One other explanation.

CHARLES LEONARD asked,

"How is my daughter?"

Old MARTIN replied, trembling.

"CHARLES, she thought me dead, a villain has her in his power, but I dare say JOSEPH, her lover, will find her."

Then it was Old MARTIN's turn to ask,

"How is my daughter?"

"GRACE is lost at sea," was the Lieutenant's hurried reply. "The young scapegrace buried me; but if we take a ship (you want a little change of air, so do I), I dare say we shall find her somewhere about the Pacific."

For each old man had, out of revenge, in early days, stolen the other's daughter when a child; and the one, GRACE, had been brought up as CHARLES MARCHMONT's niece, as indeed she was; while the other was called Old MARTIN's daughter, as indeed she wasn't.

"The first thing then is," said the Lieutenant,

"To get—"

"A SHIP."

They had been at sea three days,

These two old men.

"Steer to the right, MARMADUKE MATTHEW MARTIN, will you?" said the Lieutenant.

"I will NOT, AUGUSTUS LEONARD CHARLES," was his stern relation's return.

"If you don't," retorted AUGUSTUS LEONARD, irritably, "I'll break your old head."

"Break my old head, you—"

Angry words might have followed but for the intervention of COMMANDER BOUNCER, a veteran Horse Marine, who had been in the service ever since that peculiar branch of it had been first organised, and who had kindly undertaken the conduct of this expedition.

"Hold Hard!" said COMMANDER BOUNCER.

His ship, by the way, which before was called the *Gemini*, had now been re-christened the *Penelope Anne*, Owner KNOX.

"Don't let's have no rumpus," was the Commander's homely advice.

The old men wept in each other's arms.

"Now then," said the Commander, "You two go up aloft, one on the mast-head, tother on the jib-boom, and keep a look out."

Away they went up the rigging.

Then they sailed on, the Commander steering.

On the sixth day, the two old men never having moved from their position, the loblolly boy caught a fish which was hauled upon deck. The fish was a flying one apparently, but on opening it they found it had swallowed a small fat bird, whose wings were sticking out.

On this bird was a card of invitation.

It was the Round Robin.

On it was MISS MARCHMONT's name.

* The Editor, at the request of the authors of the Boomerang portion, who have seen these proofs as per agreement, wishes to know from what poet this quotation is made?

Answer of Authors of the *Piel Dornton* part.—What! not know that!!! Consult any Member of Parliament in the habit of quoting; and read, Sir, read.

Then the sailors hoorayed for joy, and the Lieutenant gave them three pound six and eightpence halfpenny all round, and entered it all in his private account book with a share of three-quarters of the whole sum down to his brother, to be repaid when he came into his fortune.

Then the Commander liquored up freely, and the two old men wept again in each other's arms.

Then they thought they saw something.

They sailed to the right, according to the direction on the card, and within a few hours, the Commander taking a second and a stiffer glass, made out

EEL PIE ISLAND, and GREEN FAT.*

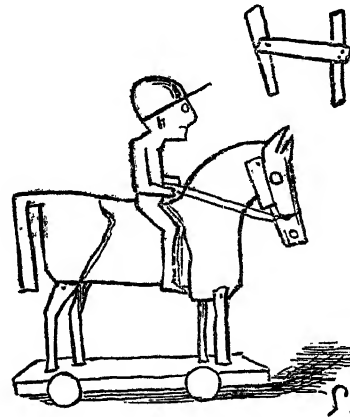
Then the Sailors cheered the Lieutenant, who bowed courteously from the masthead, and distributed sovereigns among the men, who had already begun to pity the poor old gentleman, as a harmless lunatic not very distantly related to the Flying Dutchman.

So they sailed on. MARTIN at the prow, BOUNCER at the helm, the Lieutenant, like the good Cherub, smiling aloft, and keeping watch on the life of poor Jack below; then onward sped that good ship, the *Penelope Anne*.

(To be continued.)

* The Editor compliments the *PIEL-DORNTON* portion Authors on so readily falling in with the romantic notion of the Boomerang authors. The Editor does hope that they'll all work together with a will for the finish, which is now rapidly approaching.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY FULFILLED.



HERE you are again, and such of you as followed the advice of your only true and faithful friend, *Punch*, have won a pot of money, and can afford to take your lovely and attached charmers to Ascot. Now, my noble sportsmen, what did I tell you? I gave you the right tip, while all the other prophets (except the *Star* and the *Bral*) led their too confiding victims into dreadful bogs and abysmal quagmires, where they are now wallowing in the cold abjectness of disappointment and dismay. Let us hooray over them, for two-thirds of the pleasure of life is beholding the deserved misfortunes of others. Hooray, accordingly. And now what did I say? This:—

"THE WINNER WILL BE A WOMAN OF FASHION COMING DOWN TO BREAKFAST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE."

What does that mean? That Blue being a fashionable morning colour, a lady will probably come down in a Blue-gown? No, Sirs, though that would be a much more explicit prophecy than nine out of ten of my contemporary prophets dare risk. No, Sirs. But it means this:—

THE WINNER WILL BE THE ONE THAT IS IN THE GREATEST HURRY TO GET AT THE *Post*.

Now then?

A WORD TO THE WITLERS.

Punch recommends his beloved friends, the Licensed Victuallers, to give up, for a short time, the pleasure of holding blatant meetings for self-protection, and talking tall nonsense under the presidency of fifth-rate members of Parliament, and to take notice of evidence which is being given to the House of Commons on the part of the artisan class. MR. POTTER, and other officials of unions, associations, and the like, are assuring the House that the workmen desire stringently restrictive measures as to the sale of liquor, not only on Sundays, but at other times. That the most skilful drink the most, and pray to be protected against themselves. That they wish beer were a guinea a pot. That the fault of the Sunday Bill is that it is not half strong enough, and much more, to that effect. Now it does not in the least matter, for the present purpose, how far these witnesses are authorised, or whether they desire a wise and just thing. Their evidence has great weight and will be listened to. And it will be quoted, if not now, by the next Chancellor of Exchequer, who is notoriously inclined to be as hard as he can upon the Drink trade. But the blessed Bungs won't pay attention to all this. It is so much easier to drink toasts and cheer a rampant secretary describing a Publican as the nearest likeness to an Angel which this world affords. Why is not the great body of artisans appealed to, and asked whether they want the sort of legislation desired by MR. POTTER?

Are they virtuous, and shall there be no more cakes and ale?



AT THE HORSE-SHOW.—A PRIZE PAIR.

ROBINSON'S REVERIE.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut
 Beneath some bower's shade;
 A tilted waggon in a rut;
 A well, and nut brown maid.
 And now they show a portrait fair,
 So sweetly limn'd from life;
 With gentle glance and golden hair—
 An eligible Wife.

Art looketh on her loveliness,
 And lays his pencil down,
 While RACHEL weeps—can she do less?
 Enchantress of renown!
 Whose roses conscious of deceit
 Their abject state deplore;
 With cunning lilies, train'd to cheat,
 All crushed for evermore!

In politics she plays no part,
 "No vote I need," she says;
 The House that represents her heart,
 My oratory sways.
 Yet doth she read HUME, HALLAM, MILL,
 And WHATELY with delight;
 My essays, too, on Time, Space, Will,
 Equality and Right!

Severely though her temper's tried
 By desultory Man,
 Across her brow no shadows glide,
 My faults no breezes fan.
 A few fat friends I met at Rome
 Are welcome when they call,
 And him who looks most like a gnome,
 She flatters most of all.

A pony Phaeton in the Park
 She drives from two to three:

No bells conspiring tinkle!—mark
 How self-contained is she:
 The proud swart Prince with silver spur
 Observes that peerless One,
 And ducal hats are raised to her
 Whose eyes are raised to none.

At Race, Assize, or County Ball,
 She shineth as a star;
 She smiles 'on captains' stout or small,
 And charms the briefless Bar.
 To hounds she rides with eager men,
 And laughs when others sigh:
 But takes the stiffest fences when
 No nervous youth is nigh.

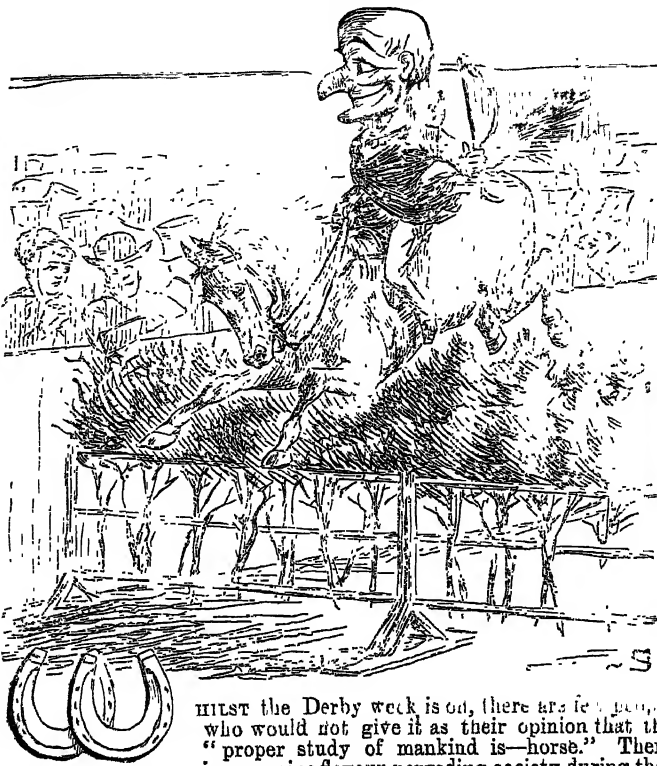
Methinks in living form I see
 My Beautiful! my bride!
 How grateful then, I bend the knee,
 Consenting to be tied.
 My hookah mutely I resign,
 My dog with wail of woe
 Retires—then the tuneful Nine
 In a procession slow.

Sometimes grim thoughts of age and gout
 Invade my broken rest,
 When slipper'd, lean, I'm wheeled about,
 Still dreaming, still unblest.
 And, oh, what grief will grave my cheek,
 Ye doves that cozy coo!
 If she, the faultless one I seek,
 Should seek perfection too.

A Different Article.

MR. "JOHN" MURRAY, of Albemarle Street, has warned the public against a book announced by MR. "A" MURRAY, as written by HENRY HALLAM. When will the public learn the difference between "A" MURRAY, of who knows where, and 'the' MURRAY, of Albemarle Street?

THE HORSE SHOW.



MUST the Derby week is on, there are few people who would not give it as their opinion that the "proper study of mankind is—horse." There is an equine flavour pervading society during that period, as there is undoubtedly a beefy odour throughout London at the Cattle Show season, the latter being possibly accounted for by the superabundance of ox-ygen in the air. Following close upon the wild excitement of the Derby and the Oaks comes the calmer attraction of the Islington show, and in admiring the animals when quiescent in their stalls or careering proudly round the centre, the real admirer of the noble brute who has won his money may spend it profitably in some judicious purchases, whilst the sight cannot fail to be gratifying to the luckless speculator who has backed his *Lady Elizabeth*, and has lost heavily by his Bet.

Irrespective of the actual entertainment derived by witnessing the Show, the contemplation of the animals must have its due effect upon those heartless utilitarians who would degrade the horse to the level of the dinner-table, and who, in talking of "stakes," are apt to confuse the legitimate meaning of the word with another—a juicier and more revolting one, repulsive alike to the admirer of the genuine article at fourteenpence per pound, and the respecter of the "friend of man."

On the present occasion it is true there was a grim suggestion of what in this horribly practical age might occur some day in the presence of a new kind of sausage machine; but we trust it was admitted by accident, and was not deliberately placed in a prominent position, as a moral warning to the animals after the manner of those jolly ancient gourmets, who couldn't enjoy their banquet without the presence of a skeleton; a cheerful addition, at once suggestive of the hollowness of worldly delights, and the advantage of picking one's bones. Be that as it may, we for one hope the day is far distant when there shall be a run upon collared horse, or a lively demand in the poorer neighbourhoods for "a pound of nice horse-ages."

One is not required to have what is technically termed "an eye for a horse" to see the vast superiority of a Show like the one at the Agricultural Hall over such an exhibition as the Derby, as a means towards the legitimate end; namely, the improvement of the quadruped himself. Where at Epsom one seldom sees anything but lean fine drawn weedy specimens, fleet of foot and delicate as Italian greyhounds, at Islington one beholds a collection of honest, full-grown, well developed sturdy fellows, up to weight, fine enduring, wholesome looking animals of all sorts, shapes and sizes. The present show was no exception to the rule.

As usual, however, human judgment was not considered infallible, and some of the judicial decisions of the noblemen and gentlemen who awarded the prizes were received with anything but favour by the spectators. Many well conducted persons indeed went so far as to hiss, hoot, and yell at the lucky recipients of the judges' approval, and to receive the less fortunate animals with extravagant applause. Prominent amongst the unlucky ones was *Samson*, to our fancy a grand animal, who on the second day distinguished himself beyond all

others at leaping, being magnificently ridden by Mr. HAWES, who was evidently destined to

"Witch the world with noble Hawesmanship."

and who took a fence after a fence with excellent temper.

The PRINCE OF WALES's *Knight of St. Patrick*, which took the second prize amongst the weight-carrying hunters, was a decided success; but his Royal Highness's *Rupee* was not a popular prizewinner. We should, however, fancy the mare to be exceedingly fleet, indeed *Rupee* struck us as being a kind of foreign coin which any one would find very difficult to pass. And here let us protest against the hideous habit of shortening the horse's tail in a barbarous manner, which in many instances brought before our mind's eye vivid recollections of old Newmarket nags in black wooden frames, plentifully flyblown, in the rusty inn parlours of bygone days. Some of the tails in the present instance were the merest paragraphs. Such mutilation should be felony, and on the homœopathic principle, for those who cut short a horse's tail, the consequences should be decidedly the dock.

We would also urge the advisability of the persons who show off the animals taking a few lessons in horseriding between this Show and the one next year. In more senses than one there was a great falling off this June; indeed, so often did some of the would-be huntsmen come to the ground, that we were surprised they did not occasionally indulge in that exciting and suggestive sporting exclamation, "Tan-tivy!"

On the whole, however, the Fifth Annual Horse Show was the best we have had, and though the prices attached to some of the numbers were rather extravagant, they were no doubt like bets when lost by ladies, not expected to be paid. The behaviour of the animals in their stalls and boxes was a striking example for certain frequenters of other stalls and boxes, who are supposed to be as well bred, but who might in many instances take a profitable lesson from the more quietly conducted denizens of the Agricultural Hall.

We may add, that the only disappointment we met with was the absence of a Suffolk Punch (which we held to be a personal slight); that we were totally at a loss to discover the connection between a Horse Show and a patent pea-sheller; that the Prince's white Arabian was the popular attraction with the ladies, whilst the favourite judge with the horses themselves was evidently COLONEL HAY.

TWO WAYS WITH RASCALDOM.

THERE are two ways of doing most things, to say nothing of masterly inactivity, or not doing them at all, which is pleasant in hot weather. We all know the extreme politeness displayed by our excellent Police Magistrates towards criminals, and the careful avoidance of any expressions likely to wound the feelings of those interesting objects, and to notify to them the opinion of Society on their doings. That is one way.

In America there is another. We learn from the *New York Leader* that—

"JUDGE DOWLING, of Boston, is eminently fitted for his position. He is prompt, intelligent, decided, humane. He will get through a hundred cases in an hour, Discharge, fine, imprisonment, follow rapidly, mingled with paternal advice."

And the writer follows this eulogium, which we understand is really deserved, by a specimen of JUDGE DOWLING's talk to a rascal.

"A man complains of a girl for breaking his windows. The Judge gets at the story in a minute. 'So you turned her out of doors, and she smashed your windows, did she? I wish she had broken your head. Great, idle, lazy vagabond, living off the blood and bones of these poor creatures; if I catch you in my court again I'll send you up for six months. Clear out!' And the chap-fallen fellow leaves the court-room. The prisoner is in great gloom, but is instantly sobered as the Judge turns to her and says: 'Look here, if you break that man's windows again, or disturb him in any way, I'll send you up for six months. Now go.'"

That, as we have said, is the other way. We are not sure that it has not its merits. It is the way *Punch* talks to sundry.

The Way to Rule the Waves.

THE thanks of the British Nation are due to the Admiralty for having provided it with Naval Defences, described by the *Times* as "a fleet of ironclad broadsides, which can only fire their guns in such exceptional weather as cannot fairly be anticipated for a naval action." It may be said that these Men-of-War, like KNICKERBOCKER's Dutch Emigrant Ship, are likely to be particularly great in a calm. But perhaps that is too much to say; and all that can be safely asserted is, that the British Navy will be unable to fight in rough water.

"NO CHILDREN NOW-A-DAYS."

AWFUL intelligence about a child of only six years old. Her Mammy says she is growing so fast!

Is it possible!! Are these the materials of which the girl of the future period will be made?



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

THE DOVE STYLE.

A WORD WITH A YENGE.

A CLEVER American gentleman, who writes in *Tinsley*, and who has told us some wholesome truths about sundry Englishisms, which we frankly admit to be absurdities, has, in his last Paper, attacked us on the subject of Theatres and Music Halls. We do not consider an American a foreigner, but we will call this writer so, *pro hac vice*; as, but for his being a stranger, we should not have answered him. "Let them rave," is *Mr. Punch's* motto, when abused. This gentleman, after a contrast between the English and the American stage, and after assigning great superiority to the actors on the latter (the samples we get seldom justify his sentence), makes a stand for the Music Halls and their Music. Further, he intimates that *Punch* depreciates both, because certain of his young men are theatrical authors. That is certainly not his reason, nor is it a natural one, as theatrical authors are generally much more inclined to castigate Managers than to fondle them. As regards the music, *minus* the words, he has no further objection to it, than that it is of a low type, despite the fact that most of the very successful tunes are stolen from the French, or other sources. The words usually sung are so utterly idiotic that it is hardly worth while to express contempt for them, or for those who applaud them. But for the Music Hall itself he has a hatred, which is so well vindicated in the following paragraph, that he will spare himself the trouble of inditing another. This is from an article in the First Number of the New Series of the *Gentleman's Magazine* (which periodical he hereby takes the opportunity of mildly puffing, by merely saying that the man or Person who does not read it is guilty of Voluntary Lunacy), and here is *Mr. Punch's* reason for his hostility to the Music Hall:—

"The Music Halls encourage drinking. By an air of respectability, assumed as a 'cloak to carry on the trade,' families of the bourgeois class are induced to frequent them, and are thereby brought into social contact with the profligate and abandoned of both sexes."

Add, that the young are thus led into temptation, and frequently into crime, and we have done. But we ourselves are quite willing to "encourage drinking" to the extent of saying to our American critic, "Let us liquor up."

WHAT MR. HOME IS AND HAS NO LONGER.—The Lyons' cher.

TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, K.G.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I SHALL publish this letter,* but by Jove, old fellow, you scarcely deserve it.

I read, in the *Imperial Review*, this,

"We are informed that at a public dinner last week the proceedings of which were not reported, his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE referred pointedly to the late caricature of him in *Punch*, which represented him as 'knowing nothing of' SIR R. NAPIER. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS declared emphatically that, so far from such being the case, he was the first person to suggest the name of the gallant general to the Cabinet for the command in Abyssinia."

Now, first, my dear GEORGE, as to the manner of this proceeding of yours, and then as to the matter.

Either the courage or the kind feeling for which your family and yourself are distinguished must have failed you when you saw my Cartoon. Else, *mon vieux*, you would not have waited for a public dinner at which to express your sensations, but you would have driven down here, as you have done hundreds of times, and over a cool drink and a cigar have had the affair out with me, and received the explanation which you give me the trouble to make with the thermometer at 80° in the shade. Or, at worst, you might have sent GENERAL FORSTER to know whether you had annoyed me. I would not have chaffed him, at least not more than was good for his soul.

But, as to the matter to which you have referred pointedly (that means, I suppose, that you pointed at my picture), I can truly say, my GEORGE, that I had no intention of wounding your feelings. I make allowances for a Royal Duke who associates with old Generals, and that kind of intellect, but you ought to have seen, and have been sure, that the Portrait which you have chosen to imagine meant my personal friend, GEORGE, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, meant him in his official capacity, as Head of the Horse Guards. I like you very much, as you know, and I believe you to be an excellent Duke and good fellow, with the interests of your Cousin's Army, and of your Country, very much at heart. Moreover, are we not, as I have said, personal friends, and have I not glorified you in many Pictures? Do you not recollect how I applauded your accession to the Head of the Army, your dealing with coarse young officers, and other merits? And if I could forget your good deeds, and our private regard, would I have willingly been unkind to the Cousin of my QUEEN? By Jove, GEORGE, I am nearly getting riled in trying to un-rile you. Your health, however.

But, my dear Commander-in-Chief, business is business. I am heartily glad to know from yourself that you suggested NAPIER for Abyssinia, and from other trustworthy witnesses that you exerted yourself strenuously to prevent that Indian officer from being hindered by prejudice, Forsterism, and red tape, and that you were most laudably prompt to get the Decoration sent out to him the moment we heard of his triumphs. I rejoice that your own excellent nature, and my teachings, have combined to induce you to see things in the right way, and I have no doubt that you will signalise yourself still further as becomes the Head of the Army. But you know that I have had for years the most awful struggle with the Department of which, in my picture, I made you the type. Remember the days of the Crimea. Remember how I have had to fight for reforms, which are even now but half accorded. Tell me, my dear GEORGE, is not SIR ROBERT NAPIER the very first officer of Engineers to whom command has been given? I am more than happy that it has been your hand that has broken the red-tape chain, but the breakage is of the latest, and you know best how the old fogies like it. I am quite justified in still considering the Horse Guards very much behind the time, while I congratulate you, my Royal GEORGE, in keeping up with it.

There, my gallant friend, I hope that explanation pleases you, and that you are vexed with yourself for not having come down to my office, and had it out there. However, I forgive you, or rather, I have nothing to forgive. Come down as usual, and the sooner the better, for I have just opened a prime lot of weeds, on which I should like your opinion. Bring old FORSTER, if you like, for I am rather fond of him.

Ever, my dear GEORGE,

Yours affectionately,

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street.

P.S. You are quite wrong in being obstinate against the bit of brass on the soldier's shoulder. Read HOZIER, and learn how that little defence saved hundreds of men from being cut down.

Official.

(From the "Howl.")

WE understand that MR. WHALLEY is to be raised to the Peerage, with the title of LORD SAY-AND-SING.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.—The faster a man starts in life, the sooner he gets into a hobble.



“RES ANGUSTÆ DOMI.”

Family Man. “WHERE DO YOU GO THIS YEAR, JINNINGS?”

Bachelor (in a sketchy manner). “OH—BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND THE WHINE, BELGIUM—F’WAPS GET AS FAR’S VIENNAH! WHERE ‘YOU OFF TO!’”

Family Man. “OH, I SUPPOSE I SHALL TAKE THE OLD WOMAN DOWN TO WORTHING—AS USUAL!”

[And he says this in anything but a sprightly manner—which was weak and injudicious.]

PUNCH’S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, June 4. The House of Commons (a very small one) met after the Whitsuntide Holidays, and *Punch* was reminded of a verse in a gallant old ballad by JAMES HOGG, a poet of whom Scotland is not half so proud as she ought to be—

“Rough was the onset—boast, nor threat,
Nor cry was heard from friend or foe;
At once began the work of fate,
With perilous thrust and deadly blow.”

Scarcely were Members in their places, when SIR THOMAS BATESON, Member for Devizes, and Conservative, demanded of the PREMIER whether his attention had been called to a letter signed by MR. GLADSTONE, and published for the benefit of the Liberals (who won) at the East Worcestershire Election. In that letter the writer accused the Ministers of proposing to endow the Catholic Church in Ireland, and to create a Catholic University to be paid out of the taxes of the country.

MR. DISRAELI (with a masterly imitation of the bantering manner of the late Lord Palmerston). My attention, Sir, is called to most things. I believed that letter, and still believe it to be, one of those effusions which, in election language, are sometimes called squibs, and sometimes hoaxes. (Laughter.) It appeared to me to be a gross caricature of the right hon. gentleman’s least happy style; and, as it contained assertions which could not be proved, and which nothing but the excitement of an election would justify, I really have given no further consideration to it. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Gladstone. Sir, I wish—

Mr. Surtees. Sir, I rise to order. The—

Speaker (sharply and sternly). There is no question of order. You must not interrupt the proceedings of the House.

Mr. Gladstone. I will speak presently.

When the Motion for going into Supply came, MR. GLADSTONE had his innings. He had written the letter, and if it had helped the Hon. MR. LITTLETON to beat MR. LASLETT, was very glad of it. He was not going to defend his style. But he showed, with great earnestness and elaboration, that the policy pointed out in that letter had been the policy of the Cabinet.

MR. DISRAELI, preserving something of his sportive manner, endeavoured to prove that Ministers had never said anything that amounted to what MR. GLADSTONE had charged. The country knew better, he said, than to believe that he wished to do more than improve the status of the Catholic Church.

The battle of the knights was followed by the battle of the squires, MR. CARDWELL and LORD MAYO having a set-to, which was in favour of the former. Then the debate went down so low as to include discussion as to the politics of MR. REARDON! Then it ceased, for nothing could “live ‘twixt that and silence.”

Estimates, Education, Exhibitions, and the like, until half-past one in the morning.

Observe, however, that MR. HARDY gave notice of a Bill for Expediting the new Registration of Electors. They are coming!

Friday. MR. LAMONT (Liberal) presented a Petition, signed by 76 Peers, 6 Bishops, 20 M.P.’s, 400 Clergymen, 66 Generals and Admirals, 300 Justices of the Peace, and about 30,000 other persons, praying that MR. EYRE might be restored to public employment, and compensated for the losses he has sustained by persecution.

Debate on Maynooth, ended by a resolution that the vote for this Establishment, and also the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterians should cease simultaneously with the destruction of the Irish Church.

COLONEL STUART KNOX said something which MR. REARDON (QUEEN INSULTER) held to imply contempt for him, and which the SPEAKER ruled to be unobjectionable.

Count Out on proposal to count out more money to SIR JOHN TAWAITS for the Embankment.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"MINE FOR EVER!"

THE WAVES which had received JOSEPH when he leapt from the burning height extinguished such flames as had already caught his dress, and carried him to shore.

Thence, after inquiry at Martin's hut, who had by that time departed with the Lieutenant, he at once betook himself to town, trusting to the information which he was able to gather on the road from those who had seen PIEL DORNTON galloping towards the metropolis with a fair burden laid across the horse, as to where Bessy was imprisoned.

At first he thought that the best method was to call upon the LORD CHANCELLOR, and obtain some letters dimissory or a mandamus; but on second thoughts he gave up this plan as involving too great a waste of time and money.

He soon began to be aware of several people in disguise following him wherever he went, and once coming round a corner sharply when he was evidently supposed to have gone the other way, he discovered a middle-aged man taking off a false nose and a pair of coloured spectacles.

This alarmed him, and in future he only ventured out at night.

One evening he was in St. James's Park when a gentlemanly man accosted him, asking him if he wanted "a little dawg."

Something about his interrogator's appearance attracted him, and he was led, contrary to his usual custom, to enter into a conversation with the man, and while so engaged they drew near the small summer-house which was built for the sole use of Royalty some years ago, and which is still a show place for our country cousins, with its grotesque pictures, its rich velvet-covered sofas, and Dutch mantel-pieces carved over with the conquests of the Regent, a special attraction perhaps being that the entrance is gratis, and it can only be seen on certain days in the year, such days being, among others, if we remember right, the twenty-ninth of September, the first of April, the glorious thirty-first of June, and the annual commemoration on the same day in November.

Hence it was not astonishing that JOSEPH, new to London as he was, should have expressed his curiosity to visit the interior of the Royal Arbour.

The man had the pass-key and admitted him. JOSEPH sat down to admire wonders in art quite new to him.

It was a hot day, and he complained of thirst. His new acquaintance, who appeared to be a sort of a metropolitan farmer, offered to procure him a delicious draught of curds and whey straight from the cow.

JOSEPH accepted, and in another second he was alone.

He felt in his pocket for the papers, and cursing his own stupidity in not having secreted them carefully before, he now, with a dim intuitive perception of coming danger, sewed them into the heels of his boots.

Scarcely had he taken this precaution when the man re-appeared, bearing a bowl of the grateful beverage.

After this JOSEPH knew no more. He drank, and fell, insensible.

The full-length portrait of the Ranger opened, and a tall man in a mask appeared, accompanied by two others in cloaks.

"Bear him away at once," said the tallest of the masks, in a tone of imperious command.

"Where to, MASTER DORNTON?" inquired the man who had administered the potion.

"Silence, fool!" thundered DORNTON, for the Mask was he. "Your incautious folly may ruin us."

"I beg your honour's pardon," replied the man, surlily.

"Hold your confounded tongue, JEREMY," said the younger and shorter Mask, "if you can, or I'll shoot you as I would a dog."

"Nay," interposed the third, who was stouter and of a more noble bearing. "Poor JEREMY means no harm. What say you, CAPTAIN DORNTON, whither shall the carrion be borne?"

PIEL DORNTON paused, then in a gloomy voice he gave the command—

"To the Black Mine of Cwmdgrwr. Away!"

They bore his body among them, PIEL DORNTON controlling their movements with a revolver which he ever and anon pointed from one to another as occasion seemed to require.

To the Black Mine of Cwmdgrwr, in Cornwall.

Then, as they closed the door and departed, he threw aside his disguise.

"I breathe again," he cried. "Mine! Mine for ever!"

Then he went to Hanover Square.

HANOVER SQUARE!!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BLUSH ROSE PATTERN.

IN an elegant apartment in Hanover Square sat ELIZABETH, the supposed daughter of Old MARTIN. She was a prisoner, to all intents and purposes a prisoner, as much was the statue of GEORGE CANNING, which looked sadly down upon the ancient pump below, as if though

they had both been there for years, no one had ever yet had the civility to ask him to take a drop.

Blackly looked the statue on poor Bessy as she walked to the window.

She tried to amuse herself with books; but she could not read. The piano was her only resource: she was entirely ignorant of the practical science of music, and did not know one note from another, but she swept her hands indiscriminately over the keys, and made such music as perhaps few, even proficient in the art, could have heard unmoved.

Then she surveyed the apartment. It was a gorgeously furnished room. Chairs of various ornamentation, with figures of sea gods and small fishes stood out in bold relief, showing the seats to have been constructed less for utilitarian than decorative purposes.

The carpet was a rich heavy cut pile of a strange pattern. In the centre was a large circle, and in the centre of this ring a blush rose.

This attracted her attention, and though she could not in the least understand the train of thought, she could not help connecting this rose somehow or another with the memory of her, to her, lost JOSEPH.

The door opened, and PIEL DORNTON, in an evening dress of the height of fashion, with large white tie, high collars and tail coat that swept the floor, entered, gaily.

"Do not approach me," said Bessy, flying to the bell-rope.

"Nay, pretty flutterer," said PIEL, smiling, "the bells will not serve thee any more than will those they summon. They are dummies."

"But your servants?" inquired Bess, sharply.

"I have none here but dumb-waiters," was the cold cutting response.

"Come," he continued, "enough of this prudery. Life was made for love and pleasure; see where the banquet is prepared," and drawing aside a heavy drapery, he discovered to her astonished gaze a table covered with a profusion of delicacies, including nuts from Brazil, and oranges from sweet Seville, with bottles of the richest home-made wines and ices, which could not have cost one penny less than that exact sum. Then soft music began to play, and PIEL watched its effect upon her with evident satisfaction.

She permitted him to take her hand.

To lead her towards the banquet.

She trembled: soft aromatic vapours were wafted across the room, and she sank upon a sofa, feeling that her will was becoming powerless in the hands of this terrible being.

"JOSEPH!" she murmured.

"Bah!" exclaimed PIEL. "Think not of him. He has neglected you: he is toying at this moment with some lead-begrimed miner's daughter."

"Has he indeed sunk so low?" asked, in a subdued tone, Bess, whose last remembrance of her lover was as he leapt from the burning Lighthouse.

"He has," replied PIEL DORNTON, feeling that the fewer words he used the more powerful would be their force.

"So much beneath my level?" she continued more to herself than him.

"Sixteen thousand feet beneath the level of the sea," returned PIEL, gaily. "Come, he is unworthy of you. To the banquet. Let us drink his health." So saying, he filled a jewelled goblet to the brim, and as the beads sparkled and twinkled on the bosom of the wine of Ginger, he cried aloud, "JOSEPH, to you I drink: gallant knight, who would protect thy mistress! ha! ha! JOSEPH, upon my word, I should like to see you here!"

"YOU SHALL!" exclaimed a voice. It came apparently from

The Blush Rose in the centre of the Carpet.

In another instant the pattern had opened, and, shot up by some unseen force, JOSEPH stood before them.

DORNTON discharged all his barrels at him as he rose, but with such violence was the impetus from below given that JOSEPH passed through the air almost to the ceiling, and down again, before the practised marksman's eye could settle upon any one point where he could with anything like certainty direct his aim.

Bessy ran to him, and clung to him, in his dirty miner's dress as he was.

"PIEL DORNTON, I come to fetch my bride. Do not stir a step—let us understand each other." DORNTON listened doggedly.

"You want the papers which I possess."

"I do."

"Good: you shall have them."

"How?"

"No matter."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Who?"

"I."

"Stay."

"Yes."

"WHEN?"

"Now!"

"Or Wait—"

"Till You get them?"

"No."
 "There."
 "Ah!"

And with this he drew from his boots the long coveted prize. PIEL tore them open, and it was evident that he had immediately hit upon an important discovery.

"Is this true?" he asked.

"It is?"

"What?" asked BESS.

"No matter," replied JOSEPH.

"Yes, it does matter," answered PIEL, "I will tell her. *You are not the Heiress to the Baronetcy, and will not come into the Thirteen Million.*"

"Who said I would?" asked BESS, incredulously.

"He thought so," explained JOSEPH. "And, do you know more than this, you are not

"Old MARTIN's daughter."

BESS fainted.

"I leave her in your hands," said PIEL, hastily.

"Take her and be happy. There is a supper and excellent wine, and gold pins for the crustacea. My work lies in another place."

JOSEPH drew back from his proffered hand, and cursing the Miner's pride, he strode from the room.

When BESS revived he told her how he had been immured in a mine in Cornwall, and how he had dug his way, wearing out his hands and teeth for her, until he had found the subterranean route to her present abode.

Then he took a bath, and having discovered a rich suit of clothes, he returned to her gaily.

When she heard that she was the daughter of LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT, she at once proposed to find him out, and join him and her sister.

"Or, if not," she said to JOSEPH, "that bold bad man will marry her, as he has already tried to marry me."

"You are right: at any cost we will go."

So these two set out upon their journey, and finding from inquiry at the various coasts that Old MARTIN, who was very well known everywhere, had sailed away with a strange gentleman (for LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT, from his long residence in Benicia, had been quite forgotten by the good inhabitants of the fishing villages), they took the first steamer, leaving England, for CAPTAIN BOUNCER's course, which he had declared before sailing to the look-out clerk at the Storm Signal Office. They sailed in haste, with all steam up, in the wake of the good ship, *Penelope Anne*.

While she was getting under weigh the partners in the bank of CHECK, DISS, COUNT & Co., Benicia, were engaged on a scrutiny not wholly unconnected with the present *dramatis personæ*.

A strange Child, scarcely as tall as the money-shovel if upright, called upon MR. SNAGG, the Chief Clerk.

MR. SNAGG was in bed, but as the Infant was importunate, the old man-of-business deemed that, in the interest of his employers, he had better see him.

The result of the interview was, that MR. SNAGG at once ran down to the office and summoned the three partners.

The four (the Child waiting anxiously without) commenced a rigid inquiry into the title-deeds, contracts, and all law papers, bonds, scrip, shares, and debentures held by their estimable client PIEL DORNTON.

In an hour's time the Child was on his way to Phlebosco Palace, and was standing before the LADY ANNA DOMINO, who was writing a letter. He regarded her lovingly. "I don't like to hurt her, but *he's* a villain—he's a bad 'un. I will."

This he said to himself, and then she turned and addressed him.

"You have seen my hus— Your master?" she inquired.

"I have."

"And he is—"

"Don't ask me," said the poor boy, "I'll do anything to save you—I would, indeed, I would."

And he shouted and screamed, and laid hold of her dress, and whined, and wriggled in his deep despair.

"You are the only cove who's ever been kind to me," he said to her. "And for your sake—"

"Hush!" she said, gently pushing him through a pane of glass into the garden.

Then she thought for a few minutes. "The end must come," she said, presently, to herself. "Let it: take these packets to your master."

The Child, who had returned, pulled a lock of his shaggy hair, and quitted the house.

Immediately, upon the doorstep, he was seized by a rough hand.

"Come with me," said a strange voice. "No larks, young'un, or I'll—ah, would you?" This question was in consequence of a wriggle on the Infant's part to escape from his tormentor's clutches. It was useless.

Detective GRIPP was not the man to let a customer go so easily.

(To be continued.)

ERIN-GO-BRAY!

THE great little Nightingale of Twickenham is said to have been out when he sang—

"Fearless, on high stood unabashed DEFOR."

Loss of ears, however, as well as the pillory, might have been incurred at one time for a political libel, and then both would doubtless have befallen certain poor journalists, who, happily, can only be pilloried now, and that not bodily, but in print alone, represented by specimens of their quality. Thus, two of them have stood in the pillory of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that of the *Times*. Now also they shall stand, just for fun, in *Mr. Punch's* pillory. MR. O'BLETHEREMSKITE, or whatever your name is, mount the stage of honour. Read out of the *Irishman* some of your abuse of the Australian legislators for passing a Treason-Felony Bill—just barring obscenity, if you please. Hear, MR. O'BLETHEREMSKITE:—

"Out upon them, for a wretched selfish scum; a shame and a hissing to the name of manhood; a mock and a derision to the world; a hideous wen upon creation; they had liberties and they lost them; they had a free Constitution and they sacrificed it; they were all fetterless, and they put on the clanking fetters of the felon slave, and branded themselves with a brand of immortal infamy."

This rant would once have certainly cost O'BLETHEREMSKITE his ears. In sentencing him to a barbarous but appropriate punishment, a Judge of the period would perhaps have remarked that the culprit's ears were much too long, and that cropping them, it was to be hoped, would render him somewhat less an ass.

Now, MR. HOWLAGAN, of the *Nation*, get up and expose yourself! MR. HOWLAGAN believes that the next Mail from the far South will probably bring "accounts of prosecutions, and fines, and imprisonments, and perhaps of rioting and bloodshed." As to the rioting and bloodshed, MR. HOWLAGAN's readers will mostly take his wish to be the father to his belief. There he stands, then, with his hands and face in a frame beside the other Fenian. Attention to HOWLAGAN:—

"In Sydney the suggestion sent from the Home Office has been taken up at once, and even improved upon in its practical realisation. The rulers of that Colony have set their galleys to work already, hanging upon it an Irishman of unsound mind, who had fired a shot at PRINCE ALFRED, and inflicted on him a wound from which his Royal Highness recovered in a week. And they have rushed through their Legislature, in the brief space of seven hours, a Treason Felony Bill, so wildly and irrationally tyrannical in its provisions that not a vestige of public liberty can be said to exist in the country where it is law."

Oh, MR. HOWLAGAN! for thus supplying a demand for treasonous drivell, in a former time you might have had not only to atone with your ears, but also to pay through the nose. It might have been slit, Sir, and cauterised, and your cheeks might have been branded with a hot iron, and you might have been finally whipped some three or four miles at the cart's tail.

All that would have been cruel; but cropping, as a symbolical operation, would be as suitable for the ears of MR. HOWLAGAN as for MR. O'BLETHEREMSKITE'S. MR. HOWLAGAN implicitly says that the infliction of a wound intended to be mortal, is rendered a trifling offence by the circumstance that recovery from it takes place in a short time. What else can he desire to be understood to say when he abuses the Australian Government for hanging O'FARRELL because he had merely "fired a shot at PRINCE ALFRED, and inflicted on him a wound from which his Royal Highness recovered in a week"? This, too, is how HOWLAGAN speaks of a wound from a shot which glanced on a rib close to the spine, and went half-way round the body! In thus talking, MR. HOWLAGAN indeed proclaims Fenian sentiments; but rather displays a most superfluous longitude of ears.

Much too strong language would probably be used in calling HOWLAGAN and O'BLETHEREMSKITE malignant scoundrels. They may not be malignant. Very likely Fenianism is but their brief, and, when they rave, they are no more in earnest than a foul-mouthed barrister who, addressing a foolish jury, vents outrageous invective against anybody, no matter whom, for a fee.

The Way to the Woolsack.

THE early bird picks up the worm,
 One morn young BRIERLESS said;
 Then I will rise betimes in term,
 Whilst others lie abed.
 If I, let clients come or no,
 Am with the lark astir,
 I needs must be, in being so,
 A rising Barrister.

BLACK BAILING.

THERE is no truth in the report that an enterprising entrepreneur, stimulated by the success of the "Black Chalkers," is about to engage an opposition troupe of Black Beetles.



YOUNG LADIES

WHO AFFECT THE SHORT SKIRT NOW IN VOGUE, ARE RESPECTFULLY CAUTIONED AGAINST THE WITCHING HOUR OF SUNSET!

SETTLING DAY.

COME forth, noble sportsmen . . come, ring-men and plungers,
Come Green-horns and Knowing ones, Pigeons and Rooks,
Now muster your "monkeys," and post up your "ponies,"
And by draughts upon *banking* arrange *betting* books.
Be it Swells at the Corner, or Cads at the public,
All who bet must be passed through the settling day's "mill;"
High-titled young fools who go "croppers" for thousands,
Horsey shopmen whose losses come out of the till.

"ALL HOPE ABANDON THAT ENTER THIS PORTAL!"
DANTE read writ on the lintels of Hell.
Turned into harsh English from musical Tuscan,
The motto might serve for the "Corner" as well.
A Turfite Inferno, with circle on circle,
From Limbo to black Malebolge below,
Might serve a new DANTE as theme for a vision,
And "RUFF's" ghost be his "guide" the foul region to show.

There new-entered green-horns still quick to emotions
Of honour and shame, the first circles might grace;
Then those, who against all such scruples case-hardened,
By "good things" mean bad things that "pull off" a race.
And so, through a deepening gamut of baseness,
Till the victim has come to the black bitter end,
And "to win" holds there's nothing too hot or too heavy,
From "pilling" a horse to strychnining a friend.

'Tis a sweet world we live in: and snow-white the morals
Which 'gainst naughty old times our nice new times can show:
'Tis not now as it was when our fathers had CROCKFORD's,
Our grandfathers WATTEY's and GOOSEBERRY's & Co.
Now we turn up our eyes and our noses at hazard,
And of *Trente-et-Quarante* and *Roulette* we fight shy,
Unless when of Homburg we're ordered the waters,
Or at Baden stroll in for a *coup* on the sly.

We have left the green table, and, lovers of nature,
Upon the green turf we prefer to reflect:
We've cut cards—devil's books e'en in round game and rubber,—
Save the cards known as DORLING's, and *they* are correct.
Our forefathers revelled themselves in undoing,
We're more wise in our works, and more pure in our plays;
In a word, we've shut up all the old roads to ruin,
Through the Turf and the City to ope her new ways.

We don't play, but we "plunge," take our "facers" and "croppers,"
Till at thirty our tether's run out every inch:
At the ring we have run, dropped our hundreds of thousands,
And then there's the "kind friend" who *helps* at a pinch:
At forty per cent. first makes lib'ral advances,
Till, when interest has swallowed our principals up,
He takes our broad acres to nurse, and, stern Mentor,
Sips sweets while he gives us the bitters to sup!

Or if we've a stable, our friend takes the charge on't,
Grooms, trainers, and jockeys engages, discards;
If scratching suits *his* game, he's master, and scratches;
Or "doctors," should doctoring seem "on the cards."
And so his young friends' studs and stables he uses,
So nurses his young friends' estates that, at last,
Of good name, lands, and fortunes his young friends are beggared
Ere from "*on*" the Turf under the turf they have past.

Milk and Strong Meat.

At Manchester there has been the usual procession of school/children:—

"On arriving at the Cathedral Church the elder children were admitted to hear a sermon by the dean, while the younger separated from them to march to their respective schoolrooms and be feasted on buns and milk."

We have no doubt that the Dean preached an admirable sermon, and we hope that none of the elder children were unduly and indecorously vauntful of the superior enjoyment provided for them. That's all.



THE POLITICAL LEOTARD.

"IT IS A VERY OLD TRICK OF MINE," WRITES M. LEOTARD, "TO MAKE THE BELIEF TO FALL, AND THEN TO ARRIVE ON MY FEET."—*Morning Paper.*

MANY-SPECTACLED JACK.



I! Who'll buy
my spectacles?
Qualities rare!
Through these at
the world you
may blink or
may stare,
Who'll try 'em
And buy 'em?
There, I defy 'em
To equal 'em.
Thank ye; I've
sold a pair.

These spectacles,
Sirs, are coloured
green,
Breathe on 'em,
dry 'em and wipe
'em clean.
They'll do for
Turfites, who
ride on amblers,
They're suited to
all your profes-
sional gamblers.

And sharpers by whom the world is seen,
As one large flat of the brightest green.
Meant to be played on and meant for grazing,
Look at the article I'm appraising.
I just put 'em on, and then the eye
Discerns the folks who are going to buy.
There go the lot: sold, down in my book.
Put 'em on; you're free
To stare at me.

Now then, do you think I'm as green as I look?

These spectacles are of a yellow hue,
Making everything golden; that's what they do.
Just look at a coal mine: black as ink,
It's the brightest gold colour wouldn't you think?
Of course you would; and you'll not be bested
Until in the shaft you have invested
Your old stocking full of yellow shiners
To pay the wage of the working miners.
You'll dig and not get, and bore and bore,
There's yellow to touch, could you dig any more;
But you can't; for you've bored to the end of your purse,
As I have bored you to the end of my verse.
You'll never believe it, though you've been told?
You're a fellow
To try the yellow,

Go in for these Specs, they will realise gold.

Here's a pair set in a sort of lacquer,
So black, no parson could look much blacker.
For MISTER DISRAELI they might do,
He won't take a Bright political view.
They're worn by folks who try to spoil
The Holiday Sunday for Sons of Toil.
Who, lounging at home in luxurious leisure,
Frown on the poor man's one day's pleasure,
And look as black as the band round my hat
On a cornfield walk: I know all about that.
You'll read through these Specs the holiest pages,
And not see that rest is Heaven's own wages.
I've sold one pair—I but travel with one.

Look up, Sir, high,
At the glorious sky.

He only sees now an eclipse of the sun.

Here's some I can recommend—I can;
They're made on a telescopic plan.
Look at anything through 'em—short or tall,
Big or little—they dwarf 'em all.
And not only that, but they'll narrow space,
Make Heaven itself just a bit of a place
Where there's room for one or a chosen few
Who think as these spectacle-wearers do.
They're worn by all in every part
Of the globe, by men of letters and art,
By lawyers, doctors, teachers, scholars,
Divines in white ties or in Roman collars,
By men philosophic who worship themselves,
Setting up their own heads on their own book-shelves.

I see who'll buy—there's a College Don.
He won't: will none?
No: everyone
Like him, save a few, have got 'em on.

Now here's a pair for a right direction,
They're called the Specs of Introspection.
I regret to say I've a great many pairs
On my hands at present; for whoever cares
To look into himself? why, I and you
Can do it when we've nothing better to do.
We'll put 'em on at our final hour,
The microscopic glare doesn't lose its power
Through neglect. 'Tis one of the Devil's lies—
What's the use of glasses without the eyes?
If a man's fading sight is dim,
I don't think they'll be of much use to him.
Now take 'em: but through 'em be it known
You'll see no one else's faults but your own.
You'll find enough for a life's correction—
Buy, buy the glasses of Introspection!
All told! So there's nothing left to tell.
When I have something new to sell,
With my pack
Upon my back
You'll see at your fair Many-Spectacled Jack.

CHARITY AND MUSIC.

CHARITY in London covers a multitude of sins, and it is fit that once a year the clean, neat clothing which Charity bestows, should be paraded at St. Paul's, and publicly inspected. The gathering of the school children under the huge dome is a sight which never palls by its yearly repetition. There is ever a fresh charm in seeing those fresh, rosy, innocent young faces, all looking as plump, and clean, and healthy, as plenty of good food and good scrubbing can make them. It is pleasant to see the costumes of a century ago, the white pelerines and caps, dark frocks and yellow gloves reaching to the elbow, and the pink, or green, or blue rosettes and ribbons worn for ornament. What a snowstorm seems to come, when the girls all bury their faces in their aprons as they say their prayers; and what a peal of tiny thunder sounds, as girls and boys stand up "with one consent" to sing the glorious "Old Hundredth." The piercing, shrill young voices thrill you to the bone; and, "albeit unosed to the melting mood," you will hardly avoid losing a tear or two while listening. The way in which they sing does credit to their teachers, who must take enormous pains to train them to keep time and tune so perfectly. Even in the chanting the words were fairly audible; and, when each word is uttered by some four thousand voices, unless they speak together with most accurate exactness, no word can well be audible. Where all behaved so well, it would be invidious to single out for praise; yet *Mr. Punch*, as he went out, could not help patting on the head the girls of good Saint Mary-le-bone, who were throughout a pattern for composure and propriety, and sat like statues through the sermon, which was certainly all Greek to them, although written in good English. A plate being protruded to receive his contribution, *Mr. Punch* could not help noticing that there were fewer sovereigns than sixpences and shillings in it. Next year he hopes, sincerely, this may not be the case. With Universal Suffrage looming in the future, it is more than ever needful that Electors should be educated; and, as helping towards this end, the Charity Schools of London deserve, and make good use of, all the aid that can be given them.

The French Improved.

M. HAUSSMANN is going to mutilate the Rue de la Paix. Like his master, he is dissatisfied, if not with the ways of pleasantness, with the Paths of Peace.

SAME ANOTHER WAY.

THE EMPEROR has sanctioned more destructions in Paris, and in the provincial towns. He reminds us of some Greek wit under the first Empire

NAPOLEON	:	:	:	:	:	Napoleon
APOLON	:	:	:	:	:	Destroyer
POLEON	:	:	:	:	:	Of Cities.

CHORUS OF LOSERS ON THE OAKS.

"Not For Mosa:
Oh dear, no Sir," &c.

AN INTERNATIONAL GAME.—Beggars-my-neighbour used to be a game of cards. It is now played with bloated armaments.



CROQUET.

(AN ENERGETIC PARTY MEET TO PREPARE THEIR GROUND.)

Croquet Maniac (a trifle jealous, perhaps). "WELL, IF ELLEN DOES NOT MEAN TO HELP US, SHE NEED NOT MAKE MAJOR MALLET IDLE, TOO!"

ANOTHER TURN WITH HANDEL.

"HATS off, Gentlemen!—a Genius!"

This, says ROBERT SCHUMANN, was the way in which a friend of his one evening, at a gathering of musicians, preluded a *morceau* by the French composer, CHOPIN.

But if one makes a bow before the elegance of CHOPIN, what ought one to do before the majesty of HANDEL? An enthusiast like SCHUMANN might doubtless recommend us to go down on our knees; but *Mr. Punch*, who is more practical, would advise all Handel worshippers to go down next week to Sydenham.

There will then be heard the third three-yearly HANDEL FESTIVAL. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the grandest works he wrote will be performed more grandly than he ever could have dreamed of. Imagine HANDEL seated at his little tinkling harpsichord, and composing his sublime and mighty "*Hallelujah*!" What would have been his ecstasy to hear it thundered forth by the army of musicians, ranged beneath the *bâton* of Field-Marshal COSTA!

No one having sympathies that vibrate to fine music should lose a chance of hearing HANDEL at the Crystal Palace. Some over-carping critics, who are gifted with long ears, make moan over the building as unfitted for good music, and take delight in pointing out acoustical defects which ears less long than theirs perhaps might fail to notice. Of such kind are the men who can't enjoy a puppet-show, because they will keep continually looking at the wires. There are effects produced at Sydenham which can nowhere else be heard, and which anybody having any real taste for music must cherish as a memory to be a joy for ever. Many a grand solo may elsewhere be better audible, no doubt; but where can a grand chorus be ever heard more grandly? Moreover, people often are dissatisfied by what is their own fault, and, having been too stingy to pay for a good place, they grumble at not hearing well when seated in a bad one.

It was said of some one that "to know her was a liberal education;" and it may be said that "to know HANDEL is a religious education." If there be sermons in stones, there are sermons in tones also. No-

body, who listens to it reverently, can hear an oratorio of HANDEL's without being made the better for it. Could PALMER but have heard the glorious "*Messiah*," as worthily performed as it will be next week, he would have cited it among his Evidences of the Truth of Christianity. The prophecies and gospels upon which the work is founded must infallibly be true, or they could never have inspired such true, soul-elevating music.

TO THE NEGROMANIACS.

A GRAND JURY, expressing the opinions of the highest legal authorities, and the feelings of society, having thrown out the bill against MR. EYRE, there will doubtless be an end of action by the respectable portion of the Jamaica Committee, and in that case *Mr. Punch* may have not much more to say on the subject, until question arises how the man who saved Jamaica is to be compensated for what he has undergone in consequence. But, law and society having given final judgment, baffled spite continues to rage, and the inferior agents of the Committee declare that they are now "unmuzzled." The word is their own, and it is singularly applicable. The muzzle being off, howl and yelp are free, and will probably be heard for some time. Most probably they will pass unnoticed, but it may not be altogether unjustifiable to remark that where a muzzle hangs up, another article available for canine education, as well as for winning Nemean games, is generally found, and *Mr. Punch* would much regret having to wield it. He "can give the loser leave to chide" to a reasonable extent, but a line must be drawn.

A Table Fight.

This is something new. MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, in a capital speech on the breeding of fish in our rivers, said that the Millers cause much injury to the fish, by keeping the dams closed. Actually there is a fight between what people have hitherto fought for—the Loaves and the Fishes.



Militia Officer. "AH, THIS IS SMITHERS! WHY, YOU'RE GETTING VERY FAT, SMITHERS. LET'S SEE—THIS IS YOUR FIFTH TRAINING, ISN'T IT?"

Stout Private. "YES, SIR. AFTER WE WAS DISEMBODIED, SIR, THE ADJ'TANT HE TOOK AN' REINTESTINED ME, SIR!!!"

[*Note.*—Militiamen, after serving four trainings, can be "Re-Attested" for another five years.

NON-INTERVENTION IN RIOTS.

OH, dear! What can have happened to the authorities at Ashton and Wigan, and all the other places where riots have broken out, not instantly to have taken measures for dispersing the mobs the moment they began to assemble? Why did they not forthwith call in the military, and authorise it, if necessary, to act? What a dreadful situation it is for respectable people to be in when they are liable at any moment to be at the mercy of an infuriated rabble! And how long is this intolerable state of things to last?

Ah! good folks, ask any magistrate, and he will answer by asking you who do you think is going to incur the responsibility of putting down insurrection, seeing what GOVERNOR EYRE got by the effective discharge of his duty in that particular? Persecuted under the form of prosecution by a crew of sympathisers with firebrands and rebels, black, white, negro, and Fenian, a gang who have been doing all they can to ruin and destroy him, this gentleman was left undefended by a Government afraid of penny newspapers of the baser sort, and Tribunes of the People. Every magistrate now has reason to be assured that he will quell any riot by force at his peril. What if a set of seditionists conspire to indict him for murder or manslaughter? Will Government intervene to stay their villanous proceedings with a *nolle prosequi*? Will it so much as undertake the charge of his defence? It did not even do this in the case of the Preserver of Jamaica, pursued by the Jamaica Committee.

Light Porter's Work and Heavy Pay.

MR. LABOUCHERE stated in the House of Commons that certain special missions had cost £15,000, granted for the purpose of carrying the garter to foreign sovereigns. What would they say of this at Washington? Perhaps that anybody was fit enough to carry a garter to a sovereign who was fit to carry interiors to a plantigrade of the ursine family.

A "FAIR" APPEAL!

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WOULD not be so forward as to *dare write* to you, did I not feel sure you have a dear, kind heart. The truth is, I am married to a gentleman, who, unfortunately for both of us, is a Clerk in the Customs. Well, when you yourself, and lots of influential papers and things said justice should be done to the Customs, Guss and I got quite hopeful, and together we formed all sorts of nice prospective schemes, such as sending JOHNNY and CLARA to good schools, and getting a little way out of town ourselves, which I'm sure *you* don't think extravagant notions, do you? Of late, however, to my utter dismay, Guss gets moody, and murmurs something about "*the question being shelved*," and "*afraid the Government will drop it*."

Now, dear Mr. Punch, please don't let them. Guss tells me MR. DISRAELI is the great man in the Government; and, of course, *you* know him. Do speak to him, please. I feel certain if I could only see MRS. DISRAELI and talk to her, she would make her husband do something for us; but there's no chance of my seeing her.

I hope you will forgive me for bothering you, but I assure you it is very serious for us; but I'm quite sure you'll help us.

Believe me, Dear Mr. Punch, ever gratefully Yours,

LUCY.

Fact.

AN impressionable Bill-Sticker was recently so overcome by witnessing the drama of *Nobody's Child* at the Princess's Theatre, that instead of writing on the wall "*Who's GRIFFITHS?*" he was discovered sticking up the words "*What's PHILLIPS?*"

DE LUNATICO.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose losses have affected his brain, writes to ask if the report is true, that in future the "Yolks" will be run at Egham? We have sent his letter to DR. WIN-SLOW.

AN UNIMAGINABLE CONVERSATION.

SCENE—*St. James's Park. HOUR—Just before the House met after Whitsuntide.*

Mr. Disraeli. My dear GLADSTONE, how are you?

Mr. Gladstone. And you, my dear DISRAELI?

Mr. Dis. Holidays are good things, and about the only good things of which one can't have too much. However, here goes the school bell again.

Mr. Glad. Calling in the educated, and the Educator?

Mr. Dis. Yes. I'm tired, though, of teaching the old idea how to shoot—Niagara. What will you give for the good-will of the business?

Mr. Glad. Is there any good will?

Mr. Dis. Don't be uncharitable, but that's always the way with you pious men. And, by the way, talking to a brother author, why do you go writing in goody-goody magazines, and getting your theology overhauled? Why don't you write a novel?

Mr. Glad. I don't know that I could.

Mr. Dis. Every man can do what he is resolved to do. But you are as above false modesty as—

Mr. Glad. As a friend of mine is above truth.

Mr. Dis. You flatter me, and I wish you'd do it in the House. But with your impulsive nature, insensibility, and wealth of language, you would write the best novel going. I should tremble for the lady to whom your hero made love.

Mr. Glad. He would make no love that ought to be trembled at; you may be sure of that.

Mr. Dis. Highly proper, I'm sure. Well, turn it over in your mind; as you'll have plenty of time for three volumes before you get back to Downing Street.

Mr. Glad. Perhaps.

Mr. Dis. Nay, who should know if I do not?

Mr. Glad. Just so. And suppose we exchange literary recommendations. Surely you will prepare a Memoir of your Administration?

Mr. Dis. I am not vain. I can afford to have an episode in my life forgotten. In fact, I might prefer it.

Mr. Glad. I can understand the preference, but not the probability.

Mr. Dis. Well, I am in the hands of my friends, and other enemies. I dare say that biography will be very frank when I have done with patronage. Is that SALISBURY going by?

Mr. Glad. Why don't you take a peerage and meet him again?

Mr. Dis. In another and a better place? No, I think I'll wait. Besides, how could I bear the parting with you?

Mr. Glad. Self-sacrifice is a duty in this world.

Mr. Dis. I have read so. But I prefer sacrificing other people. And you cannot say that I have not offered up my hecatomb.

Mr. Glad. A hundred oxen—a happily chosen word for your bucolic followers.

Mr. Dis. It is an effective trisyllable, only smart writers are in such a hurry to explain one's good things. Well, my dear successor, you expect a long innings?

Mr. Glad. I do not know. I cannot tell what to expect. But if we get an innings for ten years, you know whose fault it will be. If you had taken our moderate Bill, you would have had all the legitimate chances of the chapter of accidents. Now, I must own, at any risk of being rude, that I do not seem to see you on the SPEAKER's right again in a hurry.

Mr. Dis. I have waited through worse discouragements. Years ago I had to declare that I belonged to a party that never would rise again.

Mr. Glad. And did it?

Mr. Dis. Well put in. Why, we are in office.

Mr. Glad. We, the protectionists over whom you made elegy?

Mr. Dis. "Those, Sir—or others," as *Sir Amorous Lafoote* says. What a capital play is that *Epicene*! The mock divorce—lawyers draw distinctions as finely as you could, though not in such beautiful Latin.

Mr. Glad. No. And the masterly surprise when the old party finds that a mild conservative lady turns out a violent and voluble reformer of the house—

Mr. Dis. Ha! ha! Let us have some private theatricals at Christmas, and do that play. SALISBURY shall be *Morose*.

Mr. Glad. And you shall be forgiving, and present him with the Garter, and say "Answer me not but with thy leg, *Morose*."

Mr. Dis. Will I? For trying to jerk the Ribbons out of my hands? But other people have their Salisburies. How do you like your supernatural Bishop, your Dragon of Wantley that eats churches, and calls himself High Churchman.

Mr. Glad. The BISHOP OF SALISBURY is a very good man, and may not be the only person in England who thinks that he can work miracles. I should imagine that it might be your own belief.

Mr. Dis. I! Not at all. My feats are purely chemical.

Mr. Glad. Performed by treating principles as drugs.

Mr. Dis. One to you. But bide a wee, as we say in my favourite country. Your Birmingham pounder is a Harmonious Blacksmith, but I fail to see that he has welded your party very tightly. You may have

to study elective—and electoral—affinities yet. Have you got an English anti-Church Bill ready?

Mr. Glad. Come—nobody hears us.

Mr. Dis. True, and my watch is fast, which is to be deplored. But you'll have to do it.

Mr. Glad. I thought that we were talking in the green-room, but if you will get back upon the stage—

Mr. Dis. Never was more in earnest in my life.

Mr. Glad. Occasionally, I fancy. And you will be a good deal more in earnest when a certain vote comes.

Mr. Dis. Is it certain?

Mr. Glad. As far as anything human can be.

Mr. Dis. That would be inhuman. But—this is a free country, and when one is at an auction one may bid as high as one likes. Suppose I outbid you, and offer a dozen bishops for twelvemonths' office? I think it would be knocked down to me. If so, will you go in for a knock-out, afterwards—you know what that is—and share the spoil?

Mr. Glad. Hardly, if I have the power to fix the reserved price.

Mr. Dis. Very well—don't say I did not offer to do business with you. We might make a capital Cabinet between us, and defy all the world. Who would dare to show fight, with you to point out his crimes and me his follies?

Mr. Glad. Some men are vain enough to think themselves neither criminal nor foolish. And I may tell you that I think another Parliament that this may go in for Seriousness.

Mr. Dis. What, in the sense of the housemaid who advertises for a serious family?

Mr. Glad. I did not mean that in the first instance, but we may come to that in time.

Mr. Dis. BRIGHT is a Quaker—BEALES is pious—you write psalms and hymns and spiritual songs—BRADLAUGH has his doubts—POTTER would abolish drink—you have put a notion into my head.

Mr. Glad. I may put one or two more there before I have done.

Mr. Dis. Of a verity, brother GLADSTONE, it hath come to me that there is a door—yea, a great and a wide door—yea, and a door that turneth easily upon the hinge, as it were a hinge that hath been oiled with the oil of the fish, even the great fish which is carnally called a whale.

Mr. Glad. He is not a fish, and you are, and an odd one. What is that Puritan tone about?

Mr. Dis. Truly and verily thou hast hit it, brother WILLIAM, and the root of the matter is in thee, and there is joy and rejoicing, yea, and blowing of trumpets, and sounding of psalteries and dulcimers over thee, and thou shalt live, and not die. Be one with me, my brother, and we will eat the fat of the land.

Mr. Glad. I hate fat.

Mr. Dis. Nay, but cast in thy lot with me, and we will be like unto the worthy brother SPRATT, whose name is JOHN, and the comely vessel his wife, and I will eat the fat and thou shalt eat the lean, for I say unto thee that a good time is at hand. My dear GLADSTONE, I will go in for PURITANISM.

Mr. Glad. By Jove! Thor forgive me! But what in Gehenna—you stagger me into profanities. What do you mean?

Mr. Dis. You shall see—you shall see. I have always been convinced that in the Puritan Dogma is to be found the true germ for developing the Constitution of England. Yes, I am a Puritan. Where do you think I could buy a hat of the period?

Mr. Glad. Mad as a hatter.

Mr. Dis. Sane as a seraph. I have met my Fate. That is decreed.

Mr. Glad. I have read of the Levellers. I have heard of Levelling up.

Mr. Dis. Combine the idea, and combine with me. I will go to the country with a Puritan cry. I am clear that what the nation wants is CONSTITUTIONAL PURITANISM. Come, brother WILLIAM, let us go up into the house of the Commons, even the People's house, for the dial pointeth unto the hour which is carnally denominated four. [*Exeunt.*]

Bung on the Bench.

PUBLIC-HOUSE virtue is evidently pewter virtue. Lots more publicans have been fined for giving cheating measure. When we feel the weather we are having at this writing, and think of a fellow who can cheat a thirsty soul out of a part of his draught, we should boil over, but for iced Seltzer and fixings. But it is scarcely worth wasting indignation on Bung—what do the Magistrates say for themselves who are apprised of his many convictions, and yet renew his licence? Is Bung on the Bench—vicariously? We shall keep the list of convictions, and have a look in next Licensing Day. Brewers, how are you?

THOUGHTS FROM THE PHILOSOPHERS.

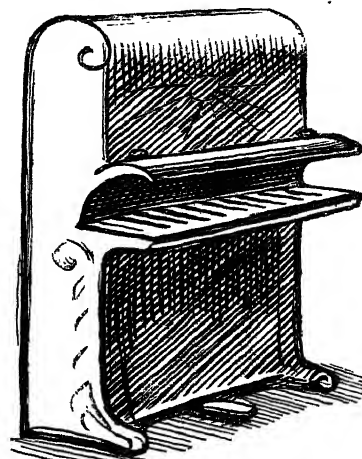
"MAN is a mere Machine." At the Sea-side, of course, a mere Bathing Machine.

MOTTO FOR A BOX-OFFICE KEEPER.—"So much for Booking 'em."

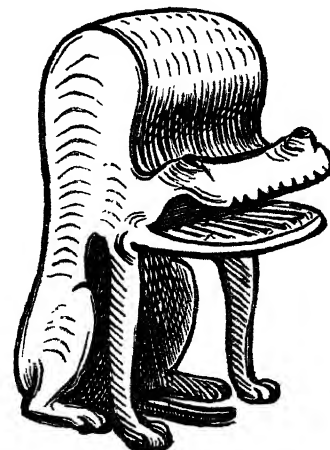
TRANSMOGRIFICATION.



THIS IS THE INSTRUMENT, AS SEEN IN ENGLAND BY A CHINESE ARTIST.



THIS IS THE INSTRUMENT AS IT APPEARED IN HIS DREAMS, ON HIS VOYAGE BACK TO THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.



THIS IS THE ANIMAL AS HE REPRESENTED IT TO HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMEN, (ON HIS ARRIVAL); WITH THE INFORMATION THAT HE SAW A BRITISH LADY SEIZE THE ANIMAL BY HIS EYES, OPEN HIS MOUTH, TREAD UPON HIS TAIL, AND (AS HE ROARED ALOUD WITH PAIN) PLAY "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" UPON HIS TEETH.

POLAND AND PADDYLAND.

(A Colloquy.)

BROWN AND GREEN.

Green. By Jove, it is too bad!*Brown.* What is too bad?*Green.* Well; one doesn't care much about foreign affairs in general, but can't help feeling shocked at the way in which the CZAR is treating the Poles.*Brown.* What about it?*Green.* He has abolished their separate administration—the whole country is now ruled by the Russian Home Office.*Brown.* Indeed!*Green.* He has proscribed their language in all Government matters; they can't even present a petition in their native tongue.*Brown.* Really?*Green.* He has forbidden it to be taught in their schools.*Brown.* You don't say so!*Green.* He is trying to destroy their religion by bribery; buying converts to the Greek Church; closing the Roman Catholic Churches by military force.*Brown.* Well, to be sure.*Green.* He is confiscating their landed property, and giving it away to Russian local officials. One hundred and sixty-seven estates have been already distributed amongst those brutes to reward them for zeal in doing their dirty work of carrying out his plans of oppression. This is your mild and humane EMPEROR OF RUSSIA!*Brown.* Whence did you derive all this information?*Green.* From the *Post*.*Brown.* And you believe it?*Green.* Yes, I do.*Brown.* Do you—then I don't.*Green.* Why? What reason have you to doubt it?*Brown.* The best in the world.*Green.* May I know what that is?*Brown.* This. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is much too enlightened and much too well advised to defy the public opinion of Europe by the monstrous acts that you have mentioned. What, when England dares no longer maintain the sentimental grievance of an Irish Protestant Church, do you suppose the Russian Sovereign would venture to do anything whatever displeasing to his Roman Catholic subjects? The idea that he would dream of attempting to destroy their religion! Oh, ho, ho! excuse me—but it is too absurd.*Green.* Well; it does seem so certainly.*Brown.* Besides, isn't there a Reform League in Russia with its head-quarters at St. Petersburg, with a President who is just such another man as MR. BEALES (M.A.), and other leaders like MR. OGBURN

and MR. LUCRAFT and COLONEL DICKSON? And isn't there a Working-Men's Association directed by a Chief who corresponds exactly to MR. POTTER?

Green. I have not heard so.*Brown.* No; very likely. You never heard of their parading the streets in menacing processions and destroying public property. They have no occasion ever to do anything of the kind.*Green.* How is that?*Brown.* Oh! the Russian Government always saves them the trouble, by executing their orders. When they want to dictate the policy of the Empire they have only to wait on the Minister of the Interior and inform him of the resolutions which they have voted at a public-house.*Green.* Well now, all this is really quite new to me.*Brown.* Oh! you don't know what progress liberal ideas have made on the Continent. ALEXANDER is even more advanced than LOUIS NAPOLEON. But then these great progressive rulers have enemies, who propagate reports about them which are precisely the reverse of true. For instance, what the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has really been doing in Poland is this. He has established Imperial Colleges for educating the people irrespectively of creed, and in each of these there is a Professor of Polish literature. He is now at work about a measure for securing tenant right in respect to the improvement of land, and he is engaged in maturing a scheme for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Greek Church.*Green.* You surprise me, indeed.*Brown.* I dare say. But mind. It is doubtful if he would try to conciliate Poland so much as he does if it were not for his respect for public opinion as expressed by the Russian Reform League speaking through its BEALES. His Imperial Majesty is also said to be very much influenced by the eloquence of another Tribune of the Russian People. I believe his name is BRIGHTHOFF.

(Conversation closes.)

NOT FOR ENGLAND!

THE subjoined telegram from St. Petersburg, indicates a degree of coolness, if not of simplicity:—

"The Russian Government has addressed a communication to several foreign Governments, proposing the prohibition by treaty of the use of explosive projectiles in war, or the limitation of such projectiles to submarine torpedoes."

Oh, yes! No doubt it would be very convenient for Russia if the use of explosive projectiles in war could be limited to submarine torpedoes; for, as a torpedo is not a projectile, that would amount to their total disuse. How jolly to be enabled to sweep the seas in her own Ironclads safe from shells, and at the same time keep Cronstadt clear of the enemy's with torpedoes! Does the Russian Government see any of the peculiar tint of the waves in the eyes of the maritime powers?



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," &c.

A SKETCH IN BROMPTON!

THE ONE THING I COULD MAKE.

THERE was a time when I,
Though I could, no more than fly,
Make a statue with my uttermost endeavour;
At the least could build a ship,
And in that point did outstrip,
As I thought, all other people whomsoever.

But, adzooks, where am I now,
When so many rivals plough
All around, on every side, the field of ocean?
Men of war must all wear mail—
And do mine excel, or fail,
For defence, or for attack, or locomotion?

I'm afraid I mustn't brag—
I have strong ships, but they lag—
I have fast ones, but they roll so in rough weather,
That their naked hulls they show
To the broadside of the foe—
Couldn't fire a shot—big blunders altogether.

Has it come to this, afloat,
That I've scarcely a gun-boat,
But she's either a mere tub, or else a roller?
Those old bunglers at Whitehall,
Are the reason of it all—
That confounded Chief Constructor and Comptroller.

Why, a plague upon their soles,
Don't they charter COWPER COLES?
Else will foreigners, by able heads made stronger
As to ironclads than me,
Beat JOHN BULL upon the sea—
Can't I even make a ship now any longer?

NON SUS : PER COLL :

POLITICAL EXPLANATION.—MR. GLADSTONE'S Suspensory Bill proposes no alteration of the Act ordaining private executions.

RIDDLE MADE "ON THE GROUND."—Why are Cricket Matches like the backs of Cheap Chairs? Because they're "Fixed to come off."

SOUTHERN EMANCIPATION.

THE *Saturday Review* says, touching one of the resolutions lately voted by the Chicago Convention:—

"A declaration of sympathy for peoples struggling for their rights is virtually addressed to Ireland, unless Crete is included for the purpose of placing Turkey in the same category with England."

Some of our other contemporaries have further suggested that this resolution was meant to catch the Irish vote for GENERAL GRANT. To suppose that it relates to Ireland and the Irish in any degree, what a strange supposition! Why, Ireland is not struggling at all. The American Irish Fenians, indeed, tried to make Ireland struggle for a Republic; but they failed. Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom. Corresponding union has still to be re-established in the United States. In America, at least, Liberality, like Charity, begins at home. When the Chicago Convention declared its sympathy for peoples struggling for their rights, the Southerners, held under by military force, were, of course, the people that it was particularly thinking of.

THE DISCOUNTER DISHED.

A MILITARY correspondent of the *Times*, "LEFT HAND," suggests an expedient for sickening usurers of sending gentlemen in the Army circulars offering to lend them money. He advises officers "simply to return all such circulars in unstamped envelopes." Good. But he adds:—"If these bear the regimental device so much the better, as it will give a good hint that no more need be sent to that corps." Well, too; only let the regimental device be stamped inside the envelope containing the circular. Then it will never defeat the end of returning that communication unstamped. But, if the envelope bear it outside, then the regimental device will, after *Skylock* has once paid twopence for his returned circular, prove a device for warning him not to be so caught again. He will be enabled to avoid being taken in a second time, by refusing to take in the letter; and, moreover, *Skylock*, having once been sold by a letter bearing a regimental stamp, will, from natural fellow-feeling, caution his friend *Tubal* to beware of being done likewise.

A NEW INVENTION.

In nine cases out of ten a visit to a coiffeur may be considered one of those minor annoyances which human flesh is heir to. We believe there are people who *like* to have their locks cut, as there are eels who enjoy being skinned; but it is a peculiar taste, to say the least of it, and for our part we look upon the operation as we do upon a thunderstorm, or the measles, as a "thing well over." Therefore, do we welcome the intelligence that there is to be a new machine shortly introduced for the mechanical cutting of hair. The hard breathing and the clammy finger of the operator are to be dispensed with, and we are to resign our head to the tender mercy of a machine which is warranted not to express any opinion as to the weather, by no means to make offensive observations about "thinning at the top," and under no circumstances whatever to pester us with pots of Astrachan shaving paste, or Patent Patagonian Pomade.

Whether the inventor, who is a Frenchman, will be able to adapt this ingenious contrivance to English heads is a question—hair-cutting from the foreigner's point of view being a process closely resembling the peeling of turnips. The machine may not prove so successful with British carrots. *Cox*, when complimented by his landlady on the appearance of his head after a visit to the hairdresser, expresses his opinion that he has "had it mowed." The new invention, from what we hear of it, will give all who may try its powers much the same appearance as that presented by the immortal hatter, so that instead of seeing the phrase "fashionably cut" stuck up in the hairdresser's window, we shall expect to find it "*à la mowed de Paris*."

Clerical Conundrum.

WHAT insect named by the divine WILLIAMS, resembles the preacher of a dull sermon?

"The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hum."

MOTTO FOR HAIRDRESSERS.—"Cut and Comb again."



A VETERINARY OPINION.

Footman. "HOW STOUT THE RECTOR DO GET, TO BE SURE!"

Groom. "AY—HE OUGHT TO BE BLISTERED, AND KEPT ON GREEN FOOD ALL SUMMER TIME, TO DO HIM ANY GOOD!"

PROPOSED DIVISION OF THE DAY.

(For next London Season.)

EARLY Tea Restorative.
Second Sleep.
Get up. Time uncertain.
Breakfast.
Study of Fashions: Novel: Music: write letters.
Drive from 12 till 2. Walk and Ride from 12 till 2, in the Park.
2 15. DINNER, now called Luncheon.
4 30. Opera or theatre. The performance being strictly limited to three hours. TEA TAKEN HERE: ICED COFFEE.
7 30 till 9. Ride in Park and walk. Calls.
9. Supper, now called dinner.
Balls and Parties, to commence at 11 and last till any time.
THE DRIVE, and RIDE in Rotten Row to be illuminated. Driving and Riding from 11 P.M. till 2 A.M.
Refreshments by the Serpentine and Hyde Park Corner.
Band to play all the time.
The advantages of this plan must be so evident as to require no details from, Yours truly,

CONSTITUTION HILL.

The New Law Courts.

BAILLIE COCHRANE exclaims,
"Build the Courts by the Thames,
The site would be novel and neat."
But the Government shout,
"By a River! get out!
They'd better be built by a Street."

WOMAN'S VOTE.

EVER zealous in the championship of Woman, *Mr. Punch* hastens to give universal publicity to the fact that there is formed a London National Society for Woman's Suffrage, and that a list of the General Committee—some two hundred names—is advertised. About five-and-thirty Members of Parliament ungallantly shove themselves into the front place, and though the procession be fittingly headed by MILL, COLERIDGE, and HUGHES, we should prefer the absence of REARDON and PETER TAYLOR, for the strength of a chain is estimated only at its weakest part. Then comes the list of mingled celebrities and nobodies. We see the names of MRS. SOMERVILLE, MISS NIGHTINGALE, MISS FRANCES COBBE, MISS MARTINEAU, MRS. GROTE, MISS HOSMER, MADAME BODICHON, and we greet the owners with a loving smile, and congratulate them on fellowship with CHARLES KINGSLEY, EDWIN ARNOLD, GROTE, MASSON, F. PALGRAVE, LYON PLAYFAIR, HUXLEY, LORD ROMILLY, F. W. NEWMAN. To some absurd names we refer not, but the list might be revised with advantage. We would ask who is "MR. GEORGE D * * *", who conceals half of his great name from the world? and also who blushes unseen behind the initial T and five stars—she would vote, we suppose under a pseudonyme, in a mask, and by ballot, and shall do so, if she likes. Ladies, bless you! If you like, you may add MRS. JUDINA PUNCH to your list. That well-trained woman will give no vote to displease us, for *Punch* hath still the *baton* of discipline.

A Song for Society.

BLANCHEY PRANCEY went to a ball;
BLANCHEY PRANCEY had a great fall;
'Twas all through her wearing a very long train.
Let us hope BLANCHEY PRANCEY won't wear it again.

QUERY FOR DEBRETT.—May the Temple Pier be considered a Law Lord?

LEGAL QUIBBLE.—A Barrister should cultivate a good temper, if he would succeed as a Cross-examiner.

POPPING THE PYRAMID.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT has been extricated from his difficulties by a process not unknown to Egyptians and Bohemians. He has—not to put too fine a point upon it—popped the Pyramid and apparits. We have had the pleasure of receiving a photograph of the Duplicate, and here it is.

Messrs. Oppenheim, Nephew,
& Co., Alexandria.

June 1st, 1868.

Ismail Pasha,

Kiosque,

Cairo.

One Big Pyramid,

One Sphinx (damaged on
nose, &c.)

Seven Tombs, with mummies.

£6,000,000.

He has acted wisely in spouting these structures, for Egypt is a rich country, which only wants development, and the Loan is a capital investment. *Punch* would have lent the money if OPPENHEIM would not, but we should have insisted on having the Pyramid over, and setting it up in Lincoln's-inn Fields, which it would exactly have fitted, or if a little larger, and it had squashed the adjacent lawyers, that might have been borne. But if Messrs. O. like to send us a slice, and the Sphinx with it, we have no objection, and we will place the latter article on the ground by Temple Bar, into which we hope the Law Courts are not to be crammed.

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEETING LIKE THIS.

LOCKED in each other's arms stood the Lieutenant and GRACE. She had been introduced to her father, Old MARTIN, but preferred her uncle.

"Fie, GRACE!" said the Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant wanted to know who that gentleman was in the distance.

"My preserver!" she exclaimed rapturously, and told them what an amusing and instructive companion NUTT was, and how she'd never enjoyed herself so much anywhere as on this island.

NUTT came up smiling, bashfully.

"This!" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "What do you mean, GRACE? This is the Boomerang!"

Through all his change he saw it—the Boomerang.

"Once, I was," NUTT replied, bearing himself erectly, and showing off his dress clothes to the greatest possible advantage.

"Not now."

"A servant!" exclaimed the Lieutenant.

"A kind one," answered GRACE, extending her hand.

NUTT worshipped her now, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"Take her," said the Lieutenant, "and marry her."

"My consent is wanted," interrupted her father, Old MARMADUKE.

"Stop!" said GRACE. "I am another's—PIEL DORNTON's."

"True," was the Lieutenant's answer. "The contract was signed on that fatal night."

"MR. MARMADUKE, Lieutenant, and Miss GRACE," began NUTT, much moved.

"Hear! hear!" said COMMANDER BOUNCER, who had not been included in the opening part of the address. NUTT rectified the omission and proceeded.

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I am bound to say, ahem—that this is the unhappiest, though the proudest, moment of my life."

BOUNCER wept.

"Let me tell you my short, but melancholy tale."

Here the sailors came on shore in boats, so interested, through their telescopes, in this strange man's narrative.

"A ship!! a ship!!" shouted the Commander fervently. A ship, indeed. From it came a small boat, with PIEL DORNTON on board.

He landed, and after welcoming the Lieutenant, went at once to GRACE.

She received him confusedly. Then he confronted NUTT.

Suddenly the blood left his cheeks and he would have fallen, but for Old MARTIN, who fell instead, and hurt himself.

"Hear him," cried the Commander, with true English love of fair play, and some curiosity as to the rest of NUTT's speech.

"Lady and Gentlemen," he recommenced, "let me tell you my story. I was brought up at an infant school, and subsequently, being a boy of studious habits, was apprenticed to a lecturer at the Polytechnic. Here I acquired that scientific knowledge, which to have learnt has made me supremely happy, seeing that it has alleviated the miseries of one for whom I entertain feelings of the most profound admiration and the deepest love." He bowed to GRACE and proceeded. She felt he had never, even when dressed to catch the geese and wild fowl—never, never, looked so beautiful as now.

"It was here, too, I mean at the Polytechnic, I mastered that clear and lucid style in which it has been my highest endeavour to explain to you the wonders of nature, and the marvels, during our evenings, of the microscope. So well have we employed our hours here," he turned to GRACE for corroboration, who said "yes," and begged him to go on—"That we have run through the entire cycle of Polytechnic lectures, including the dissolving views, which we really managed admirably, the drop of Thames water with the living creatures in it, the exposition of spiritualism, the automaton Leotard, and many other useful and entertaining experiments, including glass-blowing for the tails of peacocks and imitation candles which won't light, and we were proceeding to the diving-bell and blowing up the *Royal George* under water when your arrival interfered with our settled plan. Excuse me—to return. I quitted the Polytechnic to join a distinguished aeronaut—"

"I know you now," exclaimed DORNTON. "This fellow," he said, turning to GRACE and the Lieutenant, "is a Fraudulent Solicitor."

"You thought so, perhaps, PIEL DORNTON," was NUTT's calm reply, which seemed to crush the other into the earth. "When you threw my companion and myself out of the balloon into the sea. You thought so, no, doubt, when you seized the deeds and papers with which my unhappy companion was indeed escaping from the hands of justice. He was a fraudulent solicitor—not I. Let me explain: for he—well for him that it is so; perhaps! *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—"

"Hear, hear!" said COMMANDER BOUNCER.

"He is no more. My aeronautic friend started his balloon from a public garden. Here it was hired by a private party. That Private Party was the Fraudulent Solicitor; I was told off to attend him. He arrived with his deeds and boxes. His pistol was constantly at my ear, and I was obliged to give up all chance of escape and leave him, the balloon, and myself to a merciful fate—with my eye, however, always on the parachute. From above I saw this man give his wretched father the fatal blow in the Cavern by the Sea—"

"It's a lie!" shrieked PIEL DORNTON.

"It is truth, as I stand here," returned NUTT. "He climbed in by our grapple when we were almost aground, and repaid our hospitality with another crime."

"The name of the Solicitor?" asked Old MARTIN, eagerly.

"SMITH," was NUTT's answer.

Old MARTIN turned to his brother, LEONARD CHARLES. "'Twas he," he said, "who drew up the lost deed. SMITH."

So excited was every one that they had not noticed the approach of two separate boats, whose occupants now stood forward.

In the first came CHEKK, DISS, COUNT & Co., rowing, with GRIFF, the Detective, holding the Infant, and SNAGG, the clerk, steering.

In the second, BESSY with JOSEPH and the papers, sailing.

GRIFF spoke. "These papers, signed SMITH, were placed in the hands of these 'ere respectable gents," alluding to the Benician Bankers, who appeared pleased. "By them he became the large landowner you've known him. By them," and he produced another set, "he took under the will of LEONARD CHARLES MARCHMONT, deceased—"

"The villain!" exclaimed the irascible old man.

"Everything!"

"It's a lie, a confounded LIE!" roared PIEL DORNTON.

"No, it isn't, my Chirper, except you're alluding to all your papers as is a lie, a forgery, and no mistake. Who seed him forge?"

"I seed him forgin' em at his desk," answered the Infant, sulkily.

"You!" exclaimed DORNTON. The net was closing round him now.

"Aye, Guv'nor, you cut a cradle down from a tree opposite your window. In that cradle lay a child. I was, I am, that child, and I've tracked you this day.† I wouldn't ha' done it," he whimpered, "if you hadn't ill-treated her."

"Her!" exclaimed every one.

"Yes, mum," continued the boy. "Her, her as was the only cove ever kind to me."

* *Vide* Early Chapters of this remarkable work.—*Editor*.

† See this exciting incident in a previous chapter. Most exciting.—*Editor*.



Eminent Musician. "YOU PLAY, I BELIEVE?"
Swell Amateur. "YA-AS!"

Eminent Musician. "CONCERTINA?"
Swell Amateur. "NO—COMB!"

A ROW IN A COURT.

AIR—Popular Hornpipe.

IN the House of Commons, now,
 Very often there's a row;
 While the Ermine keeps its gravity,
 And dignity and suavity:
 So a rummus in the higher Courts of Law is very rare.
 But a shindy, in the Court
 Of Queen's Bench, has given sport;
 'Twas occasioned by Judge BLACKBURN in the case of MR. EYRE.

JUSTICE BLACKBURN did preside
 When that EYRE was to be tried,
 And a charge to the Grand Jury gave,
 A just one, to be sure, he gave,
 But he said the other Judges his opinion all did share.
 So the Bill was thrown right out,
 'Mid a universal shout
 Of "Hurrah for the Preserver of Jamaica, MR. EYRE!"

When the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE read
 What his colleague then had said,
 Says he, "I don't agree with it,
 So let no one credit me with it;
 In particular I think that GORDON's trial was unfair,
 If that charge I had foreknown,
 Then another of my own
 I would surely have delivered in the case of MR. EYRE."

Then my lord pulled off his wig,
 If the scene was *infra dig.*,
 Yet how charming is variety,
 Though from general propriety!
 And a wig in summer weather is an awful thing to wear.
 Slap, he shied it at the head
 Of the puiſne Judge, and said,
 "Now take that for what I think about the case of MR. EYRE!"

Wig for wig then BLACKBURN threw,
 And flung back the other's too.
 There ensued, with reciprocity
 Of mutual ferocity,
 Such a wiggling, that it might have made blind justice even stare!
 But when judges disagree
 How decide, good folks, shall we?
 How shall Governors determine in the place of MR. EYRE?

A WARNING TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE end of bribery and corruption is within sight, at no great distance. Members of the House of Commons are threatened by the Registration Bill with loss of their autumnal holidays. All work and no play will make the parliamentary JACK a still duller boy than he is already. As it is, the duties of a Member of Parliament are very laborious; and if, as seems likely, they become much, or, indeed, only a little more so, they will amount to a bore of greater magnitude than even the calamitous office of a Jurymen. It will be necessary to impress men for public service in the Legislature just as it is to compel them to serve on juries. Instead of seeking to be the representative of a county or a borough at the price of an enormous expenditure, a gentleman will have to be forced to accept election by the alternative of a heavy fine. Or else it will come to pass that, so far from getting paid anything whatever, electors will be obliged to pay the man of their choice very handsomely indeed in order to induce anyone to come forward as a candidate for the employment of representing them.

Canada and Capetown.

THE *Weekly Dispatch* announces that:—

"BISHOP LYNCH is to be the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Canada."

The Bishop is not supposed to be any relation to his namesake the Judge; nor are the Canadian Roman Catholics thought likely to be subjected to ecclesiastical Lynch law; such as certain English divines want to enforce at Natal.



A ROW IN COURT.

"THESE NICE SHARP QUILLETS OF THE LAW."—*Shakespeare.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 8. Government intimated that it was burning and raging to get business over, and to come to the General Election and the Vote of Confidence; but that, inasmuch as it would require "fine steering" to bring the New Parliament together before Christmas, and as there would certainly be no time then to discuss money matters, a Year's Supplies would now be asked. The House was to have a week to consider this proposal. Except that the present state of things is utterly unconstitutional, there is no particular objection.

We took the Scotch Reform Bill in Committee, and polished it off. Glasgow is to have the Three-Cornered Vote, which LORD DERBY and MR. BRIGHT think so wrong, and which MR. MILL thinks so right. It is said that the Member for Westminster's logical powers are so feeble, that he cannot perceive that ninety-nine men of education ought to submit in silence and humility to be reduced to political nonentity by one hundred non-educated persons; but so it is.

The Scotch get their 7 New Members; and the 7 English Boroughs, which it was finally agreed to sacrifice to Caledonia (stern and wild), are—

Arundel of the Owls.
Ashburton of the *Quarterly* GIFFORD.
Dartmouth of the Gunpowder.
Honiton of the Laces.
Lyme Regis of the Cobb.
Thetford of the Black Church.
Wells of the Cathedral.

Battle over the Boundaries Bill, and whether the Commissioners who took so much pains over the arrangements, or the Committee, which had political considerations before it, should be supported. Much sharp language, MR. BRIGHT wrathful, and MR. OSBORNE complimenting the House on self-stultification. We went at it again on Thursday, and were still more sarcastic upon one another. MR. HERBERT fought for the Committee, MR. ADDERLEY attacked MR. BRIGHT, who warned the Conservatives that Numbers would one of these days avenge any attempt to ignore them, LORD GALWAY called MR. OSBORNE a Buffoon, and the latter neatly retorted—a cry of "Order" being raised—"O, he is quite in order." Finally, MR. HERBERT's Resolution was carried by 184 to 148, against Ministers, who, however declined to regard the matter as one of vital importance, a sweet and pleasing line of conduct to which they have nobly adhered upon several occasions, which might have disturbed ordinary souls.

The public may like to be reminded—

"These must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot—"

to be reminded, we say, of the little history of this matter. Boundaries for voting purposes being wanted, an Act of Parliament was obtained, and under it a couple of Commissioners (a barrister and an officer of "the educated Service") were sent over the country. All these Commissioners studied the subject on the spots, examined witnesses, and reported. There were people who did not like the proposed changes, and they made such a row, that a Select Committee of the Commons was appointed to consider the Report. They upset nearly all that the barristers and officers had done, and now the vote which we have described confirms the upset. We are practical people, we legislators, MRS. GRUNDY, eh, M'm? We need hardly say that the farce cost nothing, as barristers and engineers are always ready to go everywhere and do all sorts of work for nothing, and pay their own hotel bills.

Tuesday. A morning sitting on the Bill for Handing over the Telegraphs to Government. The subject, which afforded material for a fine and suggestive speech, was rather barrenly treated by MR. WARD HUNT; but he explained the Bill, and thought that it ought to be at once read and sent to a Select Committee. It was opposed by MR. LLEWELLYN for the Companies, who of course only want to extort the uttermost farthing from the Nation, and he introduced the usual cant about Government's reading our messages, and being averse to improvements in electrical science. As we let them read our letters if they like, the first objection is not much, and as for the second it was rather Cheeky, considering that the Companies never introduce any improvements, that our Telegrams are the worst in Europe, and that even the common convenience of having the message printed, as has been done in America for twenty years, is not adopted here, but the messages are transcribed by blundering clerks, who send frantic nonsense. MR. PUNCH's whole domestic arrangements were nearly plunged into despair and dismay by reason of Judy's opening a telegram of mere business, but which the ass of a clerk had converted into a summons from a Lady. From that moment he vowed extinction to the Companies, and HE WILL KEEP HIS VOW.

For the time the Bill stood over. MR. GLADSTONE and the Opposition approve the plan, but think that more inquiry is needful—that is to say, they prefer that the Boon should proceed from the next Ministry.

Ascot Races began to-day, and the House was Counted Out at night. It was very pleasant on Ascot Heath this Tuesday, the attendance being distinguished rather than enormous. Our darling PRINCESS was in green, and MR. PUNCH wore, by instinct, a green cravat.

Wednesday. Woman, in her capacity of ill-treated Wife, was the theme of this day. The Bill for the Protection of the Property of Married Women was taken in hand. The usual talk followed. One side harped upon the marriage vow, and the duty of submission and obedience, and the revolutionary character of those who would encourage a wife to be independent, and the hard and cruel nature of some wives, and LORD GALWAY said that the words in the service must be altered, and instead of "love, honour, and obey," the lady ought to say "enter into a partnership on equal terms." The other side showed that woman was unfairly treated, and that in her case matrimony was made a crime, for her property was instantly taken away. Rich girls had settlements, but poor girls had no such protection against brutal husbands. On division, there was a Matrimonial Tie, each side mustering 123, so the SPEAKER, in accordance with rule, voted in the affirmative, that is, for the women, in order to give the House another opportunity of considering the subject.

The Ladies in the "Cage" above the reporters, made all sorts of disturbances during the debate, such as murmuring, hissing, clapping hands, and rattling fans against the brass. MR. PUNCH thinks, with all submission, that they had better confine such demonstrations to the theatre. There, nobody except the unfortunate actors whose points are lost, and the general public who pay to hear the play, complain that the private boxes are noisy, and that the chatter of ladies who have dined, and swells who have had something after dinner, disturbs the performances. They must not bring their box manners into the gallery of the House.

Thursday was the Cup Day at Ascot. It was very pleasant on Ascot Heath this Thursday, the attendance being enormous rather than distinguished. The horses who had been the first three in the Derby alone ran for the Cup, and Bluegown won, Speculum being before King Alfred, instead of behind that monarch, who on this occasion burned the cakes. Our darling PRINCESS was in pink, and MR. PUNCH wore, by instinct, a cravat that might have been pink, only it was blue.

MR. HARDY brought in a Bill for expediting the Registration of the new electors. The revision of the lists is to begin in September, with an enlarged staff of lawyers, and the roll is to be complete and printed by the 1st of October. The elections are to follow, with a somewhat shorter time than usual for the return of the writs. The idea is to get Parliament together in time to have the Big Battle fought about the 14th of December. This will greatly conduce to the harmony, peace, and goodwill which should prevail at Christmas.

Friday. The Lords, like MR. PUNCH, had found it too hot to attend to much business early in the week, but also, like him, they woke up this evening, and did a capital thing. On the motion of LORD CLARKE, they sent to a Select Committee (in this case all but a sentence of death) the Bill for effectuating the Conspiracy by which, as LORD REDFERN said, the three Southern Railways propose to extort more money from the Public for worse service. The way that several Lords fired into this attempt at Fraud, was pleasing; and it may be that the Railway Interest "elsewhere" might have winced at the language in which their devices were described. The Commons had showed themselves subservient to that interest, and afraid to help the people; the Lords stood up like the Barons of old, and claimed the People's lawful right to travel well at a fair charge. To be sure it cost their Lordships nothing but attendance in their places; but we can't always get them to give even that.

Discussion on a proposal to remove such restrictions on the publication of Newspapers, as the giving security. MR. MILL thought that it was like making physicians give security not to poison, merely because some quacks poisoned. The week finished with an hour's wrangle and fight as to whether we should go on with a Bill for relieving Excisemen from the Disability to Vote at Elections. The 53 Scotch Members ought to have attended in a body, and voted for the Bill; for was not BURNS an Exciseman? But the last division was only 42 to 33. To be sure, it was two in the morning, and BURNS has written—

"Up in the morning's not for me,
Up in the morning early."

Conundrum for Rotten Row.

1st Friend (on horseback asks a friend). What is the cheapest bit to ride with?

2nd Friend. Well, I should say—

1st Friend. I shouldn't. The cheapest bit, Sir, is a threepenny bit.

APPROPOS.

THE Derby Opera—La Favorita.



SKIRMISHING.

Brown (in agony, having just fired). "WELL, THE SOONER GOVERNMENT GIVES US BREECH-LOADERS, THE BETTER!"

Jones. "WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

Brown. "THERE GOES MY RAMROD AGAIN! RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF MY HOUSE, TOO!"

AN AMALGAMATED SAGE UNION.

A SCIENTIFIC band
That cultivates ethnology,
Doth 'gainst another stand,
Whose study's anthropology.
The latter one contains
Believers in phrenology,
Both build on old remains
Unearthed by new geology.

Their notions sometimes clash
With popular theology,
And altogether smash
The old received chronology.
They can't get on without
A little physiology,
And some discourse about
The teachings of philology.

Their subject is allied
So closely to zoology,
It therein doth glide,
By way of pithecolology.
"Our poor relations," apes,
Are owned with small apology;
Men's skulls, of such low shapes,
We owe palæontology.

But some of them dispute
This precious genealogy,
And will not, to the brute,
Admit their own analogy.
Now HUXLEY will, 'tis said,
These rivals in paralogy,
Unite, both bodies' head;
So may they cease their alogy!

Latest from the Castle.

Prince of Wales (asks). What pretty place near Windsor is the best for a man overcome with grog?

Equerry (politely). Sir, I give it up.

Prince of Wales. I'll tell you. *Vir-ginny-an'-water.*
[*Equerry in shrieks of laughter. Scene closes.*]

FEE NOMINAL LIBERALITY.—Advice gratis.

RITUALISM IN CHANCERY.

A MEETING of the Juridical Coggers was held at their usual quarters yesterday, when a paper was read by MR. WINKINS on "Remedies against Ritualism," wherein he contended that ARCHBISHOP MANNING might by application to Chancery obtain an injunction against the Hon. and Rev. MR. LIDDELL, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and others, Clergymen of the English Church, to restrain them from the performance of services proper exclusively to the Church of Rome. The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion. MR. CAVIL objected that the performances of the Ritualists were similar to those of buffoons, and argued that their imitation of the Mass and other Roman Catholic rites and ceremonies was no more chargeable with piracy than a burlesque of a serious drama. The learned gentleman's opinion on this point was controverted by MR. QUIDDIT, who said that though the Ritualist mimicry of Papistical celebrations was very absurd, yet it was not intended for the purpose of affording amusement, but meant to be perfectly serious. It could, therefore, not be regarded in the light of burlesque. The burlesque of *Othello* might be less laughable than the tragedy itself exceedingly ill acted, but still the tragedy so acted, if acted gravely as a tragedy, would not be a burlesque, however comic it might be in effect. He thought an injunction against the Ritualists would be granted to DR. MANNING. MR. QUILLLET agreed with the last speaker that the Ritualistic performances were not burlesques; but suggested that ARCHBISHOP MANNING would be precluded from getting an injunction for stopping them by the circumstance that his archiepiscopal authority was not recognised by law. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would have to be repealed to enable the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster to obtain an anti-Ritualist injunction. He would then, undoubtedly, be in a position to apply for it with success. Whether he would do so or not was another matter. He would be a fool if he did; for what hotel or eatinghouse-keeper who supplied real turtle would wish to check the demand for it occasioned by the unrestricted sale of mock?



A BEE IN THE BONNET.



MANAGEMENT.

JOINT-STOCK BANK PARTY BREAKS HIS SUNDAY EXCURSION TRIP TO CALL ON A CLERICAL FRIEND.

Parson. "AFRAID I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU MORE THAN TEN MINUTES, OLD FELLOW; I HAVE MY MORNING SERVICE—"

Joint-Stock Bank Party. "OH, CAN'T YOU DO AS WE DO WITH OUR 'REPORTS'—GET 'EM TO TAKE IT AS 'READ'!"

A FORETASTE OF THE HANDEL FEAST.

FOR many a long day—indeed, for not far short of eleven hundred days—*Mr. Punch* has not heard such a great singing in his ears as he enjoyed last Friday. With the echoes of this Rehearsal Day still sounding in his memory, he feels no doubt of the success of the Third Great Handel Festival. The transept being enclosed more completely than before, the voices do not waste their sweetness on the desert air of Norwood and the neighbourhood adjoining. Moreover, men who have no music in their souls must enjoy a Handel Festival, if only for the pleasure of staring at the singers. It is well worth a guinea to look at that big Orchestra, nearly twice as big as the Dome of St. Paul's, and filled to the last inch with near four thousand faces. The sight, too, of the audience, who cover nearly an acre, is also well worth seeing; and, when "the many rend the sky with loud applause," the effect of the hands clapping is one you do not witness often in a lifetime.

One thing *Mr. Punch* remarked at the Rehearsal, which he hopes he may not see at any one of the performances. Certain Snobs, whose names he would vastly like to publish, selfishly prevented him from hearing the last chorus in each of the parts by making the disturbance of leaving in the middle of it. They might endeavour to excuse themselves by saying they were hungry, and alleging that they wanted in the first place to go and get some lunch, and in the second, to get home in time for dinner. Now, *Mr. Punch* will grant that one of the advantages of music is, that it gives him a good appetite; but he will not admit that this is any plea for his annoying other people. There is no need to hurry home from a Crystal Palace Music Feast, merely for the sake of sitting down to dinner. In the south end of the building are most comfortable dining-rooms, where the vulgar rage of hunger can be easily appeased. Instead of hurry-scurrying away to catch a train, and robbing quiet people of the hearing of a chorus, which they

have paid to hear—mind that, you scampering snobs!—men should give their cooks a holiday, and themselves a Palace dinner, wisely ordering it beforehand, if they be pigs of Epicurus.

CHIVALRY OF THE COMMONS.

"WILL any gentleman give up his Seat to oblige a Lady?" This question is not infrequently put to a male omnibus passenger, and never, we trust, without eliciting a cheerful "Certainly." The Rain of Chivalry is not over, and its Votaries defy a ducking.

To make woman independent of her master is a task becoming a chivalrous if not a commercial people, and will completely redeem our bad reputation for shop-keeping. Hymen we expect will soon be legally empowered to open an office in Serjeant's Inn for the due registration of conjugal partnerships, and over every drawing-room door we shall see the name of the firm "Henry & Hannah (Limited)."

Once more, "Will any gentleman resign his Seat to oblige a Lady?" This question, without any modification, we really believe might be addressed to more than a hundred useful Members of the Lower House, and every Man with polite alacrity would jump up and make his *confé*. MR. SPEAKER, we know by recent facts, is *ex officio* the "Ladies' Champion," and we will be bound that ten thousand ingenious fingers, animated by gratitude—that lively sense of casting votes to come—are now busily employed in knitting anti-macassars for his chair.

CERVANTES made fine fun of Spanish chivalry composed of soft metal, but ours, hardened under a vigorous Parliamentary hammering, will not easily be dinted by poking short jokes at it. *Don Quixote*, believing that he saw before him a monster that held captive distressed damsels, attacked the Mill on the Commons. The MILL of the Commons is now a gallant knight armed *cap-à-pié*, and wearing a white favour. Hip! hip! Hurrah!

DECORATIVE ENTOMOLOGY.

COLEOPTERA are coming into fashion. Fact. See *Le Follet*, dears, wherein, under the head of "Fashions for June," you will learn that, for bonnets, that is to say the ornamental tiles or slates, so to speak, worn in place of bonnets, besides lace and crape:—

"Rice and fancy straw are also much used. A very pretty model with these materials may be made with a very small fanchon, trimmed *en diadème*, with a wreath of green beetles and grasses."

What a pretty fancy to have been taken into a female head, that of wearing beetles outside of it! The beetles thus worn by a lady as an ordinary head-dress being green, she would perhaps, if she went into mourning, wear black-beetles. In that case she would enjoy a large choice of beetles, of which many, if not most, are black. Among these may be mentioned the stag-beetle, and the shard-borne beetle, celebrated for his drowsy hum. Equally suitable for the purpose of decoration, though not properly called beetles, would be the cockroach, and the devil's-coach-horse. Of beetles not black the lady-cow is one which might be suggested as becoming, and the time is at hand when a seasonable chaplet might be composed of cock-chafers.

Lepidopterous, hymenopterous, neuropterous and orthopterous insects might also be laid under contribution, and ladies might go about crowned with wreaths of moths and butterflies of various kinds, bees, wasps, dumbledores, dragon-flies, crickets, and grasshoppers. The arachnida, or spider family, could also supply many interesting members that might be similarly combined in an extremely elegant arrangement, to which might be added specimens from the myriopoda, various scolopendræ or centipedes, British and foreign. The limacinae and helicidæ might also be employed in the adornment of her head with slugs and snails; nor should the larvæ of the insect tribes be neglected; for a lady of taste might garnish her crown very prettily with different sorts of grubs and caterpillars.

Electrical.

WE have often wondered if the chignon could ever be applied to any actual use, and, according to a contemporary, some ingenious person has conceived the idea of making it a receptacle for a regular galvanic apparatus, and a small Rhumkorff coil. This may be one way of attracting the sparks, and may not only produce the requisite flutter in the body of the bird, but also in the breast of the human admirer. Nevertheless, we do not desire to run the risk of receiving a "thousand natural shocks" from the same number of artificial ones.

FALSITIES FOR THE FACE.



OUR Red Indian, *Mr. Punch*, doesn't he call the natives of Great Britain, and others who resemble them in complexion, "pale faces"? There are some of our countrywomen, Sir, whom he would certainly misname by that poetical appellation. For of course they must include a considerable number of customers for the things which are daily advertised in the newspapers to redden the face. For instance:—

LOWE'S CELEBRATED DAMASK ROSE DROPS, an elegant and innocent extract for giving immediate and natural colour to the cheek, lips, and complexion, in packet cases, 3s. 6d., free by post for 48 stamps.

I copy the foregoing announcement *minus* the address, because among your casual readers there may possibly be one or two who, if you called it loathsome, would think you were joking, and meant to endorse the lie which it tells, and to recommend the use of the trash which it relates to. No doubt, however, this stuff would effectually remove the complaint of paleness, if not permanently, for some time at least. An application that would immediately stain even the lips would doubtless irritate the skin, and the person who had employed it would afford wags occasion to ask why her face was like Vesuvius in the last days of Pompeii.

When the divine **WILLIAMS** made *Viola*, speaking of herself, tell *Orsino* that:—

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm, 't the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek,"

he probably suggested the epithet misapplied to the abovenamed drops. Anyhow their name suggests his lines, and with them the observation that feeding on a damask cheek, which owed that colour to damask rose drops, would make concealment very ill, if concealment were so far like a worm in the bud as to be poisonous, and if, on the part of any one using a face-dye, concealment were possible.

Now, Sir, here is another of these advertisements, more sickening than the first. Read it!

THE VESTRIS ENAMEL.—This valuable COSMETIC, as prepared from the original receipt for the late Madame Vestris, which preserved her youth and beauty to so late a period, is perfectly harmless, and gives a beautiful tone and colour to the skin, improving a good complexion, and making a bad one beautiful. Sold only by ——. Price 5s. and 10s. per bottle.

There was a time when the report current, with many other absurd sayings, about the lady whose name is above abused, that she was "enamelled" was regarded as tending, and intended, to render her an object of aversion. Now we have a cosmetic commended to the softer sex under the name of "Vestris Enamel!" Not a nice sign of the times, *Mr. Punch*, is it? The fashionable world is very fast; it certainly doesn't go at a snail's pace, nor yet in the snail's direction. In that respect it resembles another of the crustacea. It is going back to rouge, and will next perhaps recede to patches and powder.

Somebody has too truly said what is too apt to be forgotten, that beauty is only skin deep. Youth, if no more, is no less, according to the advertisement of the "Vestris Enamel." The youth as well as the beauty of **MADAME VESTRIS**, it tells us, was preserved by that species of stucco for the skin.

Here, again, our advertiser has borrowed a poetical thought. When he describes his enamel as "improving a good complexion, and making a bad one beautiful," he just paraphrases **BYRON**'s words about the effect of moonlight on the Coliseum:—

"Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not."

Only the paraphrase is not so much poetical as fictitious.

Let me call your attention to a candid acknowledgment made by one of the most notorious of the advertising face-forgers. In the first place idiotic females are invited to buy:—

MADAME JEZEBEL'S Queenly, Arabian, and Circassian beauty WASHES FOR THE HAIR, Teeth, and Complexion. Alabaster powder, Arab bloom, Armenian liquid for giving brilliancy to the eyes and removing wrinkles, pure liquid extract of flowers for giving fragrant odours to the breath and pearly whiteness to the teeth, liquid enamel and Circassian lily wash. The choicest perfumes of Arabia for the bath. Those queenly and costly preparations render the hair, teeth, and complexion beautiful for ever.

And then they are told that:—

"All other persons vending dangerous and spurious compounds in imitation, and who are endeavouring to copy her art, commit a gross fraud upon the public, she being the only importer of the above preparations."

One would think, even an idiotic female might see that when **MADAME JEZEBEL** mentions "all other persons vending dangerous and spurious compounds in imitation" (of what if not of the natural colour and complexion?) by those other persons she means persons other than herself. She, then, is one who does what those others do. Idiotic females may not see that. **MRS. BORRODAILE** may not have seen it. But all that are not quite idiots will avoid every dangerous and spurious compound, whether pigment, or wash, that would be injurious even to a pig.

Faugh! as people used to say, on occasion, in the good old time of my celebrated anti-cosmetic ancestor, the *Vicar of Wakefield*. At your service, *Mr. Punch*, I have the honour to be, a **PRIMROSE**.

P.S. Idea of a puff for **JEZEBEL**. *Hamlet (to skull)*. Get thee to my lady's chamber, and tell her that, let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion she must come at last; but not if she places herself under the hands of **MADAME JEZEBEL**, and is made beautiful for ever.

DISGRACEFUL.

MR. PUNCH,

Do you consider these are proper questions to put to a growing boy? They have been drawn up by our head-master, who is evidently not master of his head. The fact is he went out during the hot weather last week without his hat, and had a severe altercation (resulting in blows) with his eldest male offspring. I think he is suffering from a stroke of the son. I wish you would give us boys a word. There is no one to appeal to but the Press, and you are our favourite paper. As for relying on any protection from a fellow's parents, it's bosh. So I say, you know, *do* just give us a word. We've taken in all your back numbers, so do take up our case. These are a few of his questions—pretty fellow to have the instruction of youth, *he is*:—

1. "*What's a' the steer, Kimmer?*"—Give the derivation of the word "kimmer." Is he a comparative of "kim," and did his ancestors kim over with the Conqueror? Spell "Conqueror."

2. *Knot for Joe*.—How is this tied, and which of the **DAVENPORTS** is **JOE**? Why?

3. *High Cockolorum Jig*.—Describe the figures of this ancient dance. When is it considered in season?

4. *Virginia Creeper*.—Relate the leading incidents in this lady's life. Was she not connected very closely with an ancient house? If so, which?

5. "*I Winna buckle to*."—Do you believe that this declaration (feloniously appropriated by a northern minstrel) was really made by a lady who shied at the second volume of *Buckle's Civilization*? If so, speak out like a man, and no heel-taps.

6. "*Stand to your Guns*."—Is there any ground for believing that this was the remark of a great naval commander to some "hearts of oak" of niggardly disposition, who never treated their sixteen-pounders? What is the favourite beverage of the gun when stood to?

And so on. Do just stop him, will you please.—Yours truly,

A BOY WHO HAS HIS FEELINGS.

P.S. I re-open this to say that the benighted tyrant has just entered the Schoolroom, and remarked that there is something wrong about Nature; for whereas one swallow doesn't make a summer one grasshopper *does* make a spring. Perhaps if you publish this it may reach the eye of his friends.

STREET SCENE.

(A Dialogue.)

Smart. How do, **SMOOTH**? (*to Theatrical Manager, who frowns upon him*.) What's the matter, eh?

Smooth. Matter? Hang it, **SMART**, you wrote me down in *The Stinger*.

Smart (*repressing something Shakspearian about "writing down" which occurs to him, continues pleasantly*). Wrote you down? No. I said the piece was a bad one, because I thought it was; a very bad one.

Smooth. Bad! (*Sarcastically*.) You were the only man who said so. *Smart* (*very pleasantly*). My dear fellow, I was the only man who said so. *[Exeunt severally.]*

Taking a Shot at it.

We wonder if the Chairman of the Board of Ordnance, who, as we presume, must have a casting vote to give as to the casting of big cannon, would be offended if we called him a Big Bore Constructor?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N Monday, June 15th, my Lords, a few of them at least, talked some remarkably good sense about the education of the upper classes. When such men as Lords STANHOPE and CLARENDEON say that Latin and Greek composition is of no use, and that the course of study should be modernised, it is possible that in highly genteel families, where the opinion of mere newspaper writers might not Command Respect, attention will be given to what one's Betters remark. Nobody wants to neglect *Homer* and *Horace*, and Mr. Punch would as soon cut off his nose as his quotations from *Naso*; but it is an awfully useful thing to be able to do a rule of three sum, and to order a dinner in French or German, and really everybody ought to know that solid parallelograms which are contained by parallelograms equiangular to one another, each to each, that is, of which the solid angles are equal, each to each, have to one another the ratio which is the same with the ratio compounded of the ratios of their sides.

The MARQUIS OF BATH was very properly added to the Committee on Artizans' Dwellings, and we hope that the article from which he takes

his title will be invariably added to the dwellings themselves.

REARDEN rose to give notice of a question, and "was received with tokens of disapprobation."

The Irish Reform Bill went into Committee, and we assume that we may take it for granted that the universe will be content with a very brief account of what has been done with it. There were some Redistribution Clauses, which the House did not care about, so MR. DISRAELI very obligingly knocked them out, and then the Commons, not to be outdone in courtesy, supported him against all the proposals made by Gentlemen who sought to amend the measure, and also against a proposal by REARDEN.

Second Reading of the Bill for expediting the Registrations. The British Constituent may like to know that it is "considered" that the new writs may be issued by the 12th of October, and that the NEW PARLIAMENT MAY MEET ABOUT LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Tuesday. There is a Sale of Poisons Bill in hand, and LORD REDSDALE wanted all bottles containing such medicaments to be made of a peculiar shape, so that there could be no mistake as to the contents. The idea does not seem irrational, but the Lords thought that its adoption would be inconvenient to the chemical and druggal profession.

On a Debate on our Public Schools, Eton was described as the worst school in the world. MR. LABOUCHERE said that he had been there three years, and had learned nothing. That statement did not exactly prove the other proposition, in which, however, there is an approach to the truth. But Eton is not a school. It is a Gymnasium, to which hundreds of fine young fellows are sent to learn athletic sports, and to which the sons of a good many Snobs are sent that the Snobs' boys may pick up Swell acquaintances.

MR. BRIGHT set forth, in an hour's speech, that the Blue Noses, also known as the Nova Scotians, do not like the Union with Canada. MR. ADDERLEY denied that they disliked it as much as was said, and the House, by 183 to 87, declined to vote an address for inquiry, which decision Mr. Punch unhesitatingly declares to be a mistake. The Blue Noses are very loyal Blue Noses, and do not deserve a wiper of this kind. At least, we might hear what they have got to say.

On the passing of the Bill for Demolishing the Irish Church, COLONEL STUART KNOX sped it from the House with a parting kick, declaring that it was going to its last home. And, late in the week, LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS, for the Government, intimated that he meant to move its rejection by the Lords. We do not like risking a bold opinion; in fact, timidity of utterance is one of Mr. Punch's graces—

"He would not, in a peremptory tone, Assert the Nose upon his face his own;"

but he ventures to think that he has some grounds for not being entirely convinced that the rejection of this Bill will put an end to the agitation against the Church of Ireland.

Wednesday. REARDEN asked a ridiculous question about the alleged flogging of an Irish priest because a newspaper had been sent to him in prison. MR. ADDERLEY gave a contemptuous answer, and expressed regret that such idiocy should be put into the Notice Paper.

MR. MILL's Bill for getting rid of the strongholds of Bumbledom—the Vestries, was lucidly explained by himself, and was then talked out of the House of Commons, Bumbledomians prating on until the fatal Quarter to Six. But there will come another "bad quarter of an hour" for the Vestries.

Thursday. Whether, under the pretence of going to Church, paupers ought to be allowed a chance of running away from the Unions on Sundays, leaving families chargeable, was considered by the Lords, who thought that on the whole poor people had a right to say that they wanted to go to church.

The Abyssinian Army, in reward for its bravery and endurance, is to have six months' batta, so it will have the solid pudding as well as the empty praise.

MR. DISRAELI refers the Electric Telegraphs Bill to the consideration of a Select Committee, and Mr. Punch refers the following fact to the consideration of a Select Public. An Irish editor of a newspaper, having dared to publish articles in support of the Government scheme for taking the wires away from those who manage them so badly and charge so high, a Telegraph Company (we mean to know which by next week), has menaced him with the taking away the contract under which he is at present supplied with news. These are the folks who presume to talk about a possible arbitrary course on the part of Government, if it had the telegraphs in hand. There is no possible English Minister who would commit the insolent act which MR. NORWOOD described.

Friday. The Lords were wise and busy, the Commons wiser and idle. The Peers listened to the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, who wished the Abyssinian army to be received with grand military honours. It was allowed that any honour which could be paid that gallant force had been deserved, but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE pointed out, very fairly, that such a reception would establish a precedent, and that offence would be given if such a reception were ever omitted for the future. But H. R. H. expressed, in language of honourable warmth, his own gratitude, and that of the nation, for the noble services of SIR ROBERT NAPIER's troops.

Then there was talk about Foreshores. This means the bit of land between high and low water. It is the QUEEN's, but her lieges have a right to use it. As far as we can make out, the Scotch landlords use the Foreshores a good deal too much, to the extent of Foreshortening, as a painter might say, and do not like being told that the land is not theirs, but the QUEEN's.

A CAUTION TO CAGED BIRDS.

(Apropos of the Conduct of the Ladies at the Division on the Married Women's Property Bill.)

LET Members fight the livelong night,
With "Hear, hear" and "Oh, oh!"
When GLADSTONE proves that black is white,
Or DIZZ that "Yes" means "No!"

But, Ladies, you should never let
Such party noises rise:
Your little cage was never meant
For fan-taps, cheers and cries!

"Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur sint
feminina."

THE Salford overseers insist on putting women's claims on the register.

Huzza for Salford!

The *loi Salique* bars women's rights. The *loi Sal* (ford)-ique allows them.

The great MILL of Westminster is proud to "cotton" to the lesser MILLS of Salford, who are about to lead the way in working up *shes* into *hes*, and effacing the odious distinction between the Lords and the Ladies of Creation!

A PROVERB ON ITS TRIAL.—"As honest as the Day."

CHIKKIN HAZARD.

LAST CHAPTER.

THE END.

THE Bells of Benicia were ringing for the double marriage. GRACE at one Church to her beloved NUTT; BESS at the other to her own dear JOSEPH, now JOSEPH, MARQUIS OF MEWSICKALL, with title of Free-Pass-to-The-Alhambra, and Baron Cancan, of Mabilie, as a special honour from the Tuileries, whose motto has, since the events here recorded, become familiar in English mouths as household bread. We must also take this opportunity of adding, that Her Majesty's Government, determining to reward LIEUTENANT MARCHMONT for his distinguished services, patented him by the title of SIR CHARLES, to imitate which is fraudulent, and punishable by several acts of Parliament.

While these festivities were being enacted, another scene of a different sort was being played out by two performers.

In an apartment in the Good Bishop's Palace, which by a special rescript from the Home-Office he had been permitted to let unfurnished, the tenant, LADY ANNA DOMINO, taking the fitted fixtures, &c., on which arrangement we have neither time nor inclination to dwell now more minutely, sat the LADY ANNA DOMINO.

On the opposite side of the room behind a curtain stood PIEL DORRISON, regarding her curiously.

"Beautiful for ever!" he muttered between his set teeth.

Then he stood before her, pale, with bloodshot eyes and matted hair—he stood before her.

She saw at once, with a woman's intuitive perception, that the end had come.

"At last," she said. She still admired the man who had so cruelly deceived her.

"Recrimination is useless," he said, slowly and bitterly.

"Yes," she replied, in a cold tone. "It is."

"The police are here," he added, looking calmly from the window.

She inquired what division, and with his glass he was enabled to answer her question satisfactorily.

"My mind is made up," he continued; and then, with a slight tremor in his voice which even now midst all his villain's cunning showed there was one green spot in that cankered, sin-dried heart, he added, "What will become of you?"

"What?" returned LADY ANNA, turning towards him. "Do you think of that at last?" She stretched out her hand to him with something of the old affection in her touch. "Go, PIEL," she said, "Go, and poison yourself."

"I will," he replied, and undoing a large hamper marked "glass with care," which he had hitherto kept carefully concealed about his person, he extracted therefrom a large glass jar, and was about to drink its contents, when she arrested his hand.

At that supreme instant was it an old tender yearning?

She looked at him, then downwards at the carpet.

He had owned property himself in his prosperity, and divined the meaning of the glance.

"True," he replied; "as you wish. In the next room."

He walked towards the door, then turned, and in both arms held aloft the fatal bottle which contained a bright red fluid, and was marked outside with a hieroglyphic character, known only to those whose trade it is to deal in such dread preparations.

Once more he spoke:

"And you?"

"I will survive to know that you are out of the clutches of these myrmidons of a cruel law, and then——" she covered her face with her hands and sank upon a *fauteuil*.

He closed the door.

In another moment the officers rushed into the apartment.

"The Forger, the Murderer, the Upholsterer—where is he?"

"Your warrant?" asked the LADY ANNA indignantly.

The Chief beckoned, and a private in the force stepped forward with a roll of paper under his arm.

"It is enough," she said. "You will find him, there."

They entered the room, and returned almost immediately.

"There must be an inquest," said the Chief.

"As you will," said LADY ANNA. "At all events I am at liberty."

The polite officials did all that was necessary, and were subsequently entertained in the servants' hall until a late hour.

The LADY ANNA being much pitied as the victim of a villain's machination, was *féted* for some considerable time after his decease, and if there was the slightest stain upon her otherwise fair character it was at once removed by the Good Bishop, whose tenant she continued to be at an advanced rental. Only she obtained permission to change its name from Phlebosco Palace to the more appropriate title of Kreammawn.

So in the beautiful gardens of Kreammawn, amid water-works and fire-works, with lovely singing-birds, foreign and native, including the several rare specimens of the Flying Trapeze which, with cuttings from the Boot-trees, and *genera* of Corkscrew-fish, Spoonbills, and other such *Lapetus*

lingue, GRACE had found upon the memorable island, and had presented partly to LADY ANNA partly to the Benician Museum, were celebrated the Matrimonial Festivities of the Happy Two pairs, which lasted several days. Then the Brides and Bridegrooms left in a couple of steam-yachts, which had been previously blessed by the Excellent Bishop, for the dear old Bel Pie Island in the Pacific, where NUTT (who was now the Right Honourable WILLIAM NUTT, elected to represent his new possession in the Lower Benician Chambers) built them a couple of houses, and stocked their paddock, and laid out their gardens, and charged them only half as much again as it would have cost them if they'd done it themselves.

And then they rested.

And on a calm summer's evening, with the aged Lieutenant, now obliged to wear a white wig, and support himself with a stick, and still clinging to the costume of his old Venetian regimentals, on one side, and, on the other, Old MARTIN, who, unable to shake off his old labourer's habits, was always dressed in the brightly spotted dress of the clownish order in Benicia, his red and white cheeks being, at his age, the external signs of inward happiness, and rude health; we say with these two, one on either side, would stand in the centre the happy NUTT, in a bright gorgeous dress and a black half mask, partially concealing his features, (the custom in the Benician Chamber,) supporting with his out-stretched knee and stalwart arm the form of his fair and beautifully dressed bride, while behind them rose a romantic bower, as it were, a Fairy Pavilion of Imagination and Fancy, glittering, and dazzling, until among the plaudits and huzzas of the delighted populace, the kind MARQUIS JOSEPH, aided by his dear wife ELIZABETH, would light up great fires of joy, which shed their sometime red, sometime green light upon the glorious scene before them.

"Happy indeed," said GRACE, in after years, "was the thought which occurred to me, dear, upon the Island of sending those FOWLS out with our dinner advertisements for the Island."

"Sending the fowls in that manner, and on such an errand was hazardous," would her husband reply, caressing his eldest son, TOMMY, who was growing every day more like both of them, with perhaps just the slightest resemblance to the pet seal which he had trained upon the island.

"It was hazardous," would be her answer,

"It was indeed CHIKKIN HAZARD."

Readers, we have done. This is the tale NUTT and GRACE told to their children.—This is the tale we have told to you.

Editor's Note.—And thank Heaven, it is finished. For of all the troublesome sets of men I've ever had to deal with, these Authors and Directors are the worst. I shan't publish any of their letters which I have by me, as I consider all correspondence at an end between us. I am going to bring out my own drama of *Fowl Play*, or *Chikkin Hazard*, which I trust will meet with popular favour, quite independently of the Authors, Directors and Artists, who have been trying on all sides to interfere with my editorial rights. I appeal to the public. The public is my judge. And the public is honest and intelligent. With the secession of the Editor, without whom further operations are impossible, the Novel Company Limited is dissolved. Gentle public, Adieu.

"LES BEAUX ESPRITS SE RENCONTRENT."

(HOME to RACHEL.)

MY RACHEL, 'twas cruel to check the renewal

Which too fleeting charms of thy powders demanded,
As it was through DAME LYONS to snub my alliance
With the Spirits, till, not worth a rap, I am stranded.

But birds of a feather should still pair together,

Then from LEWIS to FROGGATT why restlessly roam?

Accept in the Spirit a tribute you merit,

'Tis all I can give—a congenial HOME!

Black and Blue.

(A Hint to the Jockey Club.)

ROUSE, Rouse, horsey peers, for the sake of your fellows,
Lest in spite of blood Jockeyship bring your club low:
That the turf its blue ribband can boast, you may tell us,
But a blue-ribband ill on a black-leg must show.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

HOP FRAUD.—At a MEETING of the COMMITTEE of the ASSOCIATION for PREVENTION of FRAUDS in the HOP WAY, held this afternoon, it was decided that the sum of Fifty Pounds, paid by a Lady in Belgrave, for having fraudulently packed her rooms so closely that nobody could dance with any comfort at her hop, should be expended in a quiet little dinner at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to which the dancing men who were swindled at her party were invited to attend. The Committee beg to state that their agents are instructed to keep a sharp look-out for offenders who thus fraudulently over-cram their ball-rooms, and that during this hot weather the heaviest fine infictable will be invariably imposed.—Phillips's Rooms, June 18. A. WALSHINGMAN, Hon. Sec.

A PAINTER WHO SHOULD ALWAYS BE HUNG "ON THE LINE."—HOOK.

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER!"

A REPUTATION may be stained,
With smirch of foulest filth engrained,
But still the motto be sustained,
Of "Beautiful for Ever!"

Still o'er the door the Royal Arms
May lure, within our Circe's arms,
The fools who 'd by cosmetic charms
Be "Beautiful for Ever!"

Still battered belles, in triple veils,
Through real aches and borrowed ails
Will wade, in hopes to lure the males
When "Beautiful for Ever!"

Still dropping character and cash,
Fools will risk palsy, pimple, rash,
In hopes to rise from paste and wash
As "Beautiful for Ever!"

Would *Punch* could have a mirror raised
Before these fools, cosmetic-crazed,
To show the face they 'd hear bepraised
As "Beautiful for Ever!"

For nature's rose, red *rouge's* wear,
For nature's crown, a corpse's hair,
For nature's white, the enamel's glare—
There's "Beautiful for Ever!"

But foully as such faces show,
Still fouler humours lurk below,
And more than healths to wreck may go,
In "Beautiful for Ever!"

Soon, seamed without and soiled within,
Soul may grow hideous as skin,
A whited sepulchre of sin—
Unbeautiful for Ever!

PENITENTIAL QUADRILLES.

MY DEAR OLD PUNCH,

IN a column of fashionable intelligence, I find an account of a dancing party in high life, which informs me that:—

"The company began to arrive just before eleven o'clock, and dancing commenced shortly after that hour. . . . At one o'clock supper was served up in the principal dining-room, after which dancing was resumed, and kept up with great spirit until an advanced hour."

The advanced hour, I suppose, was about most people's breakfast time. If I were a young man, and obliged by some prudential consideration—nothing else would induce me—to dance attendance at a ball, and be kept up till then, I should be tempted to get somewhere into a recess or behind a door, and cry "Muffins!" or "Hot Rolls!" I know this would be a very rustic and vulgar expression of impatience, but it would relieve my mind, and might perhaps hasten the break-up of the assembly, to the deliverance of reasonable men impressed by unreasoning women to go to a dancing-party when they should have gone to bed, and to stop at it until they should have got up again.

Nemo saltat sobrius is a saying that one might think was illustrated by the fashionable dancing world in apparently practising a resolution not to go home till morning, till a very considerable time after daylight hath appeared.

Dancing, in primitive ecclesiastical times, those of the old Fathers, I believe, was regarded with great disfavour by those venerable personages, or parties as I may say in the Gentoo. Our modern dancing may not be so objectionable as that of their period; but still, if they could see it, they would probably not more than half like it. We may doubt whether, because they commended vigils, they would approve of so much as the sitting up. But, could they look at dancing instead of sleeping in the light that I do, they would consider it an exercise altogether a great deal more laborious and tiresome than that of the treadmill, and perhaps might conceive the idea of imposing a course of it on persons like myself who might have committed some excess in the matter of eating and drinking. Watch, I think, is kept by some devotees on the eve of certain Saints' days. Would it not be something in the way of our fashionable Ritualist parsons to go to a ball at eleven, and stay there dancing "until an advanced hour," in honour of the Vigil of St. Vitus? All rational men, of course, would in the meanwhile be engaged in the worship of

MORPHEUS.

P.S. Vigil of S. V., a fast of course, for the Ritualists. No supper.

A NAVAL REFORM BILL WANTED.

THE Song of "*Rule Britannia*" will soon have to be altered, if measures be not taken to improve our Naval Architecture. How can it be possible that she should rule the waves, when her ships can hardly float, and of course still less can fight, on them? Just see what the *Times* says:—

"The Admirals selected for the experimental trials of the Ironclads report them so unsteady that a hostile force of turret ships would fire against them six shots for every one, while they in a seaway could not hope to hit their target 'except by accident or miracle.' But the Board have adhered to the old broadside form, in the teeth of warning and experience, and now, two years after the truth has become patent to all the world, they discover 'that the rolling and pitching of ships is involved in obscurity,' and have issued a Memorandum calling upon officers to register anew the obscure phenomena."

The Chassepot rifle, we are told, worked miracles at Mentana; but greater miracles apparently will have to be accomplished, to render our big broadside ships effective against turret ones. Yet we still keep building ironclads at half a million each, although they have been proved to be comparatively useless. For what can be the use of vessels so unsteady in a sea way that a turret ship would knock them into smithereens well-nigh ere they could hit her? The "obscurity" in which this fact is said to be involved is simply in the foggy state of intellect of the Admiralty Board: of whom the *Times* thus tersely sums up its complaints:—

"They squander our moneys, they neglect our coast defences, they maintain at a huge expense a wooden navy rotting in our harbours, and the Ironclads they build are built on so false a principle that an enemy can sink them as they roll, without being hit himself, 'except by accident or miracle.'"

The Wooden Walls of England of which we used to boast are worse than useless now that iron has supplanted them, for it costs us thousands yearly to let them lie and rot. But these wooden walls are not so costly to the country as the wooden heads that constitute our Admiralty Board. Wasteful, ignorant, shortsighted, and neglectful as they are, it surely is no wonder that such broadsides of complaint have often been poured into them from the broad sheets of the press.

Well, Parliament is going with a vengeance to reform itself; and let us hope that one of the first measures to be introduced next Session will be a thorough-going, no-quarter-giving measure for correcting the abuses of our present dockyard system, and securing us the benefits of Admiralty Reform.

WAIL BY A SMALL "BOOKMAKER."

I AIN'T a Member of Tattersall's,
But I ventured my pound or so
At a bookmaker's 'ouse in the Boro',
As gentility might term low.
I lost my pound, and the gent
Was took afore the beak;
To prison of course he's sent
For four-and-twenty week.

It's wrong for to venture small,
It's right for to venture large:
It seems all square for the rich and sich
What never gets given in charge.
You may book the bet of a Bart or Duke,
Not of cads and snobs and tykes,
For there's one lor for the HEARL OF FLUKE,
And another for WILLIAM SYKES.

Alter et Idem.

SOME cute Yankee importers have been cheating their own custom-house by getting their lead sent from Spain, run into moulds representing the heads of eminent American statesmen, and invoiced as "works of art," which come in free of duty. If the United States have to complain of lead being smuggled in on them under the form of statesmen's heads, our complaint on this side the water is that we have to pay heavily for "statesmen's heads," which should properly be entered as "lead."

A Quotation from Hamlet, for Admiral Rous.

(After his face from JOHN DAY'S Solicitors, VALLANCE AND VALLANCE.)

"Your face is Vallanced since I saw you last."

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

It seems unaccountable that the Treasury should have appointed MR. STREET architect of the New Law Courts, when everybody complains that "Street-architecture" is the thing in London that most needs improving.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH COSTUME.



FAR ABOVE ST. PAUL'S.

HAS MR. BOWLEY, of the Crystal Palace, time to read the *Post*? If not, he will perhaps be furnished with a bit of news and a hint, in the following extract from the letter of its Paris correspondent:—

"Many persons avail themselves of the short aerial voyage by means of the *ballon captif*, which ascends from the Hippodrome every quarter of an hour. The car is capable of containing fourteen persons, and the balloon is allowed to reach a height of 300 French yards, when it is held fast by a coil of rope, and remains stationary some twelve or thirteen minutes. A magnificent view of the city of Paris and the surrounding country is, thus obtained, and the ascension is described as being exceedingly pleasant. Every precaution is taken to insure personal safety."

Couldn't a captive balloon be sent up from the popular pleasure-garden at Sydenham as easily as from the Parisian Hippodrome? In respect of the British Public, would it not probably prove a no less paying speculation than it is as regards the French? Some notion of its pecuniary success may be derived from the statement that:—

"The fee for the trip is 5fr., with the exception of the reserved days, Wednesday and Friday, when the charge is 10fr."

On shilling days at the Crystal Palace it would be advisable to put the price charged for going up in the balloon at the lowest remunerative figure, thus carrying out the principle



(TO BE CONTINUED, IF APPROVED BY THE PUBLIC, SANCTIONED BY THE POLICE, AND PERMITTED BY THE SOCIETIES FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS, AND THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.)

of providing the masses with recreation that would be cheap as well as elevating.

THE FORTIFICATION FOX RUN TO EARTH.

THIS seems the costliest brute to hunt, and the most difficult to catch, in sporting records.

Now the Shoeburyness experiments have shown that he isn't to be caught in iron, let us hope he may be run to earth, at least, and secured in the cheap form of fifty-foot dykes, such as two thousand navvies could fling up in forty-eight hours in any part of England threatened by an enemy. Building up 15-inch screens of iron, to knock them to pieces with 15-ton guns and 500-lb. shot, is surely throwing money into the dirt, without getting protection for it. Suppose we tried earthworks instead of iron, and then if we threw our money into the dirt, we should at least throw a good deal less of it, and get protection into the bargain.

MUSICAL PROBLEM.

WHY do Players on the Violoncello always take snuff?

[Note by Printer's Devil.—Nobody Nose!]

THE BEST LAWN-MOWER.—MR. GLADSTONE, with his Suspensory Bill.



ANOTHER SOUTHERN CONFEDERATION.

PEER OF THE REALM. "STAY, MY MAN,—HE WANTS TO OVERCHARGE YOU! GIVE ME YOUR FARE,—I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT IMPOSED UPON."

BRITISH WORKING-MAN. "THANK 'E, MY LORD! AH, MY LORD, YOU NOBS AIN'T HALF AS BLACK AS SOME FOLKS PAINT YOU!"



- ABYSSINIAN Difficulty (The), 199
 Abyssinian Expedition (An), 192
 Acrobats in Petticoats, 200
 Admirable Precedent (An), 141
 "A Horse! Give me Another Horse!" 83
 Alexandra's Offering to Erin, 170
 All the World a Crab, 84
 All up with Exeter Hall, 119
 All Up with P.O., 242
 Alter et Idem, 8, 277
 Amalgamated Sage Union (An), 272
 American Liberties (The), 177
 And this is the way History is Written!
 56
 Another Cry from the Customs, 127
 Another "Rock Ahead," 52
 Another Smash for Spiritualists, 169
 Another Turn with Handel, 260
 Anti-Fenian Orator (The), 15
 Arches Judgment (The), 163
 Aristocracy of To-morrow (The), 47
 Aristocratic Mouthfuls Minced, 165
 Armadillo, 59
 Article in their Own Style (An), 100
 Art of Advertising (The), 119
 Awkward Reminders, 142
 Bad Food for the Mind, 222
 Ballad by an Old Bachelor, 55
 Barely Civil, 196
 Beales Administration (A), 163
 Beales and his Bubblylocks, 81
 "Beautiful for Ever!" 277
 Before the Scenes, 58
 "Bew, gars of Bethnal Green," 8
 Below the Lowest Deep a Lower Deep, 184
 "Bene Vale, oule mi!" 21
 Bishop Gray, 86
 Bishop in Partibus (A), 127
 Black and Blue, 276
 Black Monday, 39
 Bob's-worth of Education (A), 45
 Book of the Farm (The), 91
 Brigands in London, 69
 Bright on the Flowing Bowl, 68
 Britannia doing Penance in her Balance
 Sheet, 20
 British Lion at the Home Office (The), 102
 Britannia to Australia, 44
 Budget of the Future (The), 198
 Bung on the Bench, 262
 By Rowland M'Asser, 121
 CABINET Cement, 209
 Cabinet Valentines, 68
 Cabman's Complaint (A), 209
 Call That a Medal? 100
 Canine, 176
 Capital Cure for Ireland, 42
 Capital Public Dinner (A), 198
 Card (A), 208
 Case of the Alabama (The), 128
 Caution to Caged Birds (A), 275
 Caution to Governors (A), 241
 Chapeau Bas, 114
 Charity and Music, 259
 Cheeseparing off on the Army Estimates,
 148
 Chikkin Hazard, 112, 128, 182, &c.
 Chivalry of the Commons, 273
 Chorus of Members, 202
 Christmas Carol (A), 4
 Church News, 43
 Civilisation Receding, 99
 Civil Service Examinations, 18
 Clerical Tone (A), 227
 Colour of the Winner (The), 244
 "Come into the Gardens, Maud," 219
 Comfort for Campaigners, 238
 Comfort for Ex-Kings, 78
 "Committed," 238
 Common Cause in the County Court, 238
 Common Sense on Wheels, 67
 Company Limited by Lord John Manners
 (A), 174
 Compensation for Hampstead Heath, 127
 Competitor for the Plate (A), 15
 Contradiction in Terms (A), 277
 Conversation on Killjoys (A), 186
 Convocation, 89
 Costumes at the Royal Academy, 209
 Courtesy to Country Gentlemen, 101
 Crack Shots in Concert, 141
 Credit to the City of London (A), 121
 Crisis of England (The), 154
 Cruelty to Animals! 144
 Cry from the Custom House (A), 34
 Curious Coincidences, 10
 Cutting their own Throats, 119
 DAME Partington and her Mop, 140
 Danger of Upside Down, 184
 Danger of Self-Defence (The), 128
 Dangerous Gift (A), 192
 Dangers of Brighton, 69
 Data Reddere Nolunt? 106
 Deal in a Name (A), 15
 Dean Stanley in the Wrong Box, 216
 Dear Creatures (The), 230
 Decorative Entomology, 273
 Dense Darkness at Farnham, 15
 Density and Dirty Water, 230
 Discounter Dished (The), 264
 Disgraceful, 274
 Dish for an Ogre (A), 200
 Dizzy among the Pictures, 209
 Dizzy in Difficulties, 124
 Docile Creature (A), 243
 Dod's Beauties of Parliament, 67
 Dog Days out of Date, 45
 Doing the Chamberlain's Office, 59
 Don't be Frightened, 120
 Double-Action, 164
 Dr. Disraeli's Academy, 45
 Dr. Johnson at the Derry, 237
 Drugged-out Fenian (The), 70
 EASTERN of Ways and Means (The), 142
 Electrical, 275
 Emperor's Little Game (An), 42
 Empire in Bankruptcy (An), 143
 Encore Thief (The), 123
 Enigma (An), 80
 Epigram, 73
 Erin-go-Bray! 255
 Evenings from Home, 2, 24, 41, &c.
 Excelsior! 91
 Excommunicating and Excommunicated,
 202
 Excursionist's Appeal (The), 96
 Exploit in Abyssinia (An), 156
 "FAIR" Appeal! (A), 261
 Fatalities for the Face, 27
 Fanciful, but Fishy, 106
 Fancy by Friar Tuck, 169
 Far above St. Paul's, 278
 Farewell to Pipeclay, 248
 Farming without Land, 211
 Fashionable Deformity, 154
 Fashionable Half Dress, 69
 Fashionable Intelligence, 11
 Fashionable Modesty, 156
 Fearful Warning, 63
 Female Self-Emancipation, 195
 Fenian Frights, 7
 Fenian on his Friends (A), 107
 Fenian Ruffian (The), 56
 Fenian with a Chignon (A), 14
 Few Friends (A), 9, 22, 80, &c.
 Fighting-Cocks (The), 143
 Foolish Fatry (A), 21
 For a That and a That, 57
 Foretaste of the Handel Festival (A), 273
 Fortification Fox Run to Earth, 275
 Fox-Hunting in France, 105
 Freedom in the Free Kirk, 220
 French Asses on their Army Bill, 91
 French Improved (The), 259
 French Morality (A), 140
 Fustian from France, 23
 Future Lounge, 1870 (The), 154
 Gent's "Not for Joseph" (A), 200
 Getting on by Degrees, 20
 Gillooly the Guffin, 12
 Golden Goose Killing at Chester, 185
 Good Out with a Wharncliffe Knife (A),
 218
 Good Hearing for Erin (A), 47
 Good News from Paraguay, 191
 Good Word for a Good Work (A), 20
 Great Convert (The), 58
 Great Days and Events, 8
 Great Disappointment (A), 222
 Great Untaxed in their Glory (The), 208
 Great Zagazias (The), 135
 Groan from a Swell (A), 88
 Groans from the Grocer, 53
 Guesses at the Catalogue, 155
 "Hang him, Foul Collier!" 90
 "Hat and Sword," 73
 "Ha! Where are ye Gaun, ye Crawl'n
 Ferlie!" 168
 Hayti-Tighty! 247
 Health and Longevity for Ireland, 104
 Henry Brougham, 233
 He Ought to Know, 75
 Hints for Derby Talkers, 229
 "Hoity! Toity!" 53
 Holiday Work at Hull, 152
 Home, Sweet Home! 205
 Homeopathic Home (A), 238
 Horreptial Contributions, 175
 Horse Show (The), 251
 How is it Done? 60
 How to Quash the Quacks, 175
 How to Check Poaching, 63
 How to Curb a Centaurea, 100
 How to Stop Street-Begging, 92
 How we Breed our Burglars, 248
 How we drive in Abyssinia, 160
 Hymn Himself Again, 130
 Hymns of Hate, 55
 IDEAS on Advertising, 144
 "I do not Ask to Press that Check," 207
 "Ignoramus" on some Geographical
 Troubles, 181
 "Ignoramus" on "The One Hundredth,"
 227
 Important Railway News, 177
 Impromptu, 130
 Inarticulate Information, 73
 Irish for Ireland; 22
 International Coinage, 97
 Ireland's Quack Doctors, 76
 Jokes I Might have Made, 267
 Just the Name for Him, 207
 Kick at the Cancon (A), 188
 LAME Ducks, 32
 Last Echo of Christmas, 16
 Laureate's New Poem (The), 205
 Law News in Little, 75
 Lenten Entertainment (A), 118
 "Les Beaux Esprits se Rencontrent," 276
 Light Porter's Work and Heavy Pay, 261
 Literary Fund Toasts, 217
 Lord Macaulay's Valentine, 98
 Lyra Inelegantiarum, 63
 MACRORIE O'MORE, 60
 Magnetism of the Horse, 231
 Maine Law a Mull (The), 69
 Major Brown, 45
 Making it Up, 43
 Many-Spectacled Jack, 239
 Matrimonial Announcements, 157
 Memorandum on Military Economy, 229
 Mending our Ways, 88
 Mighty Lively Concern (A), 219
 Milk and Strong Meat, 256
 Millions and Millions, 184
 Modern Inquisition (The), 192
 More Good News, 12
 More Grist to the Mill, 168
 Moriarty's Milk for Babies, 80
 Most Extraordinary Conduct of a Bishop,
 141
 Most Unseasonable Idea (A), 20
 Mr. John Thomas upon Things in General,
 195
 Mr. Lowe in "Tom and Jerry," 56
 Mr. Punch's Allocation to Mankind, 1
 Mrs. Glasse on Education, 25
 Murphy and Whalley, 244
 Musical and Melancholy, 184
 Musicians' Latin, 179
 "My Vocal Reed," 185
 NABOBISSE, 107
 Naval Reform Bill Wanted (A), 277
 Nestor and Orpheus, 108
 New Books, 228
 Newest Publications (The), 44
 New Humane Society (A), 21
 New Invention (A), 264
 New Law Courts (The), 265
 New Musical Conductor (A), 111
 New Novel Company (A), 165
 New Publications, 112
 New Song to an Old Tune (A), 227
 Nine Days' Wonder (The), 166
 No Bishop of Exeter Hall, 59
 Non-Intervention in Riots, 261
 Nonsense Epigrams, 179
 Nonsense Proverbs, 156
 "Not Done, Yet, Edinburgh!" 195
 Note for June, 247
 Not for England, 263
 Nothing Like Leather, 213
 Novels without Nonsense, 263
 Novelty in Tickets-of-Leave, 186
 Nursery Songs for Little Horse-Boys, 75
 Occasion Improved (The), 236
 "Official English" Dictionary Wanted
 (An), 153
 Old Joke from the "Old School," 76
 Omen to Quackery (An), 139
 On a Seasonable Letter, 36
 One Thing I Could Make (The), 264

One Thing Quite Certain, 11
One Word from my Funny Friend, 97
Only a Peg, 91
Orange-Jam in Exceelsis, 178
Our Combustibles of Common Life, 16
Our Fair Flesh and Blood, 191
Oxford Miserere (An), 152
Oysters; a Spirit-Warning, 22
PADDY's new Picture-Book, 154
Peas of Foreign Priests (The), 184
Paragraph-Puff Nuisance (The), 225
Parliamentary Notes, 97
Parliament of Ladies' Men (A), 178
Part of the People's War (A), 106
Paternal Soliditude, 228
Pax Loquitur, 26
Peabody to the Police (A), 82
Peculiar People (The), 65
Peers, Idle Peers! 102
Penitential Quadrilles, 277
Persons who Please Themselves, 57
Physicians of the Fair Sex, 81
Pictures in the Right Place, 164
Picked up in Trafalgar Square, 211
Plea for the Police (A), 178
Plea for Tight Lacing (A), 64
Pleasures of Penny-a-Lining (A), 12
Pleasantry of Shopping (The), 195
Poachers Beware! 69
Poet's Page (The), 43
Poisonous Plants, 233
Poland and Paddyland, 263
Police! Police! 63
Political and the Davenport Brothers (The), 222
Political Establishment for Young Ladies, 242
Political Parlane, 228
Poor Look-out for Country Paupers, 179
Pope and the Petticoats (The), 124
Pope on the Pea-Hens (The), 14
Popping the Pyramid, 266
Portrait Ramblings, 137
Power of Street-Music (The), 230
Prestige with a Hook, 144
Pride of the Justices (The), 10
Prime Premier (The), 153
Prince and Princess of Wales in Dublin, 188
Prince in a Predicament (A), 78
Professors for Pigeons, 86
Progress as to Persons, 212
Progress of Humanity, 56
Proposed Division of the Day, 265
Punch at the Palace, 175
Punch's Contribution, 123
Punch's Derby Prophecy, 240, 249
Punch's Essence of Parliament, 77, 89, 101, &c.
Punch's Evidences, 44
Punch's Political Stereoscope, 179
Punch's Review, 59
Q.C., 97
Queen's Book (The), 38
Question for Railway Contractors, 140
Quick March of Civilisation (The), 120
RATHER Type-Confounding, 237
Refuge for Rogues, 86
Relic of the Opera (A), 25
Remarkable Requiem (A), 11
Remigius of the Black Sea, 11
Revolt League against Eyre (The), 237
Reward of Valour (The), 243
Rich Cole Mine (A), 134
Ritualism in Chancery, 272
Robinson's Reverie, 250
Rod, and How to Use it (The), 212
Roderick Vich Murchison! 199
Row in a Court (A), 268
Ruffled Prophet (A), 70
Sad News from Rome, 59
Santiago! 157
Saturn finds some Mischief still, 2
Scales of Charity (The), 8
Science Applied to the Political Arts, 227
"Science Gossip," 202
Scientific and Reasonable Intelligence, 160
Scientific Cruelty, 120
Serenade Addresses, 76
Servants' Hall in the Street, 46
Settling Day, 256
Set your House in Order, 207
Seven Hundred and Forty Thieves, 25
Shakespeare in Paris, 130
Sham Sacrifice (The), 97
Singular Incident, 183
Sir Joshua's Ghost in Trafalgar Square, 221
Sleep at the French Stage (A), 11
Sleep Off thy Beer, 211
Small Bear Sammy, 167
Snobs at the Opera, 207
Snob-Vandal (The), 159
Some Misunderstanding, 187
Something Wrong Somewhere, 118
Somewhat Superfluous, 241
Song by an Old Fogey (A), 23
Song for Mr. Whalley (A), 218

Song for Society (A), 265
Song for the Select Committee, 141
Song of the Dying Swan, 178
Song of the Shamrock (A), 65
Southern Emancipation, 264
"Special's" Proclamation (The), 19
Speeches by Machinery, 241
Speech-Gauge for St. Stephen's (A), 79
Spirit Face-Painting, 221
Spirit Hands Wanted, 238
Spiritualism and Stretching, 55
Sport for Us, 41
Sporting Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 56
Spotting him, 23
Stage and St. Stephen's (The), 23
Startling Concession to Democracy on the Part of the Queen, 120
Startling Disclosures, 152
Starvation in the Midst of Turtle, 54
Still-Born Bishop (A), 46
Street Scene, 274
Submarine Obstructions, 163
Supernatural Impudence, 67
Surprise Cracker (A), 12
"Sweet Girl Graduates!" 184
Sworn Brokers (The), 12
Sympathies with Respect to Shot, 97
TAKING it in Snuff, 176
Tax the Sun, 69
Teach him to Find Fault, 110
Terrible Street Improvement (A), 173
This Flying Man, 178
Ties and Tails, 120
To all Girls Round "St. Paul's," 53
To Chief Rabbi Adler, 168
To Correspondents, 117
Tom Noddy's Lament, 97
To Mr. Beales, 98
Top of the Tree (The), 118
To the Commander-in-Chief, K.G., 252
To the Female Sex, 159
To the Negromaniacs, 260
To the Passionate Cabbies, 76
To the Roderick that's Nae Doo, 176
Trade Reform Bill Wanted (A), 68
Train-off the Line (A), 54
Truth from the Hustings (A), 92
Truth in Black and White, 19
Twelfth Night Thoughts (Desultory), 29
Two Characters on the Turf, 175
"Twopence More, and Up Goes the Donkey," 22
Two Ways with Rascaldom, 251
UGLY for Ever! 218
Unimaginable Conversation (An), 262
Unusual Loyal Toast (An), 8
VALENTINE's Day, 78
Vernon, Cur Non? 176
"Very Good Taste, Mr. Punch," 25
Vestments Divided against Themselves (The), 91
Village in Arcadia (A), 87
Vinegar for a Rock, 164
WAIL by a Small "Bookmaker," 277
Warning (A), 53
Warning to the Man in the Moon (A), 268
Way not to Win Wesleyans (The), 111
Way to Rule the Waves (The), 251
Way to the Woolsack (The), 255

Wearing their Own Hair Again, 131
We Don't Believe Half of it, 131
Well! Why Not? 141
Welsh Ode (The), 188
Whalley and Folly, 190
"When he Stamped, Sir, I Stamped," 187
Whine and Water, 170
Woman, Painted by her Master, 180
Woman's Strength and Weakness, 174
Woman's Vote, 265
Wool in Request at Washington, 107
Word for the New Opera (A), 46
Word to the Whithers (A), 249
Word with a Yengoe (A), 252
Workhouse Curiosities, 2
Writings on the Walls, 96
Wrong Animal (The), 41
Wrong in the Mayne, 53

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

ALEXANDRA's Offering to Erin, 171
Another Napier! 205
Another Southern Confederation, 279
Battle of the Spurs, 148, 149
Crisis (A), 213
Crumbs of Comfort, 161
Dizzy's Difficulty, or Mrs. Erin's Pigs, 125
Dr. Bull's Waiting-Room, 71
"For the Defence," 245
Hint to the Loyal Irish (A), 5
"Hoity-Toity!!!" 51
Irish Balmoral, or a Vision of 1869 (The), 193
Legal Difficulty, 93
New Guy Fawkes, or Dizzy's Chef-d'œuvre, 181
New Head Master (The), 103
Our Annual Holiday, 235
Our Australian Cousin, 39
Paddy's Bad Tooth, or Doctors Differ, 137
Peace Movement (?) (A), 27
Political Leotard (The), 255
Real Trade Union (The), 83
Rival Stars, 115
Row in Court (A), 269
Steering under Difficulties, 223
"Who's Afraid?" 17
Zulu Bride (The), 61

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

ADVENTURES of a Monastic Missionary, 80, 81
Alarming! 239
"Amantium Ira," 54
Another Country House Study, 55
Appearances, 141
Art and Science in the Wilderness, 10
At the Horse Show—A Prize Pair, 250
Awkward! 82
Bad Orthodoxy, 228
Bee in the Bonnet (A), 272
Canine, 152
Caution to Young Ladies, 256



Celestial Hat (The), 177
Certain Cure (A), 64
Charity Sermon (The), 144
Choice of Evils (A), 241
Civil Service Examinations, 13
Club Law, 184
Coming Prudence, 35
Compound Householder Again (The), 164
Considerate: (A Hunting Study), 130
Consider our Feelings, 2
Critical Time (A), 78
Croquet, 260
Curiosities of Natural History, 46
Dear, Dear Boy, 119
Delightful Prospect, 74
Derby Day, 1888 (The), 234
Desperate Case (A), 12, 248
Domestic Economy. (A Fact), 176
Don't Look too much Before you Leap, and The Result, 50, 70, 87, 89
Education! 67
Edwin and Angelina, 14
Embarrassing Question, 118
Eminent Musician and Swell Amateur, 263
"Evil Communications." &c., 86
Fac-Simile of a Curious Bas-Relief, 173
Family Groups by Stodge, 124
Flickers at Work till the last Moment, 180
Going Cheap, 238
Hair-Brushing by Machinery, 4
Half Truth (A), 219
Height of Fashion (The), 161
Hint to Hairdressers (A), 99
Horrible Idea, 20
Ignorance, or "Drawn Blank" Explained, 43
In Jeopardy, 218
Knocking Over an Old Buck, 231
Lady and Servant, 160
Last New Thing in Skirts, 230
L'Embaras du Choix, 21, 136
L'Enfant Charming, 208
"Letting the Cat out of the Bag," 202
Little Bit of Sentiment, 156
Lively Look-Out (A), 139
Looking Forward, 178
Management, 273
Manners! 157
Mazeppa, 87, 49
Merry Christmas, 42
Militia Officer and Stout Private, 261
Mischievous Boy in Railway Carriage, 84
Miss Frump's new Book, 114
Modest Appeal, 212
Mr. Punch's Designs after Nature, 184, 252
Mr. Punch's Yearly Visit to his Tenantry in Punchestown, 197
Natural Query (A), 222
Near-sighted Invalid Lady, 60
No Doubt about it, 8
"None but the Brave," &c., 264
Not Meeting his Match, 196
"Not too Fine a Point on it," 188
Nurse and Little Innocent, 38
Officer and a Gentleman (An), 128
Our Inspection, 98
Our Railway at Christmas, 23
Paradox (A), 132
"Particular!" 47
Pleasures of Hunting by Rail, 110
Present Fashion (The), 242
Pretty Innocent, 26
Primary Education in Germany, 96
Probably the Next Absurdity, 30
Proof Positive, 79
Putting it Mildly, 143
"Qualifications," 170
Rather Awkward, 76
Reminiscences of Portsmouth, 189
"Res Angustae Domi," 253
Retail Traders v. Co-Operative Stores, 102
Sommles's Pictures at the Academy, 192
Sensation Novels, 140
Sermon on Fashion (A), 121
Severe, but Necessary, 108
Sincerity, 106
Skirmishing, 272
Specials (The), 66
Study in a High Wind, 153
Study of an Animated Discussion, 82
Subterfuge (A), 174
Tantane Animis Coelestibus Irae? 92
Technical, 111
This is Mr. Punch's Latest Suggestion, 57
Too Bad! 211
Transmogrification, 263
Twin Sisters of Consolation, 244
Very Likely, 167
Veterinary Opinion (A), 265
Vox et Praeterea Nulli, 209
What we may Expect, 153

**PRESIDENT'S
SECRETARIAT**

LIBRARY